This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Clarendon Press Series

ENGLISH CLASSICS

COWPER

H. T. GRIFFITH

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF

Oxford.

Clarendon Press Series

COWPER

THE TASK

WITH TIROCINIUM, AND SELECTIONS FROM THE MINOR POEMS, A.D. 1784-1799

EDITED

WITH LIFE AND NOTES

BY

HENRY THOMAS GRIFFITH, B.A.

Vicar of Felmingham, Norfolk

Formerly Scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

VOL. II

Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

M DCCC LXXIV

[*All rights reserved*]

CONTENTS.

PAGE

LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER vii

THE TASK (July 1783 to August 1784)

I. THE SOFA 3

II. THE TIME-PIECE 25

III. THE GARDEN 48

IV. THE WINTER EVENING 71

V. THE WINTER MORNING WALK 93

VI. THE WINTER WALK AT NOON 118

TIROCINIUM (November 1784) 147

MINOR POEMS (1784–1799)

EPISTLE TO J. HILL, ESQ. (November 1784) . 175

ODE TO APOLLO 177

THE FAITHFUL BIRD 178

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED 179

THE NEEDLESS ALARM 181

THE YEARLY DISTRESS (*ante* 1786) 184

GRATITUDE (1786) 187

PAGE

MINOR POEMS (*continued*)

THE POET'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT (January 1788) . 188
THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT (March 1788) . . 189
PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS 191
THE MORNING DREAM 192
ON MRS. MONTAGU'S FEATHER HANGINGS (June 1788) 194
THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY (June 1788) . 196
ON THE DEATH OF MRS. THROCKMORTON'S BULLFINCH (September 1788) 197
ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK (February 1790) . . 199
THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS (May 1791) . 203
YARDLEY OAK (1791) 204
THE RETIRED CAT (1791) 208
EPITAPH ON A FREE BUT TAME REDBREAST (March 1792) 212
TO MRS. UNWIN (March 1793) 213
A TALE (June 1793) 213
TO MARY (1793) 216
THE CASTAWAY (March 1799) 218

NOTES 223

LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER.

A.D. 1731–1800.

WILLIAM COWPER was born on the 15th of November (O.S.; Nov. 26, N.S.) 1731, at Great Berkhampsted, in Hertfordshire. His father, the Rev. John Cowper, D.D., was Rector of that parish, and Chaplain to King George II; and was the second son of Spencer Cowper, who was a Judge of the Common Pleas, and whose elder brother William became Lord Chancellor in 1707, and was created Earl Cowper in 1718. Dr. Cowper took to wife Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, Esq., of Ludham Hall in Norfolk, of the same family as Dr. John Donne, the famous poet and Dean of St. Paul's.

William was one of six children, of whom only himself and his youngest brother John grew up to manhood. The birth of the latter cost the life of his mother; who died Nov. 13, 1737, at the age of thirty-four. After the lapse of forty-seven years Cowper wrote to his friend Hill: 'I can truly say, that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her. Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short.' The Poet pleased himself with thinking that he bore a nearer resemblance, both in mind and body, to his mother's family, than to that of his father. He wrote thus to his cousin Mrs. Bodham, in 1790: 'There is in me, I believe, more of the Donne than of the Cowper; and though I love all of both names, and have a thousand reasons to love those of my own name, yet I feel the bond of nature draw me vehemently to

your side. I was thought in the days of my childhood much to resemble my mother; and in my natural temper, of which at the age of fifty-eight I must be supposed to be a competent judge, can trace both her and my late uncle, your father. Somewhat of his irritability; and a little, I would hope, of his and of her ——, I know not what to call it, without seeming to praise myself, which is not my intention; but speaking to *you*, I will even speak out, and say good nature.'

There can be little doubt that Cowper inherited from his mother much of that sensibility of nerve and delicacy of sentiment, which proved the source of so great unhappiness to him in the next scene on which he entered.

At the age of six years he was sent to a large boarding-school, kept by Dr. Pitman, at Market Street, a town on the border line of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire. At this school, during two years, he found 'hardships of various kinds to conflict with'; nor can this statement surprise any one who considers the sensitive nature and the retiring habits of the child. 'I was,' he tells us, 'singled out from all the other boys, by a lad of about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. His savage treatment of me impressed such a dread of his figure upon my mind, that I well remember being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees; and that I knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress.'

In 1739 the child was removed from Dr. Pitman's school on account of an inflammation in the eyes, accompanied with 'specks on both, which threatened to cover them.' He was in consequence placed for two years in the house of Mrs. Disney, a female oculist. From her treatment he gained but slight relief; but 'at the age of fourteen the small-pox seized him, and proved the better oculist of the two, as it removed the specks entirely.' He was, however, troubled with a weakness in the eyes more or less throughout life; and the affection was perhaps congenital, for he wrote to Hill in Nov. 1782, 'My eyes are, in general, better than I remember them to have been since I first opened them upon

this sublunary stage, which is now a little more than half a century ago.'

In 1741, being a boy of ten years, Cowper was entered at Westminster School, then under the rule of Dr. Nichols. Here he spent seven of the happiest years of his life. In spite of his natural diffidence, and gentleness of manners, he earned a reputation at once with his Masters for scholarship; and amongst his schoolfellows for his proficiency in cricket and football, and those other sports by which boys are apt to gauge the courage and spirit of their companions. Nearly forty years after he left school, he wrote to Unwin (1786), 'I was a schoolboy in high favour with my master, received a silver groat for my exercise, and had the pleasure of seeing it sent from form to form for the admiration of all who were able to understand it.' No wonder that we find him saying, in the same letter, 'He who cannot look forward with comfort, must find what comfort he can in looking backward. Upon this principle I the other day sent my imagination upon a trip thirty years behind me. She was very obedient, and at last set me down in the sixth form at Westminster. I fancied myself once more a schoolboy,—a period of life in which, if I had never tasted real happiness, I was at least equally unacquainted with its contrary.' And no wonder that even in his 'Tirocinium' he should dwell on

> 'The fond attachment to the well-known place
> Where first we started into life's long race.'

It is clear therefore that the strong opinion which Cowper afterwards formed against the public-school system, and to which he gave so energetic an expression in the poem cited, was not the result of unhappiness in his personal experience of school life. Still less are we justified in tracing, as some have traced, the malady which was ere long to overcloud his intellects, to any misery endured in his boyhood at Westminster, or at Market Street.

Our embryo Poet was not the only one amongst his contemporaries at Westminster who was destined to play a conspicuous part in the drama of life. He was there amidst a galaxy of genius and wit, whose 'bright particular stars'

were in due course to shed their lustre over the world of literature or politics; though the light cast by some of them was lurid, and their influence baleful. Not to speak of Vincent Bourne, who was Cowper's form-master, and whose graceful Latin poems his pupil rendered into not less graceful English; there were Robert Lloyd, Charles Churchill, Richard Cumberland, George Colman 'the elder,' Bonnell Thornton, Elijah Impey, and Warren Hastings. Yet of these gifted men, all of whom won for themselves a place in the pages of English history, he who will live the longest in the grateful affections of his fellow-countrymen is William Cowper.

When the schoolboy reached his eighteenth year, it became necessary that his father should decide on a profession for him. Family traditions and family influence pointed naturally to the Law. Accordingly, while Cowper was yet at Westminster, his name was entered at the Middle Temple, April 29, 1748. He left school soon afterwards, and resided with his father at Berkhampsted for nine months; after which he was articled for three years to Mr. Chapman, an attorney in Ely Place, Holborn, that he might be acquiring a knowledge of legal processes whilst keeping his terms. Here he made little or no progress in the study of the Law, notwithstanding the advantages placed within his reach by constant association with his fellow-clerk in the office, Edward, afterwards Lord Thurlow. The fact was, that Cowper paid too little attention to his profession, for which he had no natural predilection, and too much to his fair cousins in Southampton Row. These were the daughters of Mr. Ashley Cowper, his father's younger brother, and afterwards Clerk of the Parliaments; at whose house the young law-student passed all his Sundays, and was soon found spending also 'his leisure hours, which were wellnigh all his time.' Harriet, the eldest of the three cousins, afterwards Lady Hesketh, was the friend and correspondent of Cowper throughout his later years; and to her next sister, Theodora Jane, he became bound by still tenderer ties. In a word, an attachment sprang up between them; and the double attractions of love and family affection made the house the constant resort of the young poet. For a poet

he was by this time; although the love-ditties addressed to his 'Delia' (of which the first that remains is dated 1752) afford but slight presage of the powers afterwards developed in him. He frequently took Thurlow with him to his uncle's house; and the story of those days may be best summed up in his own words to Lady Hesketh, 'I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, that is to say, I slept three years at his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I, and the future Lord Chancellor, constantly employed, from morning to night, in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the Law. O fie, cousin! how could you do so?' It was, however, not at this house, but on meeting Thurlow in Bloomsbury Square, in the year 1762, that Cowper said to him, 'Thurlow, I am nobody, and shall always be nobody; and you will be Lord Chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are.' 'I surely will,' replied Thurlow, with a smile. 'These ladies,' pursued Cowper, 'are witnesses.' 'Let them be so,' was Thurlow's answer, 'for I will certainly do it.' This prediction was fulfilled in 1778; the promise, never.

In 1752, having attained his majority, Cowper quitted Mr. Chapman's office, and hired chambers in the Middle Temple; and on the 14th of June, 1754, he was called to the Bar. It seems to have been about this time that he first came under the power of that tendency to depression of spirits, to which other members of his family had been liable, but which assumed in his case so fearful a form. In an Epistle to Lloyd, written in 1754, we find him speaking of 'a fierce banditti' of 'gloomy thoughts,'—

> 'That with a black infernal train,
> Make cruel inroads in my brain,
> And daily threaten to drive thence
> My little garrison of sense.'

'I was struck,' he writes, 'not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits, as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair.'

The origin of this distressing malady has been sought in the grief felt by a child of six years for the death of his mother; and again, in the ill usage which he suffered at his first school. But we have seen that this did not prevent his being thoroughly happy during his seven years at Westminster.

Some of his biographers detect in the schoolboy premonitory symptons of the malady in the man, in the fact (related by himself) that at one time, 'surveying his activity and strength, and noticing the evenness of his pulse, he began to entertain a notion that perhaps he might never die;' while 'soon after, he had frequent intimations of a consumptive habit, which perfectly convinced him that he was mortal.' All boys of a highly imaginative mind, such as Cowper's was from his earliest years, and who, like him, are driven into habits of communing with self through a diffident and retiring nature, are apt to entertain fancies of this sort. The Poet himself assures us that a tendency to lowness of spirits was observable in his family; and there can be little doubt that in himself it was constitutional. His was a nature that ever craved for sympathy and affection; and it is probable that the sense of isolation which falls as a dead weight upon a youth of this disposition, on 'becoming in a manner completely master of himself,' and beginning life on his own account in lonely chambers, fostered a melancholy which was already his by inheritance. Had he taken any real interest in his profession, and applied himself conscientiously to the mastery of its details, this morbid development might perhaps have been averted, or at least postponed. Cowper's intellect was indeed too vigorous to admit of utter inaction; but it was at this time exercised not on the mysteries of law, but on classical literature; of which he wrote to Mr. Newton in 1781: 'I valued a man according to his proficiency and taste in it; and had the meanest opinion of all other accomplishments unaccompanied by that.'

It has been imagined that the frustration of Cowper's hopes of marrying his cousin Theodora was the occasion of this seizure. The truth seems to be that this was the result, rather than the cause of his illness. Mr. Ashley Cowper, on

observing the growing attachment between the cousins, had offered his objections; first, on the score of his nephew's lack of means; and next, on account of the consanguinity between the two. His own experience had convinced him of the family taint; and he had probably viewed with alarm indications of its existence in Cowper, which might have eluded an observation less sharpened by such previous knowledge, and by parental solicitude for his daughter's future happiness. He firmly refused his assent to the union; and on removing from Southampton Row to Palace Yard, he closed his doors to his nephew. This decision was accepted on both sides as final. The last of Cowper's addresses to 'Delia' is dated in 1755; and his poem on 'Disappointment,' in which he takes his farewell of her, probably belongs to that year, or to 1756. They never met afterwards; nor is there any evidence that Cowper's nature had been so deeply moved by his passion, as to be injuriously affected by this sudden termination of his courtship. It may however be remarked, that he stands almost alone amongst poets in making no allusion to the passion of love. Some years after this separation, he wrote to Lady Hesketh: 'I still look back to the memory of your sister, and regret her: but, how strange it is, if we were to meet now, we should not know each other!' On his becoming dependent on his family, an anonymous friend, described as 'a person who loved him tenderly,' wrote to say that 'whatever reduction of his income might happen, should be supplied to him.' Yet his heart did not suggest to him the writer's name, though surely the form of the expression might have created a suspicion of a feminine origin. From time to time presents reached him from the same anonymous hand; sometimes in money, sometimes in the form of elegant toys such as bachelors love. Now it was a desk; and now a snuff-box, bearing on its lid a representation of 'The Peasant's Nest,' with three leverets sporting in front of it. Strange, that it should not have occurred to the mind of a poet, that the anonymous donor might possibly have been found to be—not a man, but a woman! Far otherwise was it with Theodora. She had laid up her cousin in the recesses of her heart, and could find no room there for another.

'Fixed in her choice, and faithful—but in vain,'
she died unmarried in 1825; and not till then were the early effusions of Cowper's love to her, which she had hoarded amongst her treasures, given to the world.

From this, his first attack of melancholy in the Temple, Cowper was restored by a visit to Southampton. He walked out one day with some friends to Freemantle, a place about a mile distant; the morning being calm and clear, and the sun pouring his golden sheen over the sea and the glades of the New Forest. 'Here it was,' he relates, 'that on a sudden, as if another sun had been kindled that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off; my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport had I been alone.' So keenly did his poetical sensibilities respond to the magic touch of Nature.

The year 1756 was marked by the death of Dr. John Cowper, which took place on the 3rd of August. He had married a second wife, and there had never been much intercourse between him and his son. On this occasion the Poet paid his last visit to his native place. He then 'sighed a long adieu to fields and woods;' for little as he had been at home, 'there was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all the country, to which he did not feel a relation; and the house he preferred to a palace.'

In 1759 Cowper removed from the Middle to the Inner Temple. On his return to London after his sojourn at Southampton, being under the persuasion that he was indebted for his recovery mainly to change of scene, he had betaken himself to 'a continued circle of diversions.' These were principally of a literary character. Cowper had inherited the poetical talent. His father, his uncle Ashley, his aunt Mrs. Madan, and his brother John, were all writers of verses. So was his ancestor Sir William Cowper, the first Baronet of the family, whose verses composed for the monument erected by himself to 'his spiritual father,' the Judicious Hooker, in 1634, are printed by Izaak Walton in his life of that Divine. Cowper tells us that he was himself 'a dabbler in rhymes' at

the age of fourteen, when he wrote a translation of an elegy of Tibullus, which has not come down to us. The earliest of his poems that we possess was composed in his seventeenth year, being 'Verses written at Bath on finding the heel of a shoe in 1748,' in imitation of Phillips' 'Splendid Shilling'; and a version of the 137th Psalm is also assigned to his Westminster days. Whilst at the Temple, Cowper was a member of the 'Nonsense Club.' This was composed of seven Westminster men, who dined together every Thursday, and amused themselves with literary *bagatelles*. Here he renewed his connexion with his old schoolfellows Churchill, Colman, Lloyd, and Bonnell Thornton; and here he formed a life-long friendship with Joseph Hill, that

> 'honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
> Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.'

With Colman and Thornton, Cowper now entered into literary engagements. Whilst yet at Christ Church, they had started 'The Connoisseur,' a weekly periodical: and to the second volume of this, published in 1756, Cowper contributed a few papers, such as 'The Character of the Delicate Billy Suckling' (No. 111); 'A Letter from Christopher Ironsides, an old Bachelor, complaining of indignities from the Ladies' (No. 115); 'Of Keeping a Secret' (No. 119); 'An Account of the present state of Country Churches, their Clergy, and Congregations' (No. 134); and one on a subject which he afterwards treated poetically, 'Conversation' (No. 138). He also sent some articles to the 'St. James' Chronicle,' a newspaper conducted in part by the same two friends. He translated four out of eight books of Voltaire's *Henriade* for his brother John; and the joint production appeared in a magazine in 1759. He assisted the Duncombes in their translations of Horace; and (as he informed Mr. Newton in 1781) 'while at the Temple, he produced several halfpenny ballads, two or three of which had the honour to be popular.'

From this kind of occupation, however, Cowper derived more pleasure than profit. He had come into a very small sum of money at his father's death; and that little was daily becoming less. He held no briefs; and up to this time his

family interest had only availed to procure for him (in 1759) a Commissionership of Bankrupts, with a salary of £60 a year. He noticed the diminution of his little patrimony with a certain vague uneasiness of mind. For some time he affected to make light of the matter, declaring to his fellow-Templar, Rowley, that 'if he never sank below that degree of poverty, in which a man enjoys clean linen and good company, he cared not if he never rose above it.' But Cowper's mind was not one that could succeed in muffling its real anxieties beneath the cloak of assumed gaiety. He was becoming more and more alarmed at the prospect before him, when an event occurred which seemed to open a way of escape out of his difficulties.

In 1763 the Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords died; and about the same time the offices of Reading Clerk, and Clerk of Committees, were resigned. All three were patent offices in the patronage of Major Cowper, who immediately offered the two last, which were the most lucrative, to his cousin. Cowper accepted the offer: but no sooner had he done so, than his inveterate diffidence induced a dread of an official position, to which the publicity from which he shrank was of necessity attached. Yet he had always looked forward to the succession to these offices; and had even remarked lightly, that he should be glad when the holder of them was dead, that he might step into the vacant place. And now these words returned to his horrified conscience as having been uttered 'in the spirit of a murderer.' After much mental conflict, he begged Major Cowper to let him exchange these more profitable posts for the Clerkship of the Journals, the duties of which were performed in private. But a fresh difficulty arose, which Cowper was powerless to surmount. Objections were raised to the Major's right of presentation; and an order was issued that his nominee should be examined at the bar of the House, as to his qualifications for the post. This dreadful anticipation was too much for the nerves of the sensitive man, already overwrought by his previous agitation. 'A thunderbolt,' he says, 'would have been as welcome to me as this announcement.' Though

time was allowed him for preparation, he toiled in vain to make himself master of his new duties, by the study of the Journals. 'The feelings,' he adds, 'of a man when he arrives at the place of execution are probably much like mine every time I set my foot in the office, which was every day for more than half a year together.' He 'was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it out of manuscripts without direction.' Yet if he should throw up the appointment, he would not merely be 'casting away the only chance he had of being well provided for,' but would be virtually ceding his cousin's right of nomination. He fled to Margate during the vacation, and for a time was restored to cheerfulness. But as the hour drew near when he must undergo the dreaded ordeal, his terrors returned with redoubled force. 'They,' he says, 'whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves on any occasion is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horror of my situation: others can have none.' It was to no purpose that he consulted 'virtuous and faithful Heberden:' 'quiet forsook him by day, and peace by night.' He longed for madness, as his only chance of escape. It came. And in his madness he strove to kill himself. In each successive attempt he found himself foiled: until at last he was startled into a conviction of the guilt of the act, which he had so often ineffectually set himself to perpetrate. But this sense of guilt proves more maddening than all besides. He is convinced that he is a reprobate, that he is singled out for eternal perdition, that he has committed the unpardonable sin. At length his friends were compelled to take the only course that seemed open to them; and they removed him to a private asylum at St. Alban's, kept by Dr. Nathaniel Cotton.

Cowper entered Dr. Cotton's house on the 7th of December, 1763. For the first five months his intellect seemed to be utterly destroyed. Gradually however the soothing influence of daily converse with a man of cultivated mind, refined feelings, literary tastes, and strong Christian principles, made itself felt. In July, 1764, Cowper received a visit from

his brother John. When the latter heard his brother repeat his 'settled assurance of sudden judgment,' he quietly told him that it was 'all a delusion.' The words were eagerly caught up. 'I burst into tears,' writes Cowper, 'and cried out, "If it be a delusion, then am I the happiest of beings." Something like a ray of hope was shot into my heart.' He opened his Bible, long since flung aside as a book in which a doomed man like him had no interest. The first verse that met his eye was Romans iii. 25: 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.' 'Immediately,' proceeds Cowper, 'I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness fell upon me.' And now all was joy and peace. The excellent and judicious Dr. Cotton did what he could to moderate the ecstasies of the young convert; tending him not simply with the skill of a practised psychologist, but with the sympathy of a brother in Christ. Well might Cowper write to Lady Hesketh, 'I reckon it one instance of the Providence that has attended me . . that I was carried to Dr. Cotton. I was not only treated by him with the greatest tenderness while I was ill, and attended with the utmost diligence; but when my reason was restored to me, and I had so much need of a religious friend to converse with, to whom I could open my mind upon the subject without reserve, I could hardly have found a fitter person for the purpose.' And well did the Physician deserve that the Poet should make for him a niche in the temple of fame, by the grateful allusion in the poem on Hope (l. 205).

In days gone by it was no uncommon thing to hear it said, that it was religion which drove poor Cowper mad. It is much nearer the truth, to say that it was religion which restored him from madness. Long before his morbid tendencies led him to this deplorable point, there was that in religion which touched a chord in his susceptible nature, whose music soothed him in agitation of mind. When at school at Market Street, he tells us, 'one day as he sat

melancholy, and almost ready to weep, expecting his tormentor every moment, the words of the Psalmist came into his mind, 'I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.' 'I applied them,' he adds, 'to my own case, and instantly perceived in myself a briskness of spirit, and a cheerfulness I had never before experienced.' Again, on his first attack in the Temple, he met with the poems of George Herbert: and 'though he found not there a cure for his malady, yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while he was reading him.' And about the same time he composed a set of prayers, and found great comfort in the frequent use of them.

Though fully restored to health Cowper remained as an inmate of Dr. Cotton's house till the end of eighteen months; and on the 22nd of June, 1765, he proceeded to Huntingdon. This place had been selected for him, as being within easy reach of Cambridge, where his brother was residing on his Fellowship at Bene't College. A few weeks after his arrival, a young man fresh from Cambridge sought out the recluse in his lonely lodgings. This was William Cawthorne Unwin, 'a most unreserved and amiable young man, known almost as soon as seen,' and 'sincere in his belief and love of the Gospel.' He introduced Cowper to his family, which the latter found to be 'altogether the cheerfullest and most engaging family it is possible to conceive.' There was the father, Morley Unwin, the non-resident Rector of Grimston in Norfolk, 'a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as Parson Adams.' There was the sister, a young lady of eighteen, 'rather handsome and genteel,' who became the wife of the Rev. Matthew Powley, afterwards Vicar of Dewsbury in Yorkshire. And there was the mother, Mary Unwin, whose name will never die whilst Cowper's lives. She 'had a very uncommon understanding, had read much to excellent purpose, and was more polite than a Duchess;' and better than all, Cowper found that they 'had one faith, and had been baptized with the same baptism.' At Huntingdon Cowper not only enjoyed familiar intercourse with these delightful people, but had the further advantage of

regular bathing in the Ouse, and of frequent horse exercise; as visits were exchanged weekly between the brothers at Huntingdon and Cambridge, a distance of fifteen miles. All this did so much for the re-establishment of Cowper's health and spirits, that he wrote to the Major, Oct. 18, 1765, 'It is impossible I could have fixed upon a place so agreeable to me in all respects. I am much happier than the day is long, and sunshine and candlelight see me perfectly contented. I enjoy better health than for many years past.'

In less than a month later, this happiness was increased by Cowper's becoming a permanent resident in the house of the Unwins. He took the place just vacated by one of Mr. Unwin's pupils, and was received as a lodger and boarder with the family, Nov. 11, 1765. With these dear friends he led a life of much regularity, in which however he was conscious of no monotony, in the enjoyment of those domestic pleasures which his nature specially fitted him to appreciate, but from which circumstances had hitherto combined to exclude him. A regular attendance at the daily prayers in the parish church, and much devotional reading and conversation during each day at home, were prevented from causing fatigue to the mind by a not less regular practice of taking exercise twice a day; the evening walk being seldom under four miles. Thus too the return of anxiety arising from pecuniary embarrassments was fended off. Such anxiety was impending; for not only was Cowper 'deeply in debt' to Dr. Cotton, but his resources were reduced by the resignation of the Commissionership of Bankrupts, in 1765. He had thus become almost wholly dependent upon his relatives, who showed themselves both prompt and delicate in contributing to his support; and he now found that his limited means went further at Mr. Unwin's house, than in his own lodgings, where in three months, 'by the help of good management, and a clear notion of economy, he contrived to spend the income of a twelvemonth.'

After eighteen months of peace and tranquillity, the home at Huntingdon was broken up by the death of Mr. Unwin, in June, 1767. This event rendered it necessary that the

widow and her lodger—towards whom 'her behaviour had always been that of a mother to a son'—should seek for themselves a new home. Mr. Unwin had expressed his wish that, in case of his death, Mr. Cowper might continue to dwell with his widow. With both it was an essential point that they should remove to some spot at which they might be under the faithful preaching of the gospel, in the form in which they had received it. While the question was in debate a visitor arrived, who had been requested to call on them by Dr. Conyers, a Cambridge friend of young Unwin, and who is commemorated in the poem on Truth (l. 358). This was the Rev. John Newton. It was soon arranged that they should take up their new abode at Olney, in Buckinghamshire; a parish to which Mr. Newton had been appointed as Curate in 1764.

It was on the 14th of September, 1767, that Cowper left Huntingdon, with Mrs. Unwin, for the vicarage at Olney; where they passed the first three months. On the 9th of December they removed to Orchard Side, a house situate in the Market-Place of Olney; but so near to the vicarage, that by opening a door in each garden wall, and crossing an orchard, the inmates of the one house could make their way to the other without passing through the street.

It may be doubted whether Cowper could have found a place less eligible for a man subject to depression of spirits, than Olney. The country around was flat and marshy, and liable to inundations from the Ouse throughout the winter months; so much so, that the whole valley between Olney and Emberton was frequently under water. Thus the wooden bridge alluded to at the opening of 'The Winter Evening' as 'bestriding the wintry flood,' was as 'needful' as it was 'lengthy.' And the town also was dulness itself, with its

'One parson, one poet, one bellman, one crier.'

Its inhabitants, all poor and all sickly, were engaged in lace-making and straw-plaiting; there were no resident gentry save Mr. Newton and 'Sir Cowper,' as he was deferentially termed by his humble neighbours;

'And the poor Poet was the only Squire.'

Cowper missed the regular exercise he had enjoyed at Huntingdon. He no longer kept a horse; and the condition of the roads was not favourable to walking. In a letter to Mr. Newton (Aug. 5, 1786) he speaks of the 'long confinement in the winter, and indeed for the most part in the autumn too,' as having seriously hurt him; and he adds, 'A gravel walk thirty yards long affords but indifferent scope to the locomotive tendency: yet it is all that we have had to move in for eight months in the year, during thirteen years that I have been a prisoner. Had I been confined in the Tower, the battlements of it would have furnished me with a larger space.' Meanwhile Cowper's intercourse with Mr. Newton was close and affectionate—too close, perhaps, for his health. They 'made it a rule to pass four days in the week together;' dining at one o'clock, taking tea at four, and from six till supper-time engaging in 'service or lecture or something of that kind.' Mr. Newton himself says, that 'for six years they were seldom separate, when at home and awake.' A man of far stronger constitution than Cowper's could hardly fail to become sensible of much mental fatigue, from such intense and exclusive converse with a single mind; even though that mind were Mr. Newton's. Moreover Cowper spent much of his time in visiting the poor, ministering to the sick, and praying at the bedside of the dying; so that (in the words of Mr. Cecil) 'Mr. Newton used to consider him as a sort of curate, from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted in that large and necessitous parish.' This occupation, at all times an arduous and discouraging one, even to the pastor who has deliberately devoted himself to the work, must have been peculiarly so to a man of Cowper's highly sensitive organisation. But this was not the worst. Mr. Newton held frequent prayer-meetings in his parish; and Cowper was encouraged, if not required, to lead the devotions on these occasions. Mr. Greatheed tells us in his funeral sermon, 'I have heard him say, that when he expected to take the lead in social worship, his mind was always greatly agitated for some hours preceding, owing to that timidity which he invariably felt at

every appearance before his fellow-creatures.' It might be true that 'his trepidation subsided as soon as he began to speak in prayer:' but was it well that nerves so finely strung should be subjected to such a strain?

In the midst of labours tending so much alike to spiritual excitement and physical exhaustion, Cowper lost his only brother, to whose memory he has paid so loving a tribute in 'The Time-Piece' (ll. 780–95). This event took place on March 20, 1770; and although Cowper had the satisfaction of knowing that his brother, in his last illness, embraced his own views of saving grace, the shock was one that severely tried his affectionate nature. At length Mr. Newton was struck with the increasing gloom that was enveloping his friend. However injudicious we may think the course which the former had pursued in his character of Cowper's spiritual director, none can question the reality and fulness of his affection. The constitution of Mr. Newton presented a singular contrast to that of the other, both in body and mind. The old sea-captain knew nothing of physical fatigue; the old slaver could little appreciate the squeamish susceptibilities of refined sentiment. With a frame of iron, an unflagging zeal, and a will strong if not coarse, he was ill fitted for the handling of so delicate and complex a piece of mechanism as the mind of a Cowper. By way of diverting the Poet's brooding thoughts, he projected in 1771 the preparation of the Olney Hymns. Cowper had written occasional hymns for him as early as 1767, and now the friends set to work diligently for two years on the production of their joint collection. The hymns were not published till Feb. 15, 1779. They were 348 in number; and of these 67 were distinguished as Cowper's by the initial C.

But why this long delay of eight years before the publication of the Olney Hymns? Alas! the old malady had returned. We have seen that the attack of 1763 had seized Cowper about ten years after his first fit of melancholy in the Temple. Another decade had now elapsed; and in January, 1773 he was 'suddenly reduced (as he wrote in 1786) from his wonted rate of understanding to an almost

childish imbecility. This state of mind was accompanied with misapprehension of things and persons. He believed that everybody hated him, and Mrs. Unwin most of all; was convinced that all his food was poisoned; together with ten thousand megrims of the same stamp.' Matters rapidly grew worse with him. All the most distressing of the old symptoms reappeared in an aggravated form. At first he refused to go near the vicarage; and when at length induced to enter it, he was equally resolved not to quit it. It was not till August that Mr. Newton consulted Dr. Cotton, and then it was too late. At the end of fourteen months passed under Mr. Newton's roof, and during which the patient was tended with the watchful assiduity of love by Mrs. Unwin, he exhibited the first signs of recovery by noticing the growth of the trees and flowers in the garden. 'The first smile for sixteen months,' was seen on his countenance; and he returned to Orchard Side. Here he resumed his residence with Mrs. Unwin, on the old footing: though it should seem that, but for this return of insanity, the tender tie between the two would have been drawn (if possible) yet closer by marriage. The truth of the current report to this effect has been strenuously denied by the earlier biographers of the Poet, with a sort of vehement indignation for which it is not easy to discern any occasion. But the positive statements quoted by Mr. Benham (Globe edition, 1870, p. xxxix) must be allowed as conclusive. 'Mr. Bull, in his *Memorials of Newton* declares that again and again he had heard his father say, that they were about to be married when Cowper's malady returned in 1773; and that Bull knew this from Mrs. Unwin herself. And then he adds the following extract from Newton's hitherto unpublished diary. "They were congenial spirits, united in the faith and hope of the gospel, and their intimate and growing friendship led them, in the course of four or five years, to an engagement of marriage, which was well known to me, and to most of their and my friends, and was to have taken place in a few months, but was prevented by the terrible malady which seized him about that time."' It is true that Mrs. Unwin

was at this time forty-eight years of age, and Cowper only forty-one; yet it would probably have conduced to the comfort of both if this union could have been effected. But what had now occurred was thought sufficient to render any revival of the question impossible.

As Cowper slowly regained his mental powers, he began to divert himself not only with his favourite pursuit of gardening, but with carpentering, landscape-painting, and more particularly with keeping pet animals. In 1774 his three hares, Puss, Tiney, and Bess, were given to him; and he furnished an account of their treatment to the Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1784. Lady Hesketh has enumerated no fewer than twenty domesticated animals which he had about him at one time. He amused himself also with the continuation of that delightful series of letters to his friends, which had been begun in the week of his arrival at Huntingdon; but which had flagged, and in the case of Lady Hesketh had ceased entirely, soon after his settlement at Olney.

The next change in the Poet's life was occasioned by Mr. Newton's migration to London. He was presented by Mr. John Thornton, in September, 1779, to the united Rectories of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch: and he quitted Olney early in January 1780. Before he did so, his forethought for his friend's comfort suggested his introduction to the Rev. William Bull, a congregational minister at Newport Pagnell, five miles from Olney. He was 'a Dissenter, but a liberal one: a man of letters and of genius, and master of a fine imagination.' The two were drawn towards each other by mutual attraction; dined together once a fortnight; and became fast friends.

And now began a period of literary activity which proved a most wholesome recreation to Cowper. He took delight in writing poems on various subjects of public or private interest 'I have never,' he writes, 'found an amusement among the many I have been obliged to have recourse to, that so well answered the purpose for which I used it. The quieting and composing effect of it was such, and so totally absorbed have I sometimes been in my rhyming occupation,

that neither the past nor the present (those themes which to me are so fruitful in regret at other times) had any longer a share in my contemplation.' The clear sight of love was keen to perceive the benefit which the convalescent derived from this occupation; and Mrs. Unwin urged him to the composition of a long poem worthy of his powers. He asked for a subject, and she gave him 'The Progress of Error.' The Poet addressed himself to the work in December, 1780; and in three months produced not only the poem bearing that name, but also 'Truth,' 'Table Talk,' and 'Expostulation.' Mr. Newton's kind offices availed to secure their acceptance by Johnson, a publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard; and the poems were sent to him in April, 1781. Johnson suggested an addition to the volume: whereupon Cowper wrote 'Hope' and 'Charity'; and to these he soon added 'Conversation' and 'Retirement.' A few minor pieces were included, and the volume was published about the 1st of March, 1782. By the author's request Mr. Newton wrote a preface to it; and his name was to have appeared on the title-page as editor. This preface, dated Feb. 18, 1782, was first prefixed to the fifth edition, 1790; as the publisher feared that its distinctively Evangelical tone would injure the sale of the book.

But ere the publication of this volume, a sunbeam had glanced across the path of Cowper's social life, which for a while lit up his whole existence with a brightness such as had never before illumined it. In the summer of 1781 he formed the acquaintance of Lady Austen,—'a lively, agreeable woman, who had seen much of the world, and accounted it a great simpleton, as it is; one who laughed and made laugh, and could keep up a conversation without seeming to labour at it.' She was the widow of Sir Robert Austen, seventh Baronet of Bexley in Kent, to whom she was married when very young, and with whom she had lived entirely in France, till his death in 1772. When Cowper met her, she was on a visit to her sister, the wife of the Rev. J. Jones of Clifton Reynes, one mile from Olney. She took tea there, and was as much captivated by the person and genius of the Poet, as he was fascinated by her gay and sympathetic manner.

Those were the days of picnics and parties of pleasure: and before Lady Austen returned to London in October, she had become 'Sister Anna,' and Cowper her 'Brother William'; and a correspondence on these terms was arranged between them. But in the ensuing February a disagreement arose. Lady Austen appears to have found in Cowper less reciprocity of sentiment than she expected, and the latter wrote thus to Unwin, 'She expressed a sort of romantic idea of our merits, and built such expectations of felicity upon our friendship, as we were sure that nothing human could possibly answer. I wrote to her to remind her that we were mortal, to recommend it to her not to think more highly of us than the subject would warrant.' This letter, he continues, 'gave mortal offence. It received indeed an answer, but such a one as I could by no means reply to: and there ended —for it is impossible that it should be renewed—a friendship that bid fair to be lasting.' The lady however viewed the matter in a different light. In less than a fortnight, Cowper received a present of three pair of ruffles from her; and the least he could do was to send his thanks by Mr. Jones, and transmit a copy of his Poems to Lady Austen. Shortly afterwards she repeated her visit to Clifton; when she threw herself with tears into Mrs. Unwin's arms, and soon put the whole party at their ease. In a few weeks she took lodgings in the vicarage, with the design of fixing her abode at Olney. The two houses became so closely united as to form almost one household. 'A practice obtained at length of dining with each other alternately every day, Sundays excepted;' and beyond this, Cowper 'paid his devoirs to her ladyship every morning at eleven.' The trio formed a most harmonious and cheerful party, both at home and in their walks into the country. Cowper wrote poems for Lady Austen to sing to her harpsichord: among others, that on the 'Loss of the Royal George' (Sept. 1782). One evening in October, perceiving her friend to be in more than usually low spirits, she sought to enliven him by reciting the story of John Gilpin, as one 'which had been told her in her childhood.' After all had retired to rest, peals of laughter were heard to i

from the Poet's chamber, so continuous and hysterical as to alarm Mrs. Unwin for his reason. The next morning he presented the ladies with 'The Diverting History of John Gilpin,' which he had spent the night in turning into verse.

The ballad was sent to Unwin, who got it printed in the 'Public Advertiser' of Nov. 14, 1782; the author's consent to this being guarded with one proviso,—*auctore tantum anonymo.*' The story could not fail to become popular. Writing to Unwin, May 8, 1784 (eighteen months after its first appearance), Cowper tells him that the publisher had at first objected to his design of adding it 'at the tail' of his new volume of poems, on the ground of its being 'now too trite'; inasmuch as it had been 'hacknied in every magazine, in every newspaper, and in every street.' A fresh impulse was given to the popularity of 'John Gilpin,' when (in 1785) Mr. Richard Sharp, known as 'Conversation Sharp,' suggested to John Henderson the Actor, that he should include it in his series of Lenten recitations in Freemason's Hall. From that time the verses became 'familiar in men's mouths as household words.'

It is not only for 'John Gilpin' that the world has to thank Lady Austen. But for her, we should have had no 'Task'; and Cowper would not have been selected for this Series, as the representative poet of his age. The volume of 1782, though containing much that perhaps no man but Cowper could have written, did not possess the elements of popularity, either in its subjects or the manner of their treatment. If we compare the later poems of the series with 'The Progress of Error,' we shall indeed observe a marked improvement, both in the smoothness of the versification (which is very conspicuous in 'Retirement'), and in the more poetical handling of the theme. 'Expostulation' is a magnificent burst of impassioned feeling, and may be said in some parts of it to soar into sublimity. Yet, as Miss Seward has remarked, 'No reader could have expected the diamonds of Cowper, who had only seen the Scotch pebbles which he offered for sale at the beginning of his career.' Nevertheless the book had attracted some favourable notice. Although the Critical

Review found in it nothing more than 'decent mediocrity,' and pronounced it to be 'little better than a dull sermon in very indifferent verse,' the London and Gentleman's Magazines, and the Monthly Review, 'the critical Rhadamanthus' of the day, had bestowed on it decided, though not enthusiastic, praise. Mr. John Thornton had sent a copy of it to Benjamin Franklin, then American Ambassador in Paris; and his 'plaudit' was very gratifying to the author. This appreciation of his work by a stranger made him the more sensitive to the neglect of his old friends, Colman and Thurlow, neither of whom had the civility to acknowledge the presentation-copies which he sent to them. He vented his indignation with natural resentment, in 'The Valediction' written in Nov., 1783. In this year Mr. Bull sent Cowper the poems of Madame de la Mothe Guion; and these, which he thought 'the only French verse he ever read that he found agreeable,' he translated in a month. Lady Austen pressed him to write a new original poem in blank verse, which Milton had taught her to love. When he replied that she must find a subject for him, she said, 'Oh! you can never be in want of a subject; you can write on any,—write upon this Sofa.' The 'task' thus imposed was accepted, and fulfilled—all the world knows how.

'The Sofa' was begun in June or July, 1783; and it was 'ended but not finished' on the 3rd of August. Five more books followed; and the entire 'Task' was completed in August or September, 1784. As a delay occurred in the printing, Cowper appended to it a poem which he had finished in the interim, and which he called 'Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools.' And after much vacillation on the part of author and publisher, the volume was made to include 'The History of John Gilpin,' and was finally published in July, 1785.

We must return to Lady Austen. Before the publication of 'The Task,' a rupture had again taken place between her and the Olney couple. The cause of this final severance has been much debated. The account which Cowper gave of it to Unwin is not specific. 'We found the connexion,' he writes, 'on some accounts an inconvenient one. The

dissimilitude was too great not to be felt continually, and consequently made our intercourse unpleasant.' To Lady Hesketh the Poet complained that he found his leisure for study and composition sadly interrupted by his constant attendance on Lady Austen; which, though at first optional, 'long usage had made a point of good manners, and consequently of necessity.' In short, he 'was forced to neglect the 'Task,' to attend upon the Muse who had inspired the subject.' Cowper had written of Lady Austen to Unwin, July 29, 1781, 'She is a most agreeable woman, and has fallen in love with your mother and me.' The most recent disclosures all tend to the suggestion that these words were true (as far as he was himself concerned) in a far more literal sense than the writer intended. Lady Austen showed Hayley some verses which Cowper had addressed to her, and which seemed to convey a proof to her—all too eager for such proof—that he was really attached to her personally. These verses—'To a Lady who wore a lock of his hair set with diamonds'—were first printed by Mr. Benham, in 1870. In them the Poet sang—

'The heart that beats beneath that breast
Is William's, well I know;
A nobler prize and richer far
Than India could bestow.'

The woman who reads these lines will surely pardon Lady Austen's misconception of their import. After all, Cowper was *not* her 'brother William'; and he was 'past the bounds of freakish youth.' A man in his fifty-fourth year might be supposed to have laid aside the hyperbolical rhapsodies which might have meant nothing particular at half that age. But however tender the language into which Cowper's indulgence in sentiment betrayed him, he felt himself to be bound to Mrs. Unwin by so many and such ties of gratitude and affection, that when it became a question whether he should give up her, or Lady Austen, there was but one answer he could give. He therefore wrote to the latter, as Hayley informs us, that 'very tender yet resolute letter,' in which he 'explained and lamented the circumstances that forced him to renounce

her society'; and which Lady Austen 'in a moment of natural mortification' destroyed. It was in May, 1784, that she took her final leave of Olney. She was afterwards married to M. de Tardiff, a scholar and a poet; and died in Paris, August 12, 1802.

Lady Austen's loss was in some measure made up to the Poet by a new friendship, which commenced in the same month. Mr. John Courtenay Throckmorton, the 'Benevolus' of 'The Task' (i. 262), had come into residence at Weston Underwood two years before. He continued to Cowper the use of a private key to the park gates, which had been allowed him by the former occupant of the House (Ibid. l. 330): but the Squire of Weston and the Poet of Olney did not meet till May, 1784. Cowper and Mrs. Unwin then went by invitation to witness the ascent of a balloon from Weston Park. A week had scarcely elapsed ere they were on terms of easy intimacy with the Throckmortons, which soon ripened into a lasting friendship, notwithstanding that the latter were Roman Catholics. After the publication of 'The Task,' other friends came forward to assert their claim to stand in that relation to its author. This poem was read and admired by everybody. The volume had been seized with avidity by the public; not as being the production of the author of 'Table Talk,' but out of a curiosity to see something more from the hand of one who could write 'John Gilpin.' Those relatives of Cowper's who continued their allowance to him as one hopelessly incapacitated for the real business of life, were proud to resume personal intercouse with a poet whose fame now rendered him an ornament to their house. His uncle Ashley, and his old friend and patron the Major (now become General Cowper), were of this number: and his cousin Harriet, left a widow by the death of Sir Thomas Hesketh in 1778, re-opened the correspondence which had been dropped on her leaving England in 1767. If Cowper was gratified by this renewal of the old correspondence, all English readers have reason to be grateful for it; as the letters written to Lady Hesketh form the most charming models of epistolary composition in our language.

Cowper was at this time employed on his translation of Homer, which he had begun three or four days after the completion of 'Tirocinium,' Nov. 10, 1784. He had entered on the work as a refuge from despondency; but in the course of a twelvemonth he had got through twenty books of the Iliad, and resolved to print his translation by subscription. His Proposals led to the revival of old friendships, and the formation of new ones. His old schoolfellows, Colman, Walter Bagot, and Lord Dartmouth, as well as some strangers, like Fuseli the artist, were interested in the project, and entered into correspondence with him, either in the character of friends or of critics.

In the month of June, 1786, the vicarage of Olney was again tenanted by a lady; again the lady was in reality a visitor to Orchard Side; and again, till the November of the same year, there were walks, and drives, and harmless gaiety on all sides. But this time the visitor was Lady Hesketh; nor did any ill results ensue, save that Mr. Newton became alarmed lest the spirituality of Cowper's mind should suffer by contact with worldly relatives who had carriages, and bore titles. One very good result however did follow. Lady Hesketh saw that the house at Olney was falling fast into decay, and that the place itself was just such as might drive a sane man insane. She therefore took the matter into her own hands, and hired a house at Weston Underwood, known as 'The Lodge,' which she furnished comfortably for her cousin. He expressed his 'Gratitude' to her in the poem of that name; and, mainly through her exertions, was enabled to make the remove with 'an addition of a clear £100 per annum to his income'—£50 of this being an annuity from the anonymous friend, whom we have seen reason to identify with Theodora Jane Cowper.

On the 15th of November, 1786, Cowper left Olney after passing nineteen years there, for Weston Lodge; where a bright prospect of happiness seemed to lie before him. But within a fortnight (and three days after he had attained his fifty-fifth year) a heavy calamity fell upon him and the faithful friend who shared his home. This was the death,

after a few days' illness, of William Unwin, the only son of the one, and the best-loved friend of the other. The effect on Cowper was disastrous. His decennial attack had been evaded in 1783; at which time both mind and sentiment were pleasingly engaged by the writing of 'The Task' on the one hand, and the enjoyment of Lady Austen's vivacious society on the other. But the shock of his friend's death, occurring at that gloomy period of the year when his spirits were always at their lowest ebb, proved too severe for him; and in January, 1787, his mind again gave way. The derangement was of shorter duration than on the previous occasions; and in about six months' time the patient suddenly recovered, with the full power of resuming at once his correspondence and his Homeric labours. He was even equal to the exertion of receiving a succession of visitors at Weston. Among these was Samuel Rose, who had first called during Cowper's illness, on the way home from Glasgow University. He came ostensibly to offer the thanks of the Scottish Professors to the author of 'The Task,' for whom he left at the same time the welcome gift of a copy of Burns' Poems. Mr. and Mrs. Newton visited Weston in 1788, a year which was saddened by the death of Lady Hesketh's father, Mr. Ashley Cowper; and in the following year the Poet had the happiness of renewing his intercourse with his mother's family, after an interval of more than a quarter of a century. Young John Johnson, the son of Mrs. Cowper's niece, Catharine Donne, came to visit his kinsman in the Christmas vacation of 1789. On his return into Norfolk, with much Homer to transcribe, and much to tell of the Poet's tender reminiscences of his mother, Mrs. Bodham (another of her nieces) sent Cowper 'the only picture of his mother to be found in all the world.' This picture, which he prized 'more highly than the richest jewel in the British crown,' reached Weston on February 25, 1790, and inspired the elegy which has for ever linked together the names of mother and son.

When Dr. Thomas Warton, the learned historian of English Poetry, died in 1790, it was Lady Hesketh's desire to use

her interest on Cowper's behalf, to procure for him the post of Poet Laureate thus rendered vacant. But she could not prevail on the Poet to listen to the proposal; and the Laureateship was conferred on one Pye.

The Homer had now reached its completion. When Cowper first undertook the translation, he proposed to himself to write forty lines each day. But so many interruptions had occurred, and so much time was expended on revision, that nearly seven years were consumed on the work. The manuscript was sent to Johnson, September 8, 1790, and the whole appeared in June, 1791; Johnson taking all expenses on himself, and paying Cowper £1000, besides leaving the copyright in his hands. The translation was favourably received by the public. It was acknowledged to be a far more faithful and scholarly rendering of Homer than Pope's. The old traditions indeed made some readers doubt the propriety of using blank verse; and Thurlow, who was one of these, took the occasion to revive his former acquaintance with Cowper, by corresponding with him on this point; and avowed himself at last a convert. But Pope's Homer and Cowper's Homer alike belong to the class of great works which are to be found in every library, but are seldom taken down from the shelves, unless in order to be dusted.

The years occupied by Cowper on this work might have brought him a far wider extension of fame, had Lady Austen been still at hand to prompt the composition of original poems, or had he not already embarked on the undertaking before Lady Hesketh arrived to fill the vacant post of friend and counsellor. Yet the mental excitement attendant on the comparatively mechanical employment of translation was less than that which original composition would probably have occasioned; while at the same time Homer afforded regular occupation, sufficient to interest the mind without fatiguing it.

No sooner were these labours brought to a close than the Poet began to seek new subjects for his Muse. Lady Hesketh proposed to him the Mediterranean Sea; but with the instinct of a man who knows his own powers and their

limits, he at once decided that this was a topic not within his range. He listened more kindly to the suggestion of Mr. Buchanan, a neighbouring clergyman, that he should write on 'The Four Ages'; namely, the infancy, youth, manhood, and old age of man: but he left behind him no more than a 'brief fragment of an extensive projected poem' on this theme. He advanced further in a poem on Yardley Oak, a subject of his own selection, which he began in 1791; and which, had he continued it, would have been in every way worthy of his fame. It is the judgment of Southey, that Cowper 'never bestowed more labour on any of his compositions than he did upon the commencement of this, nor did he ever labour more successfully.' And Mr. Hayley describes it as 'one of the richest and most highly finished pieces of versification that ever did honour to the fertile genius' of its author. Unfortunately this poem was laid aside in favour of a project of Johnson's; which was, to bring out a magnificent edition of Milton, with illustrations by Fuseli, and with Cowper for editor. Notwithstanding all his ardent admiration of Milton, Cowper could not get on with this work. He found it easy indeed to translate the Latin and Italian poems of his great master; but the labour of annotation was irksome to him. The attempt proved abortive: but out of it grew Cowper's acquaintance with Hayley. That amiable man and (in his own day) popular poet was himself engaged by another publisher, to superintend an edition of Milton. He wrote to Cowper to disclaim all idea of rivalry with him; and this graceful introduction of himself speedily led to a strong mutual regard and attachment.

The autumn of 1791 was the last season of hilarity for Cowper. Lady Hesketh was staying at the Lodge, and at Weston House was Miss Stapleton (the 'Catharina' of his song), soon to become Mrs. George Courtenay. But all gladness of heart fled when, in the month of December, Mrs. Unwin was seized with paralysis. It is true that the attack was a slight one, nor did it last long: and in May, 1792, Weston was enlivened by a visit from Hayley. He had not been there many days, when Mrs. Unwin was prostrated by

another and more serious attack of the same nature. From this also she rallied sufficiently to be able to accompany Cowper on the return-visit to Hayley, at Eartham, near Chichester. Here they remained six weeks, enjoying the society of their accomplished host, and of several of his literary friends, whom he invited to meet the hero of his worship. They returned to Weston in September, and from that time Mrs. Unwin declined rapidly into a state of second childishness. Now it was, that Cowper began to repay in kind the affectionate tendance which he had so constantly received at her hands. He watched over her with the tenderness of a woman; he laid himself out to indulge her every whim, and to anticipate all her real needs; he was the only person of those about her who made no complaints of the querulous and exacting temper of the poor invalid.

The anxiety and fatigue arising from such close attendance on Mrs. Unwin soon began to tell upon the sympathetic nature of Cowper himself; and he sank into that pitiable condition of mind, from which it was ordained that he should never fully emerge. There were times indeed when the cloud lifted, and he was able to enjoy communion with friends, and to throw off occasional verses during his lucid intervals. He received visits in the course of 1793 from Lady Hesketh, J. Johnson, Rose, and Lawrence (who took his portrait); and in the autumn of the same year he wrote those affecting stanzas 'To Mary,' of which Hayley says, 'I question if any language on earth can exhibit a specimen of verse more exquisitely tender.' Yet all this while he was sinking into lower and lower depths. There was a new element of superstition in his delusions, too humiliating to be dwelt on. At length came the tardy recognition of his literary claims, in the form of a pension from the Crown of £300 a year (July 5, 1794); but Cowper was too far gone to appreciate it, or even to be sensible of the fact.

At this juncture Dr. Willis, the physician who had been of so much service to King George III, was consulted on behalf of the sufferer. Change of scene was all that could be

prescribed. Cowper's affectionate kinsman Johnson accordingly conveyed him, with his now helpless fellow-sufferer Mrs. Unwin, into Norfolk, in July, 1795 — first to North Tuddenham; then to Mundesley, on the coast, near Cromer; next to Dunham Lodge, near Swaffham; then, in the summer of 1796, to Mundesley again; and finally, in October of that year, to East Dereham. Here the Angel of Death brought a welcome release to Mary Unwin, December 17, 1796, at the age of seventy-two. It may be doubted whether Cowper was in a condition to realise the fact of this separation: in any case he never mentioned her name again. At various intervals he was enabled to apply himself to the revision of his Homer, and took pleasure in hearing his own poems and other books read to him. But for the most part the cloud lay dark and chill upon his spirit. His last original piece was written on December 20, 1799. He called it 'The Castaway.' There is in it nothing to horrify the reader, as the title might suggest; but much to 'engender sacred pity.' It is not the appalling shriek of the tortured soul, still struggling fiercely with the powers of darkness; it is rather the plaintive wail of one who has from sheer exhaustion given up the contest, and resigned himself to an uncontrollable destiny.

At length, through God's great mercy, the physical health which had continued unimpaired throughout the mental conflict, gave signs of failure. In February, 1800, dropsy appeared in the feet and ankles. A few weeks longer, and the poor shattered vessel, so long buffeted by tempestuous billows on the sea of life, drifted into the peaceful haven of rest. On the 25th of April, 1800, and in his sixty-ninth year, William Cowper died. And if strong men, pilgrims to the church of Dereham, have dropped tears of brotherly sympathy while standing before the tomb raised by the loving hands of Harriet Hesketh, in the Chapel of St. Edward, have not the angels rejoiced?

SUMMARY

OF THE CHIEF EVENTS IN

COWPER'S LIFE.

Born at Berkhampsted, Herts, Nov. 26, 1731 (N. S.)
Loses his mother, Feb. 13, 1737.
Is sent to school at Market Street, 1737.
Enters Westminster School, 1741.
Is entered at the Middle Temple, April 29, 1748.
His first attack of despondency, 1753 or 1754.
Is called to the Bar, June 14, 1754.
Loses his father, Aug. 3, 1756.
Removes to the Inner Temple, 1759.
Is confined at St. Alban's, Dec. 7, 1763.
Removes to Huntingdon, June 22, 1765.
Becomes an inmate of Mr. Unwin's house, Nov. 11, 1765.
Settles at Olney, Bucks, Sept. 14, 1767.
Is deranged for the third time, Jan., 1773.
The 'Olney Hymns' are published, Feb. 15, 1779.
Publishes his first volume of Poems, March 1, 1782.
Publishes 'The Task,' July, 1785.
Removes to Weston Underwood, Nov. 15, 1786.
Is deranged for the fourth time, Jan., 1787.
Publishes his translation of Homer, June, 1791.
Receives a pension of £300 from the Crown, July 5, 1794.
Is removed into Norfolk, July, 1795.
Loses Mrs. Unwin, Dec. 17, 1796.
Dies at East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800.

THE TASK.

IN SIX BOOKS.

'Fit surculus arbor. — ANONYM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE history of the following production is briefly this: A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the Author, and gave him the SOFA for a subject. He obeyed; and having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a Volume.

In the poem on the subject of Education, he would be very sorry to stand suspected of having aimed his censure at any particular school. His objections are such as naturally apply themselves to schools in general. If there were not, as for the most part there is, wilful neglect in those who manage them, and an omission even of such discipline as they are susceptible of, the objects are yet too numerous for minute attention; and the aching hearts of ten thousand parents, mourning under the bitterest of all disappointments, attest the truth of the allegation. His quarrel, therefore, is with the mischief at large, and not with any particular instance of it.

THE TASK.

BOOK I.

THE SOFA.

ARGUMENT :—Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the sofa, 1—A schoolboy's ramble, 109—A walk in the country, 140—The scene described, 159—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful, 181—Another walk, 210—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected, 233—Colonnades commended, 252—Alcove, and the view from it, 278—The wilderness, 350—The grove, 354—The thresher, 356—The necessity and the benefits of exercise, 367—The works of nature superior to, and in many instances inimitable by art, 409—The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure, 462—Change of scene sometimes expedient, 506—A common described, and the character of Crazy Kate introduced, 526—Gipsies, 557—The blessings of a civilised life, 592—The state most favourable to virtue, 600—The South Sea islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai, 620—His present state of mind supposed, 654—Civilised life friendly to virtue, but not great cities, 678—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praise, but censured, 693—Fête champêtre, 739—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures, 749.

I SING the SOFA. I who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touched with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme; 5
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
The occasion—for the Fair commands the song.
Time was, when clothing, sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.

As yet black breeches were not, satin smooth, 10
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile;
The hardy chief, upon the rugged rock
Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength. 15
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birthday of Invention; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm 20
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a STOOL immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms;
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen; but perforated sore, 25
And drilled in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.
At length a generation more refined
Improved the simple plan; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular, 30
And o'er the seat, with plenteous wadding stuffed,
Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought
And woven close, or needlework sublime.
There might ye see the peony spread wide, 35
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lapdog and lambkin with black, staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.
Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish; severed into stripes 40
That interlaced each other, these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a CHAIR.
But restless was the Chair; the back erect
Distressed the weary loins that felt no ease; 45
The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part
That pressed it, and the feet hung dangling down,

Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
These for the rich: the rest, whom Fate had placed
In modest mediocrity, content 50
With base materials, sat on well-tanned hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fixed;
If cushion might be called, what harder seemed 55
Than the firm oak of which the frame was formed.
No want of timber then was felt or feared
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Ponderous, and fixed by its own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting; these, some say, 60
An alderman of Cripplegate contrived,
And some ascribe the invention to a priest
Burly and big, and studious of his ease.
But rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they pressed against the ribs, 65
And bruised the side, and, elevated high,
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears.
  Long time elapsed or e'er our rugged sires
Complained, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The ladies first 70
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenious Fancy, never better pleased
Than when employed to accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised
The soft SETTEE; one elbow at each end, 75
And in the midst an elbow, it received,
United yet divided, twain at once;
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne,
And so two citizens who take the air,
Close packed and smiling, in a chaise and one. 80
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By soft recumbency of outstretched limbs,
Was bliss reserved for happier days;—so slow
The growth of what is excellent, so hard
To attain perfection in this nether world. 85

Thus first Necessity invented Stools,
Convenience next suggested Elbow Chairs,
And Luxury the accomplished SOFA last.
  The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he 90
Who quits the coachbox at the midnight hour
To sleep within the carriage more secure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head, 95
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
Of lazy nurse who snores the sick man dead,
Nor his who quits the box at midnight hour
To slumber in the carriage more secure,
Nor sleep enjoyed by curate in his desk, 100
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are sweet,
Compared with the repose the Sofa yields.
  Oh! may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic that infest the toe 105
Of libertine excess. The Sofa suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel:
For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropped by nibbling sheep, 110
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs: have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink
E'er since, a truant boy, I passed my bounds,
To enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames; 115
And still remember, nor without regret,
Of hours that sorrow since has much endeared,
How oft, my slice of pocket-store consumed,
Still hungering, pennyless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws, 120
Or blushing crabs, or berries that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite

Disdains not, nor the palate, undepraved
By culinary arts, unsavoury deems. 125
No Sofa then awaited my return,
Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue: and though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away, 130
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace that age would gladly keep,
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare;
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot 135
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfered yet; nor yet impaired 140
My relish of fair prospect; scenes that soothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive 145
Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such as Love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well tried virtues, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou knowest my praise of Nature most sincere, 150
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon Eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne 155
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow-moving, and beside 160
His labouring team that swerved not from the track,

The sturdy swain diminshed to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow-winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course 165
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale, 170
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying, on its varied side, the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear, 175
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful which, daily viewed,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe. 180
  Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike 185
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar 190
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green 195
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one 200
The livelong night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl 205
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.
  Peace to the artist whose ingenious thought 210
Devised the Weatherhouse, that useful toy!
Fearless of humid air and gathering rains,
Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself!
More delicate his timorous mate retires.
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet 215
Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,
The task of new discoveries falls on me.
At such a season, and with such a charge,
Once went I forth, and found, till then unknown, 220
A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
'Tis perched upon the green hill top, but close
Environed with a ring of branching elms
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset 225
With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
I called the low-roofed lodge the Peasant's Nest.
And hidden as it is, and far remote
From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs 230
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clamorous whether pleased or pained,
Oft have I wished the peaceful covert mine.
Here, I have said, at least I should possess
The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge 235
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat

Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
Its elevated site forbids the wretch
To drink sweet waters of the crystal well; 240
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy laden, brings his beverage home,
Far fetched and little worth; nor seldom waits,
Dependant on the baker's punctual call,
To hear his creaking panniers at the door, 245
Angry and sad, and his last crust consumed.
So farewell envy of the Peasant's Nest!
If Solitude make scant the means of life,
Society for me! Thou seeming sweet,
Be still a pleasing object in my view, 250
My visit still, but never mine abode.
Not distant far, a length of Colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorned, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen 255
From sultry suns, and in their shaded walks,
And long protracted bowers, enjoyed at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
We bear our shades about us; self-deprived
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread, 260
And range an Indian waste without a tree.
Thanks to Benevolus—he spares me yet
These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines,
And though himself so polished, still reprieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade. 265
Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep upon a Rustic Bridge,
We pass a gulf in which the willows dip
Their pendant boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ankle-deep in moss and flowery thyme, 270
We mount again, and feel at every step
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures Earth, and, plotting in the dark, 275

Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.
  The summit gained, behold the proud Alcove
That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impressed 280
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The panels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal to immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that even a few, 285
Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorred
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown.—Now roves the eye,
And posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here 290
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creeps 295
The loaded wain, while lightened of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by,
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene, 300
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike yet various. Here the grey smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood 305
Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish grey; the willow such,
And poplar that with silver lines his leaf, 310
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.

Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts 315
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright. 320
O'er these, but far beyond, a spacious map
Of hill and valley interposed between,
The Ouse, dividing the well-watered land,
Now glitters in the sun and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen. 325
  Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the reascent; between them weeps
A little Naiad her impoverished urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now, 330
But that the lord of this enclosed demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share: the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun? 335
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepped at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
That yet a remnant of your race survives. 340
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The chequered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light 345
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot.
  And now, with nerves new braced and spirits cheered, 350
We tread the Wilderness, whose well-rolled walks,

With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms 355
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destined ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist 360
Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But softened into mercy; made the pledge 365
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads 370
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves;
Its own revolvency upholds the world.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious: oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams, 375
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation; even the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm;
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
The impression of the blast with proud disdain, 380
Frowning as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder. But the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fixed below, the more disturbed above.
The law by which all creatures else are bound, 385
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length

When Custom bids, but no refreshment find, 390
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And withered muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest
To which he forfeits even the rest he loves. 395
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake, 400
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
Even age itself seems privileged in them
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front 405
The veteran shows, and gracing a grey beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.
  Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine 410
Who oftenest sacrifice are favoured least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,
Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field 415
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only pencilled scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God
The inferior wonders of an artist's hand.
Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art; 420
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls. 425
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet Nature every sense.

The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods—no works of man 430
May rival these; these all bespeak a power
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;
'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed;
Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home. 435
He does not scorn it, who, imprisoned long
In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light. 440
His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue,
His eye relumines its extinguished fires,
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,
And riots in the sweets of every breeze.
He does not scorn it, who has long endured 445
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs;
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed
With acrid salts, his very heart athirst
To gaze at Nature in her green array;
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possessed 450
With visions prompted by intense desire;
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find—
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.
The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns; 455
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of Beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears,
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair 460
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down. 465

Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on, 470
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits, 475
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragged into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise, 480
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loathe it; fear to die, 485
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their inveterate habits, all forbid. 490
  Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams 495
Of dayspring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed; 500
And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripped off by cruel chance;

From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe. 505
The Earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight, 510
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us, happy to renounce awhile, 515
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,
That hides the seamew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man: his hoary head, 520
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner,
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die. 525
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly goss, that shapeless and deform,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf 530
Smells fresh, and, rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.
There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed 535
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her Fancy followed him through foaming waves
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep 540
At what a sailor suffers; Fancy too,

Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death— 545
And never smiled again! and now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when Charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown 550
More tattered still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes, 555
Though pinched with cold, asks never.—Kate is crazed!
I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung 560
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloined
From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of every hedge, 565
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more 570
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice 575
His nature, and though capable of arts
By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self-banished from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil!

Yet even these, though, feigning sickness oft, 580
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note
When safe occasion offers; and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag, 585
Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
And breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,
Need other physic none to heal the effects 590
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.

Blest he, though undistinguished from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn, 595
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants, indeed, are many; but supply
Is obvious, placed within the easy reach
Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil; 600
Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,
And terrible to sight, as when she springs,
(If e'er she spring spontaneous) in remote
And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,
And strength is lord of all; but gentle, kind, 605
By culture tamed, by liberty refreshed,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.
War and the chase engross the savage whole;
War followed for revenge, or to supplant
The envied tenants of some happier spot, 610
The chase for sustenance, precarious trust!
His hard condition with severe constraint
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
Of wisdom, proves a school in which he learns
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate, 615
Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.
Thus fare the shivering natives of the north,

In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye 695
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaimed
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There touched by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes 700
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone 705
The powers of sculpture, but the style as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will, 710
The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London. Where her implements exact, 715
With which she calculates, computes, and scans
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied, 720
As London, opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than she,
A more accomplished world's chief glory now.
She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two, 725
That so much beauty would do well to purge;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul; so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline; more prompt 730
To avènge than to prevent the breach of law;

That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
To peculators of the public gold; 735
That thieves at home must hang, but he that puts
Into his overgorged and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt 740
Of holy writ, she has presumed to annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth,
And centering all authority in modes 745
And customs of her own, till sabbath-rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well nigh divorced.
God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts 750
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue 755
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as Art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only ye can shine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon 760
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse 765
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;

It plagues your country. Folly such as yours 770
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

BOOK II.

THE TIME-PIECE.

ARGUMENT:—Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former Book, 1—Peace among the nations recommended on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow, 48—Prodigies enumerated, 53—Sicilian earthquakes, 75—Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin, 133—God the agent in them, 161—The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reproved, 174—Our own late miscarriages accounted for, 206—Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontainbleau, 255—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation, 285—The reverend advertiser of engraved sermons, 351—Petit-maître parson, 372—The good preacher, 395—Picture of a theatrical clerical coxcomb, 414—Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved, 463—Apostrophe to popular applause, 481—Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with, 499—Sum of the whole matter, 531—Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity, 545—Their folly and extravagance, 574—The mischiefs of profusion, 667—Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the Universities, 699.

OH for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained, 5
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man. The natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax

That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own, and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey. 15
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys; 20
And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast. 25
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, 30
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave, 35
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home:—Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs 40
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein 45
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.
Sure there is need of social intercourse,

Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations, in a world that seems 50
To toll the deathbell of its own decease,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the general doom. When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap 55
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors from above
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies, and the old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits 60
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature, with a dim and sickly eye,
To wait the close of all? But grant her end 65
More distant, and that prophecy demands
A longer respite, unaccomplished yet;
Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
Displeasure in his breast who smites the earth
Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice. 70
And 'tis but seemly, that where all deserve
And stand exposed by common peccancy
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love.
Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now 75
Lie scattered where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show,
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause, 80
While God performs, upon the trembling stage
Of his own works, his dreadful part alone.
How does the earth receive him?—with what signs
Of gratulation and delight, her King?
Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad, 85
Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,

Disclosing Paradise where'er he treads?—
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot. 90
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For He has touched them. From the extremest point
Of elevation down into the abyss,
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise, 95
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And, charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
Grows fluid; and the fixed and rooted earth, 100
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute 105
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted, and, with all its soil,
Alighting in far distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change. 110
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and upwrought
To an enormous and o'erbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice
Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood, 115
Upridged so high, and sent on such a charge,
Possessed an inland scene. Where now the throng,
That pressed the beach, and hasty to depart
Looked to the sea for safety? They are gone,
Gone with the refluent wave into the deep— 120
A prince with half his people! Ancient towers,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes
Where beauty oft and lettered worth consume
[illegible] in the unproductive shades of death,

Fall prone; the pale inhabitants come forth, 125
And happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day that sets them free.
Who then that has thee, would not hold thee fast,
Freedom! whom they that lose thee so regret, 130
That even a judgment, making way for thee,
Seems, in their eyes, a mercy, for thy sake.
Such evil Sin hath wrought, and such a flame
Kindled in Heaven, that it burns down to earth,
And in the furious inquest that it makes 135
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man, to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath, he draws
A plague into his blood; and cannot use 140
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise to o'erwhelm him; or if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And needing none assistance of the storm,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there. 145
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave: nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.
What then? Were they the wicked above all, 150
And we the righteous, whose fast-anchored isle
Moved not, while theirs was rocked like a light skiff,
The sport of every wave? No: none are clear,
And none than we more guilty. But where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts 155
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark;
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
The more malignant. If he spared not them,
Tremble and be amazed at thine escape,
Fair guiltier England! lest he spare not thee. 160
Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that chequer life!

Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme. 165
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns, (since from the least
The greatest oft originate) could Chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan, 170
Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth, Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In Nature's tendencies, oft overlooks; 175
And having found his instrument, forgets
Or disregards, or more presumptuous still,
Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the Heaven 180
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrify the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend 185
Blows mildew from between his shrivelled lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs 190
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and reaction. He has found
The source of the disease that Nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear. 195
Thou fool! Will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend the effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first He made the world?
And did He not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less 200

Than a capacious reservoir of means
Formed for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eye with eyesalve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all. 205
England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed 210
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers. 215
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart 220
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense, 225
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these 230
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was, when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough 235
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen, 240
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council. Wolfe, upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham, heart-sick of his country's shame.
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still 245
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force, 250
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such!
Or all that we have left, is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.
Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float 255
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility. Breathe soft,
Ye clarionets, and softer still, ye flutes, 260
That winds and waters, lulled by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True, we may thank the perfidy of France,
That picked the jewel out of England's crown, 265
With all the cunning of an envious shrew.
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state.
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace. 270
And shamed as we have been, to the very beard
Braved and defied, and in our own sea proved
Too weak for those decisive blows that once
Ensured us mastery there, we yet retain
Some small preeminence; we justly boast 275
At least superior jockeyship, and claim

The honours of the turf as all our own.
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate, 280
Where once your noble fathers won a crown!
'Tis generous to communicate your skill
To those that need it. Folly is soon learned,
And under such preceptors, who can fail?
There is a pleasure in poetic pains 285
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
The expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
To arrest the fleeting images that fill 290
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencilled off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views;
Then to dispose his copies with such art
That each may find its most propitious light, 295
And shine by situation, hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost;
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import, 300
That lost in his own musings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that sings. But ah! not such,
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song. 305
Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a task
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or escapes, and haply find
Their least amusement where he found the most. 310
But is amusement all? Studious of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Be loudest in their praise who do no more.

Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay? 315
It may correct a foible, may chastise
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
Retrench a swordblade, or displace a patch;
But where are its sublimer trophies found?
What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaimed 320
By rigour? or whom laughed into reform?
Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed;
Laughed at, he laughs again; and stricken hard,
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
That fear no discipline of human hands. 325
The pulpit, therefore, (and I name it filled
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing)
The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,
Strutting and vapouring in an empty school, 330
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte)
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard, 335
Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him, the violated law speaks out 340
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And armed himself in panoply complete 345
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.
Are all such teachers? Would to Heaven all were! 350
But hark—the Doctor's voice!—fast wedged between
Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks

Inspires the News, his trumpet. Keener far
Than all invective is his bold harangue,
While, through that public organ of report, 355
He hails the clergy, and defying shame,
Announces to the world his own and theirs.
He teaches those to read, whom schools dismissed,
And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer 360
The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
He grinds divinity of other days
Down into modern use; transforms old print
To zigzig manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts. 365
Are there who purchase of the Doctor's ware?
Oh name it not in Gath! it cannot be,
That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.
He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
Assuming thus a rank unknown before— 370
Grand caterer and dry nurse of the church!

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause. 375
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse; 380
Frequent in Park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round 385
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' the world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave 390

To his own pleasures and his patron's pride:—
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.
Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul, 395
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain, 400
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look, 405
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text; 410
Cry—hem! and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!
In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers 415
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form 420
And just proportion, fashionable mien
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes, 425
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,

Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare, 430
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all beside,
Though learned with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill informed 435
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
Some, decent in demeanour while they preach, 440
That task performed, relapse into themselves,
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!
Forth comes the pocket mirror.—First we stroke 445
An eyebrow, next compose a straggling lock,
Then, with an air most gracefully performed,
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low: 450
The better hand, more busy, gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye
With opera glass to watch the moving scene,
And recognise the slow retiring fair.—
Now this is fulsome; and offends me more 455
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim, 460
And quaint in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.
He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware 465
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful

To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales, 470
When sent with God's commission to the heart.
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail. 475
No: he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom Truth and Soberness assailed in vain. 480
O Popular Applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
But swelled into a gust—who then, alas! 485
With all his canvas set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power?
Praise from the rivelled lips of toothless, bald
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean
And craving Poverty, and in the bow 490
Respectful of the smutched artificer,
Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
The bias of the purpose. How much more,
Poured forth by Beauty splendid and polite,
In language soft as Adoration breathes! 495
Ah spare your idol! think him human still;
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too;
Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.
All truth is from the sempiternal source
Of Light Divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome 500
Drew from the stream below. More favoured, we
Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.
To them it flowed much mingled and defiled
With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams

Illusive of philosophy, so called, 505
But falsely. Sages after sages strove
In vain to filter off a crystal draught
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced
The thirst than slaked it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild. 510
In vain they pushed inquiry to the birth
And spring-time of the world; asked, Whence is man?
Why formed at all? And wherefore as he is?
Where must he find his Maker? With what rites
Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless? 515
Or does he sit regardless of his works?
Has man within him an immortal seed?
Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
His ashes, where, and in what weal or woe?
Knots worthy of solution, which alone 520
A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,
Defective and unsanctioned, proved too weak
To bind the roving appetite, and lead 525
Blind nature to a God not yet revealed.
'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries, except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more. 530
Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
My man of morals, nurtured in the shades
Of Academus, is this false or true?
Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
If Christ, then why resort at every turn 535
To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short
Of man's occasions, when in him reside
Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathomed store?
How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preached! 540
Men that, if now alive, would sit content
And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,

Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too!
And thus it is. The pastor, either vain 545
By nature, or by flattery made so, taught
To gaze at his own splendour, and to exalt
Absurdly, not his office, but himself;
Or unenlightened, and too proud to learn;
Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach; 550
Perverting often, by the stress of lewd
And loose example, whom he should instruct;
Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,
The noblest function, and discredits much
The brightest truths that man has ever seen. 555
For ghostly counsel, if it either fall
Below the exigence, or be not backed
With show of love, at least with hopeful proof
Of some sincerity, on the giver's part;
Or be dishonoured, in the exterior form 560
And mode of its conveyance, by such tricks
As move derision, or by foppish airs
And histrionic mummery, that let down
The pulpit to the level of the stage,
Drops from the lips a disregarded thing. 565
The weak perhaps are moved, but are not taught,
While prejudice in men of stronger minds
Takes deeper root, confirmed by what they see.
A relaxation of Religion's hold
Upon the roving and untutored heart 570
Soon follows, and the curb of conscience snapped,
The laity run wild.—But do they now?
Note their extravagance, and be convinced.
As nations ignorant of God contrive
A wooden one, so we, no longer taught 575
By monitors that mother church supplies,
Now make our own. Posterity will ask
(If e'er posterity see verse of mine)
Some fifty or a hundred lustrums hence,
What was a Monitor in George's days? 580

My very gentle reader yet unborn,
Of whom I needs must augur better things,
Since Heaven would sure grow weary of a world
Productive only of a race like us,
A Monitor is wood—plank shaven thin. 585
We wear it at our backs. There, closely braced
And neatly fitted, it compresses hard
The prominent and most unsightly bones,
And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use
Sovereign, and most effectual, to secure 590
A form not now gymnastic as of yore,
From rickets and distortion, else our lot.
But thus admonished, we can walk erect—
One proof at least of manhood! while the friend
Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge. 595
Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,
And by caprice as multiplied as his,
Just please us while the passion is at full,
But change with every moon. The sycophant
That waits to dress us, arbitrates their date; 600
Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye;
Finds one ill made, another obsolete;
This fits not nicely, that is ill conceived;
And making prize of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own. 605
Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour. We have run
Through every change that Fancy, at the loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
And studious of mutation still, discard 610
A real elegance, a little used,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.
We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires, 615
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
What man that lives, and that knows how to live,

Would fail to exhibit at the public shows
A form as splendid as the proudest there, 620
Though Appetite raise outcries at the cost?
A man o' the town dines late, but soon enough,
With reasonable forecast and dispatch,
To insure a side-box station at half price.
You think, perhaps, so delicate his dress, 625
His daily fare as delicate. Alas!
He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems
With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet.
The Rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell, 630
That none, decoyed into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early grey, but never wise;
There form connexions, but acquire no friend;
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success; 635
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood; and devote old age
To sports which only childhood could excuse.
There they are happiest who dissemble best
Their weariness; and they the most polite 640
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,
Though at their own destruction. She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They (what can they less?)
Make just reprisals, and with cringe and shrug, 645
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.
All catch the frenzy, downward from her Grace,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,
To her who, frugal only that her thrift 650
May feed excesses she can ill afford,
Is hackneyed home unlackeyed; who, in haste
Alighting, turns the key in her own door,
And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left. 655
Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,

On Fortune's velvet altar offering up
Their last poor pittance—Fortune, most severe
Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far
Than all that held their routs in Juno's heaven! 660
So fare we in this prison-house, the world;
And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
They gaze upon the links that hold them fast,
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot, 665
Then shake them in despair, and dance again.
Now basket up the family of plagues
That waste our vitals; peculation, sale
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law, 670
By tricks and lies as numerous and as keen
As the necessities their authors feel;
Then cast them, closely bundled, every brat
At the right door. Profusion is the sire.
Profusion unrestrained, with all that's base 675
In character has littered all the land,
And bred, within the memory of no few,
A priesthood such as Baal's was of old,
A people such as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice;—it eats up all 680
That gives society its beauty, strength,
Convenience, and security, and use;
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapped
And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole-claws
Can seize the slippery prey, unties the knot 685
Of union, and converts the sacred band
That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
Prepares it for its ruin; hardens, blinds, 690
And warps the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at virtue, mock the fools
That trust them, and in the end disclose a face
That would have shocked Credulity herself,

Unmasked, vouchsafing this their sole excuse— 695
Since all alike are selfish, why not they?
This does Profusion, and the accursed cause
Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.
In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth 700
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silvered o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpaired. 705
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke 710
The head of modest and ingenuous worth
That blushed at its own praise; and press the youth
Close to his side that pleased him. Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well-informed, the passions held 715
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleaped
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke; 720
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long, 725
Declined at length into the vale of years;
A palsy struck his arm, his sparkling eye
Was quenched in rheums of age, his voice, unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and moved derision more
Than reverence, in perverse rebellious youth. 730
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend, and Discipline at length.

O'erlooked and unemployed, fell sick, and died.
Then Study languished, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene 735
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well-lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then compromise had place, and scrutiny 740
Became stone blind; precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued;
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts 745
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, opening with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,
The tasseled cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mockery of the world! What need of these 750
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oftener seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot; 755
And such expense as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squandered in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name
That sits a stigma on his father's house, 760
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition, thus acquired 765
Where science and where virtue are professed?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly, but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to the united powers
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews. 770

Now blame we most the nurslings, or the nurse?
The children, crooked, and twisted, and deformed
Through want of care; or her whose winking eye
And slumbering vigilance mars the brood?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge, 775
She needs herself correction; needs to learn
That it is dangerous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.
All are not such. I had a brother once— 780
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too!
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
When gay Good-nature dresses her in smiles.
He graced a college, in which order yet 785
Was sacred, and was honoured, loved, and wept
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.
Some minds are tempered happily, and mixed
With such ingredients of good sense and taste
Of what is excellent in man, they thirst 790
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them more
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.
Nor can example hurt them: what they see
Of vice in others but enhancing more 795
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
If such escape contagion, and emerge
Pure, from so foul a pool, to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themselves,
Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth 800
Exposed their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an undirected choice.
See then the quiver broken and decayed,
In which are kept our arrows! Rusting there
In wild disorder, and unfit for use, 805
What wonder, if discharged into the world,
They shame their shooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine!

Well may the Church wage unsuccessful war,
With such artillery armed. Vice parries wide 810
The undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.
  Have we not tracked the felon home, and found
His birth-place and his dam? The country mourns,
Mourns because every plague that can infest 815
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of the edifice that policy has raised,
Swarms in all quarters; meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at every turn.
Profusion breeds them; and the cause itself 820
Of that calamitous mischief has been found:
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the robed pedagogue! Else let the arraigned
Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.
So when the Jewish leader stretched his arm, 825
And waved his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawned in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains
Were covered with the pest; the streets were filled;
The croaking nuisance lurked in every nook; 830
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scaped;
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.

BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

ARGUMENT:—Self-recollection and reproof, 1—Address to domestic happiness, 41—Some account of myself, 108—The vanity of many of their pursuits who are reputed wise, 124—Justification of my censures, 191—Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher, 221—The question, What is truth? answered by other questions, 261—Domestic happiness addressed again, 290—Few lovers of the country, 293—My tame hare, 334—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden, 352—Pruning, 408—Framing, 435—Raising the cucumber, 446—Greenhouse, 566—Sowing of flower seeds, 624—The country preferable to the town, even in the winter, 675—Reasons why it is deserted at that season, 728—Ruinous effects of gaming and of expensive improvements, 760—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis, 811.

As one who long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled, winds now this way and now that
His devious course uncertain, seeking home;
Or having long in miry ways been foiled
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough 5
Plunging, and half despairing of escape;
If chance at length he find a greensward smooth
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He cherups brisk his ear-erecting steed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease; 10
So I, designing other themes, and called
To adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,
Have rambled wide. In country, city, seat
Of academic fame (howe'er deserved) 15
Long held, and scarcely disengaged at last.

But now with pleasant pace a cleanlier road
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,
Courageous, and refreshed for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers new. 20
  Since pulpits fail, and sounding-boards reflect
Most part an empty ineffectual sound,
What chance that I, to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope 25
Crack the satiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamoured of sequestered scenes,
And charmed with rural beauty, to repose
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs, when summer sears the plains, 30
Or when rough winter rages, on the soft
And sheltered Sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth;
There, undisturbed by Folly, and apprised
How great the danger of disturbing her, 35
To muse in silence, or at least confine
Remarks that gall so many, to the few
My partners in retreat. Disgust concealed
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach. 40
  Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets 45
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which Neglect
Or Temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of Virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again. 50
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;

For thou art meek and constant, hating change, 55
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown!
Till prostitution elbows us aside 60
In all our crowded streets; and senates seem
Convened for purposes of empire less
Than to release the adultress from her bond.
The adultress! what a theme for angry verse!
What provocation to the indignant heart, 65
That feels for injured love! but I disdain
The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandoned, glorying in her shame!
No:—let her pass, and charioted along
In guilty splendour, shake the public ways; 70
The frequency of crimes has washed them white,
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now, of character unsmirched
And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time, 75
Not to be passed: and she that had renounced
Her sex's honour, was renounced herself
By all that prized it; not for prudery's sake,
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard, perhaps on here and there a waif 80
Desirous to return, and not received,
But was a wholesome rigour in the main,
And taught the unblemished to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honour in those days, 85
And judged offenders well. Then he that sharped,
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtained,
Was marked and shunned as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she required
His every nerve in action and at stretch, 90
Paid with the blood that he had basely spared,
The price of his default. But now—yes, now,

We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity, (good-natured age!) 95
That they are safe, sinners of either sex,
Transgress what laws they may. Well-dressed, well-bred,
Well-equipaged, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through every door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may, 100
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet)
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives Virtue indirect applause;
But she has burned her mask, not needed here, 105
Where Vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.
I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since: with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew 110
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side He bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts, 115
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more. 120
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost 125
In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
And never won. Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind, 130

And add two-thirds of the remainder-half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay
As if created only like the fly
That spreads his motley wings in the eye of noon, 135
To sport their season, and be seen no more.
The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,
And pregnant with discoveries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars and feats
Of heroes little known, and call the rant 140
A history: describe the man, of whom
His own coevals took but little note,
And paint his person, character and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They disentangle from the puzzled skein, 145
In which obscurity has wrapped them up,
The threads of politic and shrewd design
That ran through all his purposes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,
Or having, kept concealed. Some drill and bore 150
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn,
That He who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.
Some, more acute and more industrious still, 155
Contrive creation; travel nature up
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars; why some are fixed,
And planetary some; what gave them first
Rotation; from what fountain flowed their light. 160
Great contest follows, and much learnèd dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming Truth,
And Truth disclaiming both; and thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp,
In playing tricks with Nature, giving laws 165
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
Is 't not a pity now, that tickling rheums
Should ever tease the lungs and blear the sight

Of oracles like these? Great pity too,
That having wielded th' elements, and built 170
A thousand systems, each in his own way,
They should go out in fume, and be forgot?
Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
But frantic who thus spend it all for smoke?
Eternity for bubbles proves at last 175
A senseless bargain. When I see such games
Played by the creatures of a Power who swears
That He will judge the earth, and call the fool
To a sharp reckoning that has lived in vain;
And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well, 180
And prove it in the infallible result
So hollow and so false—I feel my heart
Dissolve in pity, and account the learn'd,
If this be learning, most of all deceived.
Great crimes alarm the Conscience, but it sleeps 185
While thoughtful man is plausibly amused.
'Defend me therefore, Common Sense,' say I,
'From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!' 190
''Twere well,' says one sage, erudite, profound,
Terribly arched and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
''Twere well, could you permit the world to live
As the world pleases. What's the world to you?' 195
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I and any man that lives 200
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meandering there,
And catechise it well; apply your glass,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own; and if it be, 205
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose

Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind?
True, I am no proficient, I confess. 210
In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath;
I cannot analyse the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder luminous point 215
That seems half quenched in the immense abyss;
Such powers I boast not—neither can I rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage,
Or heedless folly, by which thousands die,
Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine. 220
God never meant that man should scale the Heavens
By strides of human wisdom. In his works,
Though wondrous, He commands us, in his word,
To seek him rather where his mercy shines.
The mind indeed, enlightened from above, 225
Views him in all; ascribes to the grand cause
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.
But never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye 230
Of Observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover him that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine. Full often too 235
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of Nature, overlooks her author more;
From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusion retrograde, and mad mistake.
But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray 240
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscerned but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love

Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees 245
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives him his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches. Piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer 250
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings, 255
And fed on manna. And such thine, in whom
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale! for deep discernment praised,
And sound integrity, not more than famed
For sanctity of manners undefiled. 260

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him, ignoble graves. 265
Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of vanity, that seizes all below.
The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put 270
To Truth itself, that deigned him no reply.
And wherefore? Will not God impart his light
To them that ask it?—Freely.—'Tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature to impart;
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere, 275
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.
What's that which brings contempt upon a book,
And him that writes it, though the style be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes a minister in holy things 280
The joy of many, and the dread of more,
His name a theme for praise and for reproach?

That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?
What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy, 285
That learning is too proud to gather up,
But which the poor, and the despised of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is Truth.
Oh friendly to the best pursuits of man, 290
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure passed!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own. 295
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
Even as his first progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in Paradise, (for earth has still
Some traces of her youthful beauty left)
Substantial happiness for transient joy. 300
Scenes formed for contemplation, and to nurse
The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,
By every pleasing image they present,
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
Compose the passions, and exalt the mind; 305
Scenes such as these, 'tis his supreme delight
To fill with riot, and defile with blood.
Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
We persecute, annihilate the tribes
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale 310
Fearless, and rapt away from all his cares;
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye;
Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,
Be quelled in all our summer-month retreats; 315
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none else, who seek 320

For their own sake its silence and its shade;
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought
For all the savage din of the swift pack, 325
And clamours of the field? Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain,
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless Nature, dumb, but yet endued
With eloquence that agonies inspire, 330
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs!
Vain tears, alas! and sighs that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls.
Well—one at least is safe. One sheltered hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell 335
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar; she has lost
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread, 340
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou may'st eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou may'st frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarmed; 345
For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And when I place thee in it, sighing say, 350
I knew at least one hare that had a friend.
  How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly, in return,
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen, 355
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad—

Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy? 360
Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful; happy to deceive the time
Not waste it, and aware that human life
Is but a loan, to be repaid with use,
When He shall call his debtors to account 365
From whom are all our blessings, business finds
Even here: while sedulous I seek to improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemployed,
The mind He gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work 370
By causes not to be divulged in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self;
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks 375
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business; feels himself engaged to achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem
To him that leads it, wise, and to be praised; 380
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupied in storms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize. 385
The morning finds the self-sequestered man
Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.
Whether inclement seasons recommend
His warm but simple home, where he enjoys,
With her who shares his pleasures and his heart, 390
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph
Which neatly she prepares; then to his book
Well-chosen, and not sullenly perused
In selfish silence, but imparted oft,
As aught occurs that she may smile to hear, 395
Or turn to nourishment, digested well.

Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conscious how much the hand
Of lubbard Labour needs his watchful eye, 400
Oft loitering lazily if not o'erseen,
Or misapplying his unskilful strength.
Nor does he govern only, or direct,
But much performs himself. No works, indeed,
That ask robust, tough sinews, bred to toil, 405
Servile employ; but such as may amuse
Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.
Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees,
That meet (no barren interval between)
With pleasure more than even their fruits afford, 410
Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel;
These therefore are his own peculiar charge,
No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
None but his steel approach them. What is weak,
Distempered, or has lost prolific powers, 415
Impaired by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife; nor does he spare the soft
And succulent, that feeds its giant growth
But barren, at the expense of neighbouring twigs
Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick 420
With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left
That may disgrace his art, or disappoint
Large expectation, he disposes neat
At measured distances, that air and sun
Admitted freely, may afford their aid, 425
And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.
Hence Summer has her riches, Autumn hence,
And hence even Winter fills his withered hand
With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own.
Fair recompense of labour well bestowed, 430
And wise precaution, which a clime so rude
Makes needful still; whose Spring is but the child
Of churlish Winter, in her froward moods
Discovering much the temper of her sire.

For oft, as if in her the stream of mild 435
Maternal nature had reversed its course,
She brings her infants forth with many smiles,
But, once delivered, kills them with a frown.
He, therefore, timely warned, himself supplies
Her want of care, screening and keeping warm 440
The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep
His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
As the sun peeps, and vernal airs breathe mild,
The fence withdrawn, he gives them every beam,
And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day. 445
To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,
So grateful to the palate, and when rare
So coveted, else base and disesteemed—
Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
That toiling ages have but just matured, 450
And at this moment unassayed in song.
Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,
Their eulogy; those sang the Mantuan bard,
And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains;
And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye 455
The solitary Shilling. Pardon then,
Ye sage dispensers of poetic fame,
The ambition of one meaner far, whose powers,
Presuming an attempt not less sublime,
Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste 460
Of critic appetite, no sordid fare,
A cucumber, while costly yet and scarce.
The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,
Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,
And potent to resist the freezing blast; 465
For ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf
Deciduous, and when now November dark
Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
Exposed to his cold breath, the task begins.
Warily therefore, and with prudent heed, 470
He seeks a favoured spot; that where he builds
The agglomerated pile, his frame may front

The sun's meridian disk, and at the back
Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread 475
Dry fern or littered hay, that may imbibe
The ascending damps; then leisurely impose,
And lightly, shaking it with agile hand
From the full fork, the saturated straw.
What longest binds the closest, forms secure 480
The shapely side, that as it rises takes,
By just degrees, an overhanging breadth,
Sheltering the base with its projected eaves.
The uplifted frame, compact at every joint,
And overlaid with clear translucent glass, 485
He settles next upon the sloping mount,
Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure
From the dashed pane the deluge as it falls:
He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.
Thrice must the voluble and restless earth 490
Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,
Slow gathering in the midst, through the square mass
Diffused, attain the surface; when, behold!
A pestilent and most corrosive steam,
Like a gross fog Bœotian, rising fast, 495
And fast condensed upon the dewy sash,
Asks egress; which obtained, the overcharged
And drenched conservatory breathes abroad,
In volumes wheeling slow, the vapour dank,
And purified, rejoices to have lost 500
Its foul inhabitant. But to assuage
The impatient fervour which it first conceives
Within its reeking bosom, threatening death
To his young hopes, requires discreet delay.
Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft 505
The way to glory by miscarriage foul,
Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch
The auspicious moment, when the tempered heat
Friendly to vital motion, may afford
Soft fomentation, and invite the seed. 510

The seed, selected wisely, plump, and smooth,
And glossy, he commits to pots of size
Diminutive, well filled with well-prepared
And fruitful soil, that has been treasured long,
And drunk no moisture from the dripping clouds. 515
These on the warm and genial earth that hides
The smoking manure, and overspreads it all,
He places lightly, and as time subdues
The rage of fermentation, plunges deep,
In the soft medium, till they stand immersed. 520
Then rise the tender germs, upstarting quick
And spreading wide their spongy lobes, at first
Pale, wan, and livid, but assuming soon,
If fanned by balmy and nutritious air,
Strained through the friendly mats, a vivid green. 525
Two leaves produced, two rough indented leaves,
Cautious he pinches from the second stalk
A pimple that portends a future sprout,
And interdicts its growth. Thence straight succeed
The branches, sturdy to his utmost wish, 530
Prolific all, and harbingers of more.
The crowded roots demand enlargement now,
And transplantation in an ampler space.
Indulged in what they wish, they soon supply
Large foliage, overshadowing golden flowers, 535
Blown on the summit of the apparent fruit.
These have their sexes; and when summer shines,
The bee transports the fertilizing meal
From flower to flower, and even the breathing air
Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use. 540
Not so when winter scowls. Assistant Art
Then acts in Nature's office, brings to pass
The glad espousals, and ensures the crop.
  Grudge not, ye rich, (since Luxury must have
His dainties, and the World's more numerous half 545
Lives by contriving delicates for you)
Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the cares,
The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,

That day and night are exercised, and hang
Upon the ticklish balance of suspense, 550
That ye may garnish your profuse regales
With summer fruits, brought forth by wintry suns.
Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart
The process. Heat and cold, and wind and steam,
Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming flies 555
Minute as dust and numberless, oft work
Dire disappointment that admits no cure,
And which no care can obviate. It were long,
Too long, to tell the expedients and the shifts
Which he that fights a season to severe 560
Devises, while he guards his tender trust,
And oft at last in vain. The learned and wise,
Sarcastic, would exclaim, and judge the song
Cold as its theme, and like its theme the fruit
Of too much labour, worthless when produced. 565
  Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too.
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle, and the snows descend.
The spiry myrtle with unwithering leaf 570
Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and Western India there,
The ruddier orange and the paler lime,
Peep through their polished foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear. 575
The amomum there with intermingling flowers
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours; and the spangled beau,
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants, of every leaf, that can endure 580
The winter's frown, if screened from his shrewd bite,
Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,
Levantine regions these, the Azores send
Their jessamine, her jessamine remote
Caffreia; foreigners from many lands, 58[illegible]
They form one social shade, as if convened

By magic summons of the Orphean lyre.
Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass
But by a master's hand, disposing well
The gay diversities of leaf and flower, 590
Must lend its aid to illustrate all their charms,
And dress the regular yet various scene.
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van
The dwarfish, in the rear retired, but still
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand. 595
So once were ranged the sons of ancient Rome,
A noble show! while Roscius trod the stage;
And so, while Garrick, as renowned as he,
The sons of Albion; fearing each to lose
Some note of Nature's music from his lips, 600
And covetous of Shakespeare's beauty, seen
In every flash of his far-beaming eye.
Nor taste alone and well-contrived display
Suffice to give the marshalled ranks the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains 605
Unsung, and many cares are yet behind,
And more laborious; cares on which depends
Their vigour, injured soon, not soon restored.
The soil must be renewed, which often washed,
Loses its treasure of salubrious salts, 610
And disappoints the roots; the slender roots
Close interwoven, where they meet the vase,
Must smooth be shorn away; the sapless branch
Must fly before the knife; the withered leaf
Must be detached, and where it strews the floor, 615
Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else
Contagion, and disseminating death.
Discharge but these kind offices, (and who
Would spare, that loves them, offices like these?)
Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleased, 620
The scent regaled, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening blossom, freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.
So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,

All healthful, are the employs of rural life, 625
Reiterated as the wheel of time
Runs round; still ending, and beginning still.
Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,
That softly swelled and gaily dressed appears
A flowery island, from the dark green lawn 630
Emerging, must be deemed a labour due
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
Here also grateful mixture of well matched
And sorted hues (each giving each relief,
And by contrasted beauty shining more) 635
Is needful. Strength may wield the ponderous spade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home,
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind. 640
Without it, all is gothic as the scene
To which the insipid citizen resorts
Near yonder heath; where Industry mispent,
But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task,
Has made a Heaven on earth; with suns and moons 645
Of close-rammed stones has charged the encumbered soil,
And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.
He, therefore, who would see his flowers disposed
Sightly, and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds, 650
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceived display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring, may attest his bright design.
Nor even then, dismissing as performed 655
His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.
Few self-supported flowers endure the wind
Uninjured, but expect the upholding aid
Of the smooth-shaven prop, and neatly tied,
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age, 660
For interest sake, the living to the dead.
Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffused

And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
Like virtue thriving most where little seen;
Some, more aspiring, catch the neighbour shrub 665
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.
All hate the rank society of weeds, 670
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
The impoverished earth; an overbearing race
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.
Oh blest seclusion from a jarring world, 675
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
Lost innocence, or cancel follies past,
But it has peace, and much secures the mind
From all assaults of evil, proving still 680
A faithful barrier, not o'erleaped with ease
By vicious Custom, raging uncontrolled
Abroad, and desolating public life.
When fierce Temptation, seconded within
By traitor Appetite, and armed with darts 685
Tempered in hell, invades the throbbing breast,
To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us, but to fly is safe.
Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish, that I possess not here? 690
Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace,
No loose or wanton, though a wandering Muse,
And constant occupation without care.
Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss;
Hopeless indeed that dissipated minds, 695
And profligate abusers of a world
Created fair so much in vain for them,
Should seek the guiltless joys that I describe,
Allured by my report: but sure no less,
That self-condemned they must neglect the prize, 700

And what they will not taste must yet approve.
What we admire we praise, and when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that its worth
Acknowledged, others may admire it too.
I therefore recommend, though at the risk 705
Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,
The cause of piety, and sacred truth
And virtue, and those scenes which God ordained
Should best secure them, and promote them most;
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive 710
Forsaken, or through folly not enjoyed.
Pure is the nymph, though liberal of her smiles,
And chaste, though unconfined, whom I extol.
Not as the prince in Shushan, when he called,
Vainglorious of her charms, his Vashti forth, 715
To grace the full pavilion. His design
Was but to boast his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My charmer is not mine alone; my sweets,
And she that sweetens all my bitters too, 720
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand
That errs not, and find raptures still renewed,
Is free to all men—universal prize.
Strange that so fair a creature should yet want 725
Admirers, and be destined to divide
With meaner objects even the few she finds!
Stripped of her ornaments, her leaves, and flowers,
She loses all her influence. Cities then
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines, 730
Abandoned as unworthy of our love.
But are not wholesome airs, though unperfumed
By roses, and clear suns though scarcely felt,
And groves, if unharmonious yet secure
From clamour, and whose very silence charms, 735
To be preferred to smoke, to the eclipse
That metropolitan volcanoes make,
Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long;

And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow,
And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels? 740
They would be, were not madness in the head,
And folly in the heart; were England now
What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
And undebauched. But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days, 745
And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
Knew their own masters, and laborious hinds,
That had survived the father, served the son.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest, newly arrived 750
And soon to be supplanted. He that saw
His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.
Estates are landscapes, gazed upon awhile, 755
Then advertised, and auctioneered away.
The country starves, and they that feed the o'ercharged
And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues,
By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.
The wings that waft our riches out of sight 760
Grow on the gamester's elbows, and the alert
And nimble motion of those restless joints
That never tire, soon fans them all away.
Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo! he comes;— 765
The omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!
Down falls the venerable pile, the abode
Of our forefathers—a grave, whiskered race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,
But in a distant spot, where, more exposed, 770
It may enjoy the advantage of the north
And aguish east, till time shall have transformed
Those naked acres to a sheltering grove.
He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn,
Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise, 775
And streams, as if created for his use,

Pursue the track of his directing wand,
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades,
Even as he bids! The enraptured owner smiles. 780
'Tis finished, and yet, finished as it seems,
Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,
A mine to satisfy the enormous cost.
Drained to the last poor item of his wealth,
He sighs, departs, and leaves the accomplished plan, 785
That he has touched, retouched, many a long day
Laboured, and many a night pursued in dreams,
Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the Heaven
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy!
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come, 790
When having no stake left, no pledge to endear
Her interests, or that gives her sacred cause
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal
To serve his country. Ministerial grace 795
Deals him out money from the public chest;
Or if that mine be shut, some private purse
Supplies his need with a usurious loan,
To be refunded duly, when his vote
Well-managed shall have earned its worthy price. 800
Oh innocent, compared with arts like these,
Crape and cocked pistol, and the whistling ball
Sent through the traveller's temples! He that finds
One drop of Heaven's sweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content, 805
So he may wrap himself in honest rags
At his last gasp; but could not for a world
Fish up his dirty and dependent bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and sickening at his own success. 810
  Ambition, Avarice, Penury incurred
By endless riot, Vanity, the Lust
Of pleasure and variety, dispatch,
As duly as the swallows disappear,

The world of wandering knights and squires to town. 815
London engulphs them all! The shark is there,
And the shark's prey; the spendthrift, and the leech
That sucks him; there the sycophant, and he
Who, with bare-headed and obsequious bows,
Begs a warm office, doomed to a cold jail 820
And groat per diem, if his patron frown.
The levee swarms, as if in golden pomp
Were charactered on every statesman's door,
'Battered and bankrupt fortunes mended here.'
These are the charms that sully and eclipse 825
The charms of Nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe
That lean hard-handed Poverty inflicts,
The hope of better things, the chance to win,
The wish to shine, the thirst to be amused,
That at the sound of Winter's hoary wing 830
Unpeople all our counties of such herds
Of fluttering, loitering, cringing, begging, loose
And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast
And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.
Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth, 835
Chequered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair
That pleasest and yet shock'st me; I can laugh, 840
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have saved a city once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee!
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else, 845
And therefore more obnoxious at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard his Abraham plead in vain.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

ARGUMENT:—The post comes in, 1—The newspaper is read, 36—The world contemplated at a distance, 88—Address to Winter, 120—The rural amusements of a Winter evening compared with the fashionable ones, 193—Address to Evening, 243—A brown study, 267—Fall of snow in the evening, 302—The waggoner, 330—A poor family piece, 374—The rural thief, 429—Public houses, 466—The multitude of them censured, 500—The farmer's daughter, what she was, 513—What she is, 534—The simplicity of country manners almost lost, 553—Causes of the change, 576—Desertion of the country by the rich, 587—Neglect of magistrates, 593—The militia principally in fault, 613—The new recruit and his transformation, 623—Reflections on bodies corporate, 659—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished, 691.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! O'er yonder bridge
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world, 5
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn, 10
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy. 15
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,

Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains, 20
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? Have our troops awaked? 25
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? And does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace?
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate, 30
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again. 35
  Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each, 40
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage: 45
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work! 50
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;

What is it, but a map of busy life, 55
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts Ambition. On the summit, see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels, 60
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take; 65
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise; 70
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here,
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost; 75
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age, 80
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits, 85
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
  'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd; 90
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound

Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced 95
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war 100
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart, 105
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans; 110
He sucks intelligence in every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return, a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes 115
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
O Winter, ruler of the inverted year, 120
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne 125
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seemest,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou holdest the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east, 130

Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease, 135
And gathering, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness, 140
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powdered pert proficient in the art 145
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;
But here the needle plies its busy task, 150
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair; 155
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds 160
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice, symphonious yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel 165
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,

Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note, 170
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play 175
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise 180
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare, 185
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent, eternal love.
'O evenings worthy of the gods!' exclaimed
The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply, 190
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.
Is winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps, 195
The pent-up breath of an unsavoury throng,
To thaw him into feeling, or the smart
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacent actor, when he views 200
(Stealing a side-long glance at a full house)
The slope of faces from the floor to the roof,
(As if one master-spring controlled them all)
Relaxed into a universal grin,
Sees not a countenance there that speaks of joy 205
Half so refined or so sincere as ours.

Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks
That idleness has ever yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
To palliate dullness, and give time a shove. 210
Time as he passes us has a dove's wing,
Unsoiled and swift, and of a silken sound,
But the World's Time, is Time in masquerade.
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledged
With motley plumes, and, where the peacock shows 215
His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red,
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be, and what was an hourglass once, 220
Becomes a dicebox, and a billiard-mast
Well does the work of his destructive scythe.
Thus decked, he charms a world whom Fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleased when idle most;
Whose only happy are their wasted hours. 225
Even misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The backstring and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted Time, and night by night
Placed at some vacant corner of the board, 230
Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
As he that travels far, oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mouldering tower, 235
Which seen delights him not; then coming home,
Describes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,
With colours mixed for a far different use, 240
Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing
That Fancy finds in her excursive flights.
Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!

Methinks I see thee in the streaky west, 245
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day: 250
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high 255
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift: 260
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please; 265
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.
Just when our drawing rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk 270
Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me, perhaps,
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadow to the ceiling, there by fits 275
Dancing uncouthly, to the quivering flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight; such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful, or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme 280
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers

That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious and confess,
Fearless, a soul that does not always think. 285
Me oft has Fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw. 290
Nor less amused, have I quiescent watched
The sooty films that play upon the bars,
Pendulous, and foreboding, in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still
Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach. 295
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man 300
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected powers, and snapping short 305
The glassy threads with which the Fancy weaves
Her brittle toys, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess, and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
The silence and the warmth enjoyed within. 310
I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green
Though faded; and the lands where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the forceful share. 315
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue, 320

Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently performed
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes. 325
Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle, and the green 330
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side, 335
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves, that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others suffering more. 340
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels; and in its sluggish pace 345
Noiseless, appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear 350
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip, 355
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy! and, in my account, denied
That sensibility of pain with which

Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed 360
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse, and the unhealthful East,
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee. 365
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy waggon is thy wife, and the poor beasts
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly! rude as thou appearest, 370
Yet show that thou hast mercy, which the great,
With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
  Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this, 375
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill-clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights 380
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And while her infant race, with outspread hands
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks, 385
Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed.
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs. 390
The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
Of savoury cheese, or butter costlier still, 395
Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas!

Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care
Ingenious Parsimony takes, but just 400
Saves the small inventory, bed and stool,
Skillet and old carved chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands, but other boast have none
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg; 405
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earned
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure 410
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But oft-times deaf to suppliants who would blush 415
To wear a tattered garb however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth;
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
Because deserving, silently retire.
But be ye of good courage. Time itself 420
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase,
And all your numerous progeny, well trained
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare, 425
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.
I mean the man who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.
But poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe, 430
The effect of laziness or sottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder, much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth,

By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong. 435
Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge
Plashed neatly, and secured with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
Resistless in so bad a cause but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil, 440
An ass's burden, and when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-stacked pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave 445
Unwrenched the door, however well secured,
Where chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp. Twitched from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain, 450
And loudly wondering at the sudden change.
Nor this to feed his own! 'Twere some excuse,
Did pity of their sufferings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they 455
Neglected pine at home, themselves, as more
Exposed than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robbed of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety that prompts 460
His every action, and imbrutes the man.
Oh for a law to noose the villain's neck
Who starves his own, who persecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love! 465
  Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes 470
That law has licensed, as makes Temperance reel.
There sit, involved and lost in curling clouds

Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom; the craftsman there
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil; 475
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk. The fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed
Its wasted tones, and harmony unheard: 480
Fierce the dispute whate'er the theme; while she,
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perched on the signpost, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride; 485
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound
The cheek-distending oath, not to be praised
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those which modern senators employ, 490
Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for fame.
Behold the schools in which plebeian minds,
Once simple, are initiated in arts,
Which some may practise with politer grace,
But none with readier skill!—'Tis here they learn 495
The road that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumbered lap, and casts them out.
But censure profits little: vain the attempt 500
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That like the filth with which the peasant feeds
His hungry acres, stinks and is of use.
The excise is fattened with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks, 505
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touched by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk, obey the important call! 510

Her cause demands the assistance of your throats;
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
  Would I had fallen upon those happier days
That poets celebrate; those golden times
And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings, 515
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts
That felt their virtues; Innocence, it seems,
From courts dismissed, found shelter in the groves;
The footsteps of Simplicity, impressed 520
Upon the yielding herbage (so they sing),
Then were not all effaced; then speech profane,
And manners profligate, were rarely found,
Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaimed.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams 525
Sat for the picture; and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it:—I still must envy them an age
That favoured such a dream, in days like these 530
Impossible, when Virtue is so scarce,
That to suppose a scene where she presides
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
No: we are polished now! The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace, 535
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. The character is lost!
Her head, adorned with lappets pinned aloft 540
And ribands streaming gay, superbly raised,
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains;
Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form 545
Ill propped upon French heels; she might be deemed
(But that the basket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank

But his own simple pleasures, now and then 625
A wrestling match, a footrace, or a fair,
Is balloted, and trembles at the news:
Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears
A Bible-oath to be whate'er they please,
To do he knows not what. The task performed, 630
That instant he becomes the serjeant's care,
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees, 635
Unapt to learn, and formed of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well:
He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;
He steps right onward, martial in his air, 640
His form, and movement; is as smart above
As meal and larded locks can make him; wears
His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a grace;
And his three years of heroship expired,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough. 645
He hates the field in which no fife or drum
Attends him, drives his cattle to a march,
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.
'Twere well if his exterior change were all,
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost 650
His ignorance and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink; to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends; 655
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart;
To be a pest where he was useful once;
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.
Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed; 'tis there alone 660
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.

But man associated and leagued with man
By regal warrant, or self-joined by bond
For interest sake, or swarming into clans 665
Beneath one head for purposes of war,
Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,
Fades rapidly, and by compression marred,
Contracts defilement not to be endured. 670
Hence chartered boroughs are such public plagues;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combined,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main. 675
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature, and disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man, 680
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe
Of innocent commercial Justice red.
Hence, too, the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array, 685
With all its majesty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting music, and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school where thoughtlessness is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice. 690
  But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandoned, and which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never framed a wish, or formed a plan, 695
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early strayed
My Fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too

The firstborn efforts of my youthful Muse,
Sportive, and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats 705
Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech.
Then MILTON had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste his Paradise surpassed 710
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence; I danced for joy;
I marvelled much that, at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engaged my wonder, and admiring still, 715
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost, because not sooner found.
Thee too enamoured of the life I loved,
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determined, and possessing it at last 720
With transports such as favoured lovers feel,
I studied, prized, and wished that I had known,
Ingenious COWLEY! and though now reclaimed
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit 725
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools,
I still revere thee, courtly though retired;
Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,
Not unemployed, and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse. 730
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound, man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And though the Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes 735
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,

That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds that have been formed 740
And tutored with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmoved.
It is a flame that dies not even there
Where nothing feeds it. Neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life, 745
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air, 750
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled 755
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear, 760
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed
The Frenchman's darling? Are they not all proofs 765
That man immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnished with the means of life, 770
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct: over-head
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered duly. There the pitcher stands 775
A fragment, and the spoutless teapot there;

Bad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at Nature, when he can no more.
Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease 780
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys
And harmless pleasures, in the thronged abode
Of multitudes unknown! Hail, rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or emolument, or fame, 785
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents: and God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste, 790
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.
To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue to enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs; 795
To monarchs dignity: to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill;
To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long 800
Found here that leisure and that ease I wished.

BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

ARGUMENT:—A frosty morning, 1—The foddering of cattle, 27—The woodman and his dog, 41—The poultry, 57—Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall, 96—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice, 127—Amusements of monarchs, 177—War, one of them, 185—Wars, whence; 193—And whence monarchy, 230—The evils of it, 242—English and French loyalty contrasted, 346—The Bastille, and a prisoner there, 379—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country, 446—Modern patriotism questionable, and why, 491—The perishable nature of the best human institutions, 509—Spiritual liberty not perishable, 538—The slavish state of man by nature, 581—Deliver him, Deist, if you can, 670—Grace must do it, 688—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated, 704—Their different treatment, 707—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free, 733—His relish of the works of God, 779—Address to the Creator, 845.

'TIS morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze, 5
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From every herb and every spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field. 10
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance

I view the muscular proportioned limb 15
Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they designed to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,
Preposterous sight! the legs without the man. 20
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad, 25
And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder, not like hungering man, 30
Fretful if unsupplied, but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,
Deep-plunging and again deep-plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass: 35
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight. 40
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears 45
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout; 50
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl

Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught.
But, now and then, with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube, 55
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighbouring pale,
Where diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossipped side by side, 60
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves, 65
To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye
The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care 70
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut, and wading at their head
With well considered steps, seems to resent 75
His altered gait, and stateliness retrenched.
How find the myriads that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them naught: the imprisoned worm is safe 80
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie covered close; and berry-bearing thorns
That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigour of the year 85
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.
The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now 90

Repays their labour more; and perched aloft
By the wayside, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain. 95
The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fixed, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved; while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away. 100
Not so, where, scornful of a check, it leaps
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below:
No frost can bind it there; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist 105
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
And see where it has hung the embroidered banks
With forms so various, that no powers of art,
The pencil, or the pen, may trace the scene!
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high 110
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches, fast congealed,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length, 115
And prop the pile they but adorned before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam; there embossed and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which Fancy seeks in vain 120
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,
And in defiance of her rival powers;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats, 125
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,

Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ!
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak, 130
The wonder of the North. No forest fell
When thou wouldst build, no quarry sent its stores
To enrich thy walls, but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found 135
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear.
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armoury of Winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet, 140
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow that often blinds the traveller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there. 145
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined; nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side: a watery light 150
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From Heaven to Earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frostbound 155
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers that feared no enemy but warmth,
Blushed on the panels. Mirror needed none 160
Where all was vitreous; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seemed at least commodious seat) were there,
Sofa, and couch, and high built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all, 165
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene

Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
Of undesigned severity, that glanced 170
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable; as worthless as it seemed
Intrinsically precious; to the foot 175
Treacherous and false; it smiled, and it was cold.
Great princes have great playthings. Some have played
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain high.
Some have amused the dull sad years of life, 180
Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Shortlived themselves, to immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field, 185
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds 190
Are gratified with mischief, and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the World.
When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confederacy of projectors wild and vain
Was split into diversity of tongues, 195
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drave asunder, and assigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair 200
And equal, and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care: they ploughed and sowed,
And reaped their plenty without grudge or strife.
But Violence can never longer sleep

Than human passions please. In every heart 205
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood;
The Deluge washed it out; but left unquenched
The seeds of murder in the breast of man. 210
Soon, by a righteous judgment, in the line
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death; the shrewd
Contriver who first sweated at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied steel 215
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and falchion their inventor claim,
And the first smith was the first murderer's son.
His art survived the waters; and ere long, 220
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own,
The tasted sweets of property begat
Desire of more; and industry in some 225
To improve and cultivate their just demesne,
Made others covet what they saw so fair.
Thus war began on earth: these fought for spoil,
And those in self-defence. Savage at first
The onset, and irregular. At length 230
One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, or courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader; him they served in war,
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Reverenced no less. Who could with him compare? 235
Or who so worthy to control themselves,
As he whose prowess had subdued their foes?
Thus war affording field for the display
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigencies too, and call 240
For skill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear

With modesty and meekness, and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes who set it on,
Was sure to intoxicate the brows it bound. 245
It is the abject property of most,
That being parcel of the common mass,
And destitute of means to raise themselves,
They sink and settle lower than they need.
They know not what it is to feel within 250
A comprehensive faculty that grasps
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
Almost without an effort, plans too vast
For their conception, which they cannot move.
Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk 255
With gazing, when they see an able man
Step forth to notice; and, besotted thus,
Build him a pedestal, and say, 'Stand there,
And be our admiration and our praise.'
They roll themselves before him in the dust, 260
Then most deserving in their own account,
When most extravagant in his applause,
As if exalting him they raised themselves.
Thus by degrees self-cheated of their sound
And sober judgment that he is but man, 265
They demi-deify and fume him so,
That in due season he forgets it too.
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,
He gulps the windy diet, and ere long,
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks 270
The world was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges born
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
And sweating in his service; his caprice
Becomes the soul that animates them all. 275
He deems a thousand or ten thousand lives,
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reckoning, and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
Were burnished into heroes, and became 280

The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp,
Storks among frogs, that have but croaked and died.
Strange that such folly as lifts bloated man
To eminence fit only for a God,
Should ever drivel out of human lips, 285
Even in the cradled weakness of the world!
Still stranger much that when at length mankind
Had reached the sinewy firmness of their youth,
And could discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet 290
Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
And quake before the Gods themselves had made.
But above measure strange, that neither proof
Of sad experience, nor examples set
By some whose patriot virtue has prevailed, 295
Can even now, when they are grown mature
In wisdom, and with philosophic deeps
Familiar, serve to emancipate the rest!
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead 300
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because delivered down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
But is it fit, or can it bear the shock 305
Of rational discussion, that a man,
Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
And folly in as ample measure meet
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules, 310
Should be a despot absolute, and boast
Himself the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any or with no pretence
Of provocation given or wrong sustained, 315
And force the beggarly last doit, by means
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
Of Poverty, that thus he may procure

His thousands, weary of penurious life,
A splendid opportunity to die? 320
Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old
Jotham ascribed to his assembled trees
In politic convention) put your trust
In the shadow of a bramble, and reclined
In fancied peace beneath his dangerous branch, 325
Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,
Where find ye passive fortitude? Whence springs
Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good
To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang
His thorns with streamers of continual praise? 330
We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man, 335
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak
And vain enough to be ambitious still,
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant: 340
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves. 345
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man; the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth;
You the regardless author of its woes: 350
We, for the sake of liberty, a king;
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod, 355
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.

Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise, 360
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.
  Whose freedom is by sufferance, and at will
Of a superior, he is never free.
Who lives, and is not weary of a life 365
Exposed to manacles, deserves them well.
The State that strives for liberty, though foiled,
And forced to abandon what she bravely sought,
Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
And pity for her loss. But that 's a cause 370
Not often unsuccessful: power usurped
Is weakness when opposed; conscious of wrong,
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess 375
All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek.
  Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
To France than all her losses and defeats, 380
Old or of later date, by sea or land,
Her house of bondage, worse than that of old
Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastille.
Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair, 385
That monarchs have supplied, from age to age,
With music such as suits their sovereign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There 's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen at last; to know 390
That even our enemies, so oft employed
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he that values Liberty confines
His zeal for her predominance within

No narrow bounds; her cause engages him 395
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
Immured though unaccused, condemned untried,
Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape!
There, like the visionary emblem seen 400
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell, and expect no change;
And ever, as the sullen sound is heard, 405
Still to reflect, that though a joyless note
To him whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
Account it music; that it summons some
To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball; 410
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—
To fly for refuge from distracting thought 415
To such amusements as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard shifting, and without her tools—
To read, engraven on the mouldy walls
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own— 420
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numbering to and fro 425
The studs that thick emboss his iron door,
Then downward and then upward, then aslant
And then alternate, with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish, till the sum, exactly found 430
In all directions, he begins again—
Oh comfortless existence! hemmed around

With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow man, 435
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word 440
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king,
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean God,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy. 445
'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes 450
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of Discovery; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form. 455
Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief 460
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft 465
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is 470

In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art, 475
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently, and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain 480
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And if I must bewail the blessing lost, 485
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt. 490
Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere, 495
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Designed by loud declaimers on the part
Of Liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith 500
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend
Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there? 505
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved?

'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale 510
And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
So loose to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undisturbed by factious fumes,
Can dream them trusty to the general weal.
Such were not they of old, whose tempered blades 515
Dispersed the shackles of usurped control,
And hewed them link from link. Then Albion's sons
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs,
And shining each in his domestic sphere, 520
Shone brighter still, once called to public view.
'Tis therefore, many whose sequestered lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And seeing the old castle of the state, 525
That promised once more firmness, so assailed
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was registered in Heaven ere time began. 530
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock;
A distant age asks where the fabric stood, 535
And in the dust, sifted and searched in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.
But there is yet a Liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers 540
Of Earth and Hell confederate take away:
A liberty which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind,
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
'Tis Liberty of Heart, derived from Heaven, 545
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,

And sealed with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts 550
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,
And are august, but this transcends them all.
His other works, the visible display
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand, no doubt, and worthy of the Word 555
That finding an interminable space
Unoccupied, has filled the void so well,
And made so sparkling what was dark before.
But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene, 560
Might well suppose the artificer divine
Meant it eternal, had he not himself
Pronounced it transient, glorious as it is,
And still designing a more glorious far,
Doomed it, as insufficient for his praise. 565
These, therefore, are occasional, and pass;
Formed for the confutation of the fool
Whose lying heart disputes against a God;
That office served, they must be swept away.
Not so the labours of his love: they shine 570
In other heavens than these that we behold,
And fade not. There is Paradise that fears
No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
Large prelibation oft to saints below.
Of these the first in order, and the pledge 575
And confident assurance of the rest,
Is Liberty: a flight into his arms,
Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way;
A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
And full immunity from penal woe. 580
Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes, and a dungeon; and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence, he finds them all.

Propense his heart to idols, he is held 585
In silly dotage on created things,
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And sordid gravitation of his powers
To a vile clod, so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the centre he should seek, 590
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death. 595
But ere he gain the comfortless repose
He seeks, an acquiescence of his soul
In heaven-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not, from lusts opposed in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience? He foresees 600
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
Far worse than all the plagues with which his sins 605
Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeless misery. Future death,
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
Like that which sends him to the dusty grave,
But unrepealable enduring death. 610
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears:
What none can prove a forgery, may be true;
What none but bad men wish exploded, must.
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst 615
Of laughter his compunctions are sincere,
And he abhors the jest by which he shines.
Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
And seems dethroned and vanquished. Peace ensues, 620
But spurious and short-lived; the puny child
Of self-congratulating Pride, begot

On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,
And fights again; but finds his best essay
A presage ominous, portending still 625
Its own dishonour by a worse relapse.
Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foiled
So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
Takes part with Appetite, and pleads the cause 630
Perversely, which of late she so condemned;
With shallow shifts and old devices, worn
And tattered in the service of debauch,
Covering his shame from his offended sight.
'Hath God indeed given appetites to man, 635
'And stored the earth so plenteously with means
'To gratify the hunger of his wish,
'And doth he reprobate and will he damn
'The use of his own bounty?—making first
'So frail a kind, and then enacting laws 640
'So strict, that less than perfect must despair?
'Falsehood! which whoso but suspects of truth
'Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.
'Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
'The teacher's office, and dispense at large 645
'Their weekly dole of edifying strains,
'Attend to their own music? Have they faith
'In what, with such solemnity of tone
'And gesture, they propound to our belief?
'Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice 650
'Is but an instrument on which the priest
'May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,
'The unequivocal, authentic deed,
'We find sound argument, we read the heart.'
Such reasonings (if that name must needs belong 655
To excuses in which reason has no part)
Serve to compose a spirit well inclined
To live on terms of amity with vice,
And sin without disturbance. Often urged,
(As often as libidinous discourse 660

Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes
Of theological and grave import)
They gain at last his unreserved assent;
Till hardened his heart's temper in the forge
Of lust, and on the anvil of despair, 665
He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,
Or nothing much, his constancy in ill,
Vain tampering has but fostered his disease,
'Tis desperate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.
Haste now, philosopher, and set him free. 670
Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear
Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth
How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,
Consulted and obeyed, to guide his steps
Directly to the FIRST AND ONLY FAIR. 675
Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the powers
Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise:
Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,
Till it out-mantle all the pride of verse.— 680
Ah, tinkling cymbal and high-sounding brass,
Smitten in vain! such music cannot charm
The eclipse that intercepts truth's heavenly beam,
And chills and darkens a wide-wandering soul.
The still small voice is wanted. He must speak, 685
Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect,
Who calls for things that are not, and they come.
  Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change
That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast, 690
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song.
But transformation of apostate man 695
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for him that made him. He alone,
And He by means in philosophic eyes

[illegible]
[illegible] 700
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 705
[illegible] We go in charge
[illegible] The Historic Muse,
[illegible] marches with it down
[illegible] in her turn,
[illegible] 710
[illegible] her trust.
[illegible] though never paid,
[illegible] at the shrine of Truth,
[illegible] A Patriot's blood,
[illegible] 715
[illegible]
[illegible] and equal laws;
[illegible] a brighter prize,
[illegible] Their blood is shed
[illegible] 720
[illegible] immortal truth,
[illegible] to be divinely free,
[illegible] and to anticipate the skies.
[illegible] them. They lived unknown
[illegible] dragged them into fame, 725
[illegible] them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song;
And History, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed 730
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.

He is the freeman whom the Truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm, 735
Can wind around him, but he casts it off

With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight, 740
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired, 745
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—'My Father made them all.'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy, 750
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied Love
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap 755
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong, 760
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city, planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea 765
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state,
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less; 770
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds

[illegible] what a range 775
[illegible] of a chain;
[illegible] a vain attempt,
[illegible] and in whom He dwells.
[illegible] if thou wouldst taste
[illegible] to his embrace, 780
[illegible] thou wast blind before:
[illegible] structed, and thine heart
[illegible] with divine delight
[illegible] what hands divine have wrought.
[illegible] mountain-top, with faces prone, 785
[illegible] on the scanty herb
[illegible] recumbent on its brow,
[illegible] of the scene outspread
[illegible] and stretching far away
[illegible] regions to the distant main. 790
[illegible] and admires, but rests content
[illegible] what he views. The landscape has his praise,
[illegible] Author. Unconcerned who formed
[illegible] he sees, he finds it such,
[illegible] well pleased to find it, asks no more. 795
[illegible] the mind that has been touched from Heaven,
[illegible] the school of sacred wisdom taught
[illegible] his wonders, in whose thought the world,
[illegible] as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his 800
Much more who fashioned it, he gives it praise;
Praise that from earth resulting, as it ought,
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in him.
The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed 805
New faculties, or learns at least to employ
More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked,
A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms 810
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute
[illegible] unambiguous footsteps of the God

Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds 815
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference; inquires what strains were they
With which Heaven rang, when every star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth, 820
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—'Tell me, ye shining hosts
'That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
'Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
'If from your elevation, whence ye view 825
'Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
'And systems of whose birth no tidings yet
'Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
'Favoured as ours, transgressors from the womb,
'And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise, 830
'And to possess a brighter Heaven than yours?
'As one who long detained on foreign shores
'Pants to return, and when he sees afar
'His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks
'From the green wave emerging, darts an eye 835
'Radiant with joy towards the happy land,
'So I with animated hopes behold,
'And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
'That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
'Ordained to guide the embodied spirit home 840
'From toilsome life to never ending rest.
'Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
'That give assurance of their own success,
'And that, infused from Heaven, must thither tend.'
So reads he Nature, whom the lamp of truth 845
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemazed in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
With means that were not till by thee employed, 8

Worlds that had never been hadst Thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy power
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report. 855
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
Till Thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use. 860
Till Thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell
Yet deemed oracular, lure down to death
The uninformed and heedless souls of men.
We give to Chance, blind Chance, ourselves as blind, 865
The glory of thy work, which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and proved
Then skilful most when most severely judged.
But Chance is not; or is not where Thou reignest: 870
Thy Providence forbids that fickle power
(If power she be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves 875
Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amused spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as Thou art pure, 880
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
For which we shunned and hated thee before.
Then we are free. Then Liberty like day
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy. 885
A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not
Till Thou hast touched them; 'tis the voice of song,
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,

Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the general praise. 890
In that blest moment, Nature throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who, retired
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his power denied. 895
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man, 900
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, O Thou bounteous giver of all good!
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown;
Give what Thou canst, without thee we are poor, 905
And with thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

BOOK VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

ARGUMENT:—Bells at a distance, 1—Their effect, 6—A fine noon in winter, 57—A sheltered walk, 72—Meditation better than books, 84—Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is, 118—The transformation that spring effects in a shrubbery described, 140—A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected, 198—God maintains it by an unremitted act, 221—The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reproved, 262—Animals happy, a delightful sight, 321—Origin of cruelty to animals, 348—That it is a great crime, proved from Scripture, 459—That proof illustrated by a tale, 483—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them, 560—Their good and useful properties insisted on, 601—Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals, 621—Instances of man's extravagant praise of man, 632—The groans of the creation shall have an end, 729—A view taken of the restoration of all things, 747—An invocation and an invitation of Him who shall bring it to pass, 818—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness, 906—Conclusion, 995.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies. 5
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on! 10
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard

A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes, 15
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seemed not always short; the rugged path, 20
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revoked, 25
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive,)
We missed that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show 30
When most severe, and mustering all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown, 35
Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.
We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand
That reared us. At a thoughtless age, allured
By every gilded folly, we renounced
His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent 40
That converse which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death. 45
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed
The playful humour; he could now endure
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth

Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And seeking grace to improve the prize they hold, 55
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.
  The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast 60
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale, 65
And through the trees I view the embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settled in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms, 70
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length,
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me. 75
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed:
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes 80
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart 85
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,

Have ofttimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men, 90
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich. 95
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled. 100
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwinked. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error, leads them by a tune entranced.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear 105
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer, 110
And sheepwalks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and Truth,
Not shy as in the world, and to be won 115
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.
  What prodigies can power divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man? 120
Familiar with the effect we slight the cause,
And in the constancy of Nature's course,
The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See naught to wonder at. Should God again, 125
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race

Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! But speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise, 130
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle, but seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy that moved,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph 135
Through the imperceptible meandering veins
Of leaf and flower? It sleeps; and the icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impressed
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months, 140
And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread, 145
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then each in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish, even to the distant eye,
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; Syringa, ivory pure; 150
The scentless and the scented Rose, this red,
And of an humbler growth, the other tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighbouring Cypress, or more sable Yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf, 155
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
The Lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved 160
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all;
Copious of flowers the Woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never cloying odours, early and late;

Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm 165
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears; Mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;
Althæa with the purple eye; the Broom, 170
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The Jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more 175
The bright profusion of her scattered stars.—
These have been, and these shall be in their day;
And all this uniform uncoloured scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again. 180
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God. 185
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That make so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way, 190
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art; 195
And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
  Some say that in the origin of things,
When all creation started into birth,
The infant elements received a law 200
From which they swerve not since. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,

And need not his immediate hand, who first
Prescribed their course, to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God 205
The incumbrance of his own concerns, and spare
The Great Artificer of all that moves
The stress of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and severe a task. 210
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span Omnipotence, and measure might
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down. 215
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impelled
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause? 220
The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintained, 225
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow-circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts. 230
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods 235
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under One. One Spirit—His
Who bore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower 240

But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes
In grains as countless as the seaside sands, 245
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak 250
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please. 255
Though winter had been none, had man been true,
And earth be punished for its tenant's sake,
Yet not in vengeance; as this smiling sky,
So soon succeeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream 260
Recovering fast its liquid music, prove.
  Who then that has a mind well strung and tuned
To contemplation, and within his reach
A scene so friendly to his favourite task,
Would waste attention at the chequered board, 265
His host of wooden warriors to and fro
Marching and countermarching, with an eye
As fixed as marble, with a forehead ridged
And furrowed into storms, and with a hand
Trembling, as if eternity were hung 270
In balance on his conduct of a pin?
Nor envies he aught more their idle sport,
Who pant with application misapplied
To trivial toys, and pushing ivory balls
Across a velvet level, feel a joy 275
Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
Its destined goal of difficult access.
Nor deems he wiser him who gives his noon

To miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks 280
The polished counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again.
Nor him who, by his vanity seduced,
And soothed into a dream that he discerns
The difference of a Guido from a daub, 285
Frequents the crowded auction. Stationed there
As duly as the Langford of the show,
With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,
And tongue accomplished in the fulsome cant
And pedantry that coxcombs learn with ease, 290
Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls,
He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate
That he has let it pass—but never bids.
  Here unmolested, through whatever sign 295
The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Even in the spring and play-time of the year,
That calls the unwonted villager abroad 300
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The timorous hare, 305
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove unalarmed
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm, 310
That age or injury has hollowed deep,
Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play. 315
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,

Ascends the neighbouring beech; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps, and scolds aloud,
With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce. 320

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life, 325
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
The bounding fawn that darts across the glade
When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;
The horse, as wanton and almost as fleet, 330
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops and snorts, and throwing high his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one 335
That leads the dance a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
To give such act and utterance as they may
To ecstasy too big to be suppressed— 340
These, and a thousand images of bliss,
With which kind Nature graces every scene
Where cruel man defeats not her design,
Impart to the benevolent, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure, pleased, 345
A far superior happiness to theirs,
The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had risen, obedient to his call
Who formed him from the dust, his future grave,
When he was crowned as never king was since. 350
God set the diadem upon his head,
And angel choirs attended. Wondering stood
The new-made monarch, while before him passed,
All happy and all perfect in their kind,

The creatures, summoned from their various haunts 355
To see their sovereign, and confess his sway.
Vast was his empire, absolute his power,
Or bounded only by a law whose force
'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel
And own, the law of universal love. 360
He ruled with meekness, they obeyed with joy;
No cruel purpose lurked within his heart,
And no distrust of his intent in theirs.
So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,
Where kindness on his part who ruled the whole, 365
Begat a tranquil confidence in all,
And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.
But sin marred all; and the revolt of man,
That source of evils not exhausted yet,
Was punished with revolt of his from him. 370
Garden of God, how terrible the change
Thy groves and lawns then witnessed! Every heart,
Each animal of every name, conceived
A jealousy and an instinctive fear,
And conscious of some danger, either fled 375
Precipitate the loathed abode of man,
Or growled defiance in such angry sort,
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.
Thus harmony and family accord
Were driven from Paradise; and in that hour 380
The seeds of cruelty, that since have swelled
To such gigantic and enormous growth,
Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.
Hence date the persecution and the pain
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds, 385
Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his base gluttony, are causes good
And just in his account, why bird and beast
Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed 390
With blood of their inhabitants impaled.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war

Waged with defenceless innocence, while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs 395
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.
Now happiest they that occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorred resort,
Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,
They feared, and as his perfect image loved. 400
The wilderness is theirs, with all its caves,
Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains
Unvisited by man. There they are free,
And howl and roar as likes them, uncontrolled,
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play. 405
Woe to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
Within the confines of their wild domain:
The lion tells him—'I am monarch here!'
And if he spare him, spares him on the terms
Of royal mercy, and through generous scorn 410
To rend a victim trembling at his foot.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrained, they live
Dependent upon man; those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof. 415
They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection. Witness, at his foot
The spaniel dying for some venial fault,
Under dissection of the knotted scourge;
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells 420
Driven to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,
To madness, while the savage at his heels
Laughs at the frantic sufferer's fury, spent
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
He too is witness, noblest of the train 425
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse:
With unsuspecting readiness he takes
His murderer on his back, and pushed all day,
With bleeding sides and flanks that heave for life,
To the far-distant goal, arrives and dies. 430

So little mercy shows who needs so much!
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent? None.
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts
(As if barbarity were high desert) 435
The inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honours of his matchless horse his own.
But many a crime deemed innocent on earth
Is registered in Heaven; and these no doubt 440
Have each their record, with a curse annexed.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. When He charged the Jew
To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise;
And when the bush-exploring boy that seized 445
The young, to let the parent bird go free;
Proved He not plainly that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an interest all,
All, in the universal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind, 450
The charter was conferred, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on, power of life and death.
But read the instrument, and mark it well:
The oppression of a tyrannous control 455
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute.
  The Governor of all, himself to all
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear 460
The unfledged raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unassuaged, has interposed,
Not seldom, his avenging arm, to smite
The injurious trampler upon Nature's law, 465
That claims forbearance even for a brute.
He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart;
And prophet as he was, he might not strike

The blameless animal, without rebuke,
On which he rode. Her opportune offence 470
Saved him, or the unrelenting seer had died.
He sees that human equity is slack
To interfere, though in so just a cause,
And makes the task his own. Inspiring dumb
And helpless victims with a sense so keen 475
Of injury, with such knowledge of their strength,
And such sagacity to take revenge,
That oft the beast has seemed to judge the man.
An ancient, not a legendary tale,
By one of sound intelligence rehearsed 480
(If such who plead for Providence may seem
In modern eyes), shall make the doctrine clear.
Where England, stretched towards the setting sun,
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,
Dwelt young Misagathus; a scorner he 485
Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,
Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce.
He journeyed; and his chance was as he went
To join a traveller, of far different note,
Evander, famed for piety, for years 490
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.
Fame had not left the venerable man
A stranger to the manners of the youth,
Whose face too was familiar to his view.
Their way was on the margin of the land, 495
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high.
The charity that warmed his heart was moved
At sight of the man-monster. With a smile
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace, 500
As fearful of offending whom he wished
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harshly thundered forth, or rudely pressed,
But like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.
'And dost thou dream,' the impenetrable man 505
Exclaimed, 'that me, the lullabies of age,

And fantasies of dotards, such as thou,
Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
Need no such aids as Superstition lends, 510
To steel their hearts against the dread of Death.'
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand
Pushed with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,
And the blood thrills and curdles at the thought
Of such a gulf as he designed his grave. 515
But though the felon on his back could dare
The dreadful leap, more rational his steed
Declined the death, and wheeling swiftly round,
Or ere his hoof had pressed the crumbling verge,
Baffled his rider, saved against his will. 520
The frenzy of the brain may be redressed
By medicine well applied, but without grace
The heart's insanity admits no cure.
Enraged the more by what might have reformed
His horrible intent, again he sought 525
Destruction, with a zeal to be destroyed,
With sounding whip, and rowels dyed in blood.
But still in vain. The Providence that meant
A longer date to the far nobler beast,
Spared yet again the ignobler for his sake. 530
And now, his prowess proved, and his sincere
Incurable obduracy evinced,
His rage grew cool; and pleased perhaps to have earned
So cheaply the renown of that attempt,
With looks of some complacence he resumed 535
His road, deriding much the blank amaze
Of good Evander, still where he was left
Fixed motionless, and petrified with dread.
So on they fared. Discourse on other themes
Ensuing seemed to obliterate the past, 540
And tamer far for so much fury shown,
(As is the course of rash and fiery men)
The rude companion smiled, as if transformed.
But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,

An unsuspected storm. His hour was come. 545
The impious challenger of power divine
Was now to learn that Heaven, though slow to wrath,
Is never with impunity defied.
His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,
Snorting, and starting into sudden rage, 550
Unbidden, and not now to be controlled,
Rushed to the cliff, and having reached it, stood.
At once the shock unseated him: he flew
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier, and immersed
Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not, 555
The death he had deserved, and died alone.
So God wrought double justice; made the fool
The victim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.
  I would not enter on my list of friends 560
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path; 565
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes 570
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when, held within their proper bounds
And guiltless of offence, they range the air, 575
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode. 580
The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims

Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life, 585
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled in most 590
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule 595
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn. 600
  Distinguished much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,
From creatures that exist but for our sake,
Which having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable, and God, some future day, 605
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help, than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were given 610
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Matched with the expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are oft-times vanquished and thrown far behind. 615
Some show that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn. 620

But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment never to be weaned or changed 625
By any change of fortune; proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
Fidelity that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life, 630
And glistening even in the dying eye.
  Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms
Wins public honour; and ten thousand sit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration-mad; content to hear 635
(O wonderful effect of music's power!)
Messiah's eulogy, for Handel's sake.
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
(For was it less? What heathen would have dared
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath, 640
And hang it up in honour of a man?)
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel! Who that was not born 645
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
Yes—we remember him; and while we praise
A talent so divine, remember too
That his most holy book, from whom it came, 650
Was never meant, was never used before,
To buckram out the memory of a man.
But hush!—the Muse perhaps is too severe,
And with a gravity beyond the size
And measure of the offence, rebukes a deed 655
Less impious than absurd, and owing more
To want of judgment than to wrong design.
So in the chapel of old Ely House,

When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh, 660
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce
And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,
Sung to the praise and glory of king George!
  Man praises man; and Garrick's memory next,
When time hath somewhat mellowed it, and made 665
The idol of our worship while he lived
The god of our idolatry once more,
Shall have its altar; and the world shall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.
The theatre, too small, shall suffocate 670
Its squeezed contents, and more than it admits
Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return
Ungratified. For there some noble lord
Shall stuff his shoulders with king Richard's bunch,
Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak, 675
And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp, and stare,
To show the world how Garrick did not act.
For Garrick was a worshipper himself;
He drew the liturgy, and framed the rites
And solemn ceremonial of the day, 680
And called the world to worship on the banks
Of Avon, famed in song. Ah, pleasant proof
That piety has still in human hearts
Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct!
The mulberry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths; 685
The mulberry-tree stood centre of the dance;
The mulberry-tree was hymned with dulcet airs;
And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry-tree
Supplied such relics as devotion holds
Still sacred, and preserves with pious care. 690
So 'twas a hallowed time: decorum reigned,
And mirth without offence. No few returned,
Doubtless, much edified, and all refreshed.
  Man praises man. The rabble all alive,
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes, 695
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,

A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.
Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,
To gaze in his eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy; 700
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.
Why? What has charmed them? Hath he saved the state?
No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No. 705
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full
That finds out every crevice of the head
That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs
Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,
And his own cattle must suffice him soon. 710
Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,
And dedicate a tribute, in its use
And just direction sacred, to a thing
Doomed to the dust, or lodged already there.
Encomium in old time was poet's work; 715
But poets having lavishly long since
Exhausted all materials of the art,
The task now falls into the public hand;
And I, contented with an humble theme,
Have poured my stream of panegyric down 720
The vale of Nature, where it creeps and winds
Among her lovely works, with a secure
And unambitious course, reflecting clear,
If not the virtues, yet the worth of brutes.
And I am recompensed, and deem the toils 725
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and woe,
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.
The groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end. 730
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh

Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course 735
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things,
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds 740
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath moved him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot paved with love;
And what his storms have blasted and defaced 745
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.
Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch:
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss. 750
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels 755
To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a task more arduous still.
O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss! which who can see, 760
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty. The reproach
Of barrenness is passed. The fruitful field 765
Laughs with abundance, and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring, 770
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.

The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade 775
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm, 780
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind,
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place;
That creeping pestilence is driven away; 785
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not. The pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age. 790
One song employs all nations, and all cry,
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!'
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy, 795
Till nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise filled;
See Salem built, the labour of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines; 800
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there; 805
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there

Kneels with the native of the farthest west;
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travelled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy, 815
O Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.
Thus Heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
So God has greatly purposed; who would else 820
In his dishonoured works himself endure
Dishonour, and be wronged without redress.
Haste, then, and wheel away a shattered world,
Ye slow-revolving seasons! We would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet) 825
A world that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself what pleases him.
Here every drop of honey hides a sting, 830
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers,
And even the joy that haply some poor heart
Derives from Heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure. 835
Oh for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and Prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, shouldering aside
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her 840
To seek a refuge from the tongue of Strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men:
Where Violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor Cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears: 845
Where he that fills an office, shall esteem
The occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: where Law shall speak

Seldom, and never but as Wisdom prompts
And Equity; not jealous more to guard 850
A worthless form, than to decide aright:
Where Fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth Good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of Love.
  Come then, and added to thy many crowns, 855
Receive yet one, the crown of all the Earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! It was thine
By ancient covenant ere Nature's birth,
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood. 860
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipped in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see 865
The dawn of thy last advent, long-desired,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world is tired
Of its own taunting question, asked so long, 870
'Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?'
The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts that have recoiled,
And aims them at the shield of Truth again. 875
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith proposed,
Insulted and traduced, are cast aside
As useless, to the moles and to the bats. 880
They now are deemed the faithful, and are praised,
Who, constant only in rejecting thee,
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their error's sake.
Blind and in love with darkness! yet even these
Worthy, compared with sycophants, who knee

Thy name, adoring, and then preach thee man.
So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare
The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,
And what they will. All pastors are alike 890
To wandering sheep, resolved to follow none.
Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain.
For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
And in their service wage perpetual war
With Conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts, 895
And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth
To prey upon each other: stubborn, fierce,
High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.
Thy prophets speak of such; and, noting down
The features of the last degenerate times, 900
Exhibit every lineament of these.
Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
Due to thy last and most effectual work,
Thy word fulfilled, the conquest of a world! 905

He is the happy man, whose life even now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom Peace, the fruit 910
Of virtue, and whom Virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The World o'erlooks him in her busy search 915
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the World.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain. 920
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies, and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in Contemplation is his bliss,

Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth 925
She makes familiar with a Heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird 930
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued 935
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty World, 940
That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes 945
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself. 950
Forgive him, then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine. 955
Nor though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an encumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere 960
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent

In soothing sorrow and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works
From which at least a grateful few derive 965
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe;
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life 970
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.
The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But he may boast what few that win it can,
That if his country stand not by his skill, 975
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite Refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual World
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence. 980
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
Because that World adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake, 985
Can wear it even as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceived; aware that what is base
No polish can make sterling, and that Vice, 990
Though well perfumed and elegantly dressed,
Like an unburied carcass tricked with flowers,
Is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away, 995
More golden than that Age of fabled Gold
Renowned in ancient song; not vexed with care
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last, 1000

My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod. 1005
It shall not grieve me, then, that once, when called
To dress a Sofa with the flowers of verse,
I played awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light task; but soon, to please her more,
Whom flowers alone I knew would little please, 1010
Let fall the unfinished wreath, and roved for fruit;
Roved far, and gathered much: some harsh, 'tis true,
Picked from the thorns and briers of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates that can taste immortal truth, 1015
Insipid else, and sure to be despised.
But all is in his hand whose praise I seek.
In vain the Poet sings, and the World hears,
If He regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime 1020
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart,
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation prosper—even mine.

TIROCINIUM;

OR, A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

Κεφαλαιον δη παιδειας ορθη τροφη.—PLATO.
Αρχη πολιτειας απασης, νεων τροφα.—DIOG. LAERT.

[ARGUMENT:—Man's supremacy derived not from his outward form, but from the soul, 1—Creation in vain, unless subservient to the purposes of an immortal being, 35—Heavenly truth not difficult to discover, 73—Man made to discover and declare it, 100—Duty of making it known to the young, 103—Importance of infant instruction, 109—'Pilgrim's Progress,' 131—Happy if such studies were approved in riper years, 147—The Gospel rejected for false philosophy, 185—Corrupting influence of large schools, 201—Effects of bad example on the young, 220—College, 240—Errors in education from following established precedent, 255—Teachers connive at vice in their pupils, 269—Degeneracy of schools, 279—Early school associations, 296—Parents recounting their early follies to their children, 318—Advancement in the world expected from school friendships, 393—These are not always permanent, 436—Is emulation a right motive of action? 458—Great and small schools alike, 515—Parental confidence and companionship, 537—This confidence destroyed by absence, 561—Classics not enough, 605—Study of Nature, 630—A private tutor recommended, 658—Danger of association with servants, 688—Tutors to be treated with respect, 706—Where home example is bad, board in some retired house recommended, 735—The author's advice not likely to be followed, 779—The middle ranks warned against sending their sons to school, 807—Which should be managed better or encouraged less, 922.]

IT is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength joined with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form, indeed, the associate of a mind

Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind,—
That form, the labour of Almighty skill,
Framed for the service of a free-born will,
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
Hers is the state, the splendour, and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
For her, the Memory fills her ample page
With truths poured down from every distant age;
For her, amasses an unbounded store,
The wisdom of great nations, now no more;
Though laden, not encumbered with her spoil,
Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil,
When copiously supplied, then most enlarged,
Still to be fed, and not to be surcharged.
For her the Fancy, roving unconfined,
The present Muse of every pensive mind,
Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue
To Nature's scenes, than Nature ever knew.
At her command winds rise and waters roar,
Again she lays them slumbering on the shore;
With flower and fruit the wilderness supplies,
Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp arise.
For her the Judgment, umpire in the strife
That Grace and Nature have to wage through life,
Quick-sighted arbiter of good and ill,
Appointed sage preceptor to the Will,
Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice
Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

Why did the fiat of a God give birth
To yon fair Sun and his attendant Earth?
And when descending he resigns the skies,
Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,
Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,
And owns her power on every shore he laves?
Why do the seasons still enrich the year,
Fruitful and young as in their first career?
Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,

Rocked in the cradle of the western breeze;
Summer in haste the thriving charge receives, 45
Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
Dye them at last in all their glowing hues.—
'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,
Power misemployed, munificence misplaced, 50
Had not its author dignified the plan,
And crowned it with the majesty of man.
Thus formed, thus placed, intelligent, and taught,
Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,
The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws 55
Finds in a sober moment time to pause,
To press the important question on his heart,
'Why formed at all, and wherefore as thou art?'
If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave; 60
Endued with reason only to descry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye;
With passions, just that he may prove, with pain,
The force he spends against their fury vain;
And if, soon after having burned, by turns, 65
With every lust with which frail Nature burns,
His being end where death dissolves the bond,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond;
Then he, of all that Nature has brought forth,
Stands self-impeached the creature of least worth, 70
And useless while he lives, and when he dies,
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.

Truths that the learned pursue with eager thought
Are not important always as dear-bought,
Proving at last, though told in pompous strains, 75
A childish waste of philosophic pains;
But truths on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread,
With such a lustre he that runs may read. 80
'Tis true that, if to trifle life away

Down to the sunset of their latest day,
Then perish on futurity's wide shore
Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,
Were all that Heaven required of human kind, 85
And all the plan their destiny designed,
What none could reverence all might justly blame,
And man would breathe but for his Maker's shame.
But Reason heard, and Nature well perused,
At once the dreaming mind is disabused. 90
If all we find possessing earth, sea, air,
Reflect his attributes who placed them there,
Fulfil the purpose, and appear designed
Proofs of the wisdom of the all-seeing mind,
'Tis plain the creature whom He chose to invest 95
With kingship and dominion o'er the rest,
Received his nobler nature, and was made
Fit for the power in which he stands arrayed,
That first or last, hereafter if not here,
He too might make his author's wisdom clear, 100
Praise him on earth, or obstinately dumb,
Suffer his justice in a world to come.
This once believed, 'twere logic misapplied
To prove a consequence by none denied,
That we are bound to cast the minds of youth 105
Betimes into the mould of heavenly truth,
That taught of God they may indeed be wise,
Nor ignorantly wandering miss the skies.
  In early days the Conscience has in most
A quickness, which in later life is lost: 110
Preserved from guilt by salutary fears,
Or, guilty, soon relenting into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we sort with, or what books we read,
Our parents yet exert a prudent care 115
To feed our infant minds with proper fare,
And wisely store the nursery by degrees
With wholesome learning, yet acquired with ease.
Neatly secured from being soiled or torn

Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn, 120
A book (to please us at a tender age
'Tis called a book, though but a single page)
Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach,
Which children use, and parsons—when they preach.
Lisping our syllables, we scramble next 125
Through moral narrative, or sacred text,
And learn with wonder how this world began,
Who made, who marred, and who has ransomed man;
Points, which, unless the Scripture made them plain,
The wisest heads might agitate in vain. 130
O thou, whom, borne on Fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleased remember, and, while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale 135
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile,
Witty, and well-employed, and, like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word, 140
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame,
Yet even in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man whose PILGRIM marks the road, 145
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God.
'Twere well with most, if books that could engage
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;
The man approving what had charmed the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy, 150
And not with curses on his art who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
The stamp of artless piety impressed
By kind tuition on his yielding breast,
The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw, 155
Regards with scorn, though once received with awe,
And warped into the labyrinth of lies,

That babblers, called philosophers, devise,
Blasphemes his creed, as founded on a plan
Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man. 160
Touch but his nature in its ailing part,
Assert the native evil of his heart,
His pride resents the charge, although the proof
Rise in his forehead, and seem rank enough:
Point to the cure, describe a Saviour's cross 165
As God's expedient to retrieve his loss,
The young apostate sickens at the view,
And hates it with the malice of a Jew.
How weak the barrier of mere Nature proves,
Opposed against the pleasures Nature loves! 170
While self-betrayed, and wilfully undone,
She longs to yield, no sooner wooed than won.
Try now the merits of this blest exchange
Of modest truth for wit's eccentric range.
Time was, he closed as he began the day, 175
With decent duty, not ashamed to pray;
The practice was a bond upon his heart,
A pledge he gave for a consistent part;
Nor could he dare presumptuously displease
A power, confessed so lately on his knees. 180
But now, farewell all legendary tales,
The shadows fly, philosophy prevails,
Prayer to the winds, and caution to the waves,
Religion makes the free by nature slaves,
Priests have invented, and the world admired, 185
What knavish priests promulgate as inspired,
Till Reason, now no longer overawed,
Resumes her powers, and spurns the clumsy fraud;
And common sense diffusing real day,
The meteor of the Gospel dies away. 190
Such rhapsodies our shrewd discerning youth
Learn from expert inquirers after truth;
Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,
Is not to find what they profess to seek.
And thus, well tutored only while we share 195

A mother's lecture and a nurse's care,
And taught at schools much mythologic stuff,
But sound religion sparingly enough,
Our early notices of truth, disgraced,
Soon lose their credit, and are all effaced. 200
Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;
That in good time, the stripling's finished taste
For loose expense and fashionable waste,
Should prove your ruin, and his own at last, 205
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only and in noise,
Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten
In infidelity and lewdness, men.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old, 210
That authors are most useful, pawned or sold;
That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart;
There walter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays,
Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise, 215
His counsellor and bosom-friend shall prove,
And some street-pacing harlot his first love.
Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,
Detain their adolescent charge too long;
The management of tyros of eighteen 220
Is difficult, their punishment obscene.
The stout tall captain, whose superior size
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix
Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks. 225
His pride, that scorns to obey or to submit,
With them is courage; his effrontery wit;
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,
Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
His hairbreadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes 230
Transport them, and are made their favourite themes;
In little bosoms such achievements strike
A kindred spark, they burn to do the like.

Thus, half accomplished ere he yet begin
To show the peeping down upon his chin, 235
And as maturity of years comes on,
Made just the adept that you designed your son,
To ensure the perseverance of his course,
And give your monstrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tamed, 240
Or in one article of vice reclaimed,
Where no regard of ordinances is shown,
Or looked for now, the fault must be his own.
Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking bout, 245
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.
Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,
Ye nurseries of our boys, we owe to you:
Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For public schools 'tis public folly feeds. 250
The slaves of custom and established mode,
With packhorse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
To follow foolish precedents, and wink 255
With both our eyes, is easier than to think,
And such an age as ours balks no expense,
Except of caution and of common sense;
Else, sure, notorious fact and proof so plain
Would turn our steps into a wiser train. 260
I blame not those who, with what care they can,
O'erwatch the numerous and unruly clan,
Or if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promise a work of which they must despair.
Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole, 265
An ubiquarian presence and control,
Elisha's eye, that when Gehazi strayed,
Went with him, and saw all the game he played?
Yes—ye are conscious; and on all the shelves
Your pupils strike upon, have struck yourselves. 270
Or if by nature sober, ye had then,

Boys as ye were, the gravity of men,
Ye knew at least, by constant proofs addressed
To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.
But ye connive at what ye cannot cure, 275
And evils not to be endured, endure,
Lest power exerted, but without success,
Should make the little ye retain still less.
Ye once were justly famed for bringing forth
Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth, 280
And in the firmament of fame still shines
A glory bright as that of all the signs,
Of poets raised by you, and statesmen, and divines.
Peace to them all! those brilliant times are fled,
And no such lights are kindling in their stead. 285
Our striplings shine indeed, but with such rays
As set the midnight riot in a blaze,
And seem, if judged by their expressive looks,
Deeper in none than in their surgeons' books.
Say, Muse, (for education made the song, 290
No Muse can hesitate or linger long)
What causes move us, knowing, as we must,
That these menageries all fail their trust,
To send our sons to scout and scamper there,
While colts and puppies cost us so much care? 295
Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill, 300
The very name we carved subsisting still,
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed;
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot, 305
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat;

The pleasing spectacle at once excites 310
Such recollection of our own delights,
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race, 315
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.
Hark! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeness placed on either knee, 320
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee,
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box;
Then turning, he regales his listening wife
With all the adventures of his early life, 325
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays;
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,
How he was flogged, or had the luck to escape,
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold 330
Watch, seals, and all—till all his pranks are told.
Retracing thus his *frolics* ('tis a name
That palliates deeds of folly and of shame)
He gives the local bias all its sway,
Resolves that where he played his sons shall play, 335
And destines their bright genius to be shown
Just in the scene where he displayed his own.
The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught
To be as bold and forward as he ought,
The rude will scuffle through with ease enough, 340
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.
Ah happy designation, prudent choice,
The event is sure, expect it, and rejoice!
Soon see your wish fulfilled in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild. 345
  The great, indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
Excused the incumbrance of more solid worth,

Are best disposed of where with most success
They may acquire that confident address,
Those habits of profuse and lewd expense, 350
That scorn of all delights but those of sense,
Which though in plain plebeians we condemn,
With so much reason all expect from them.
But families of less illustrious fame,
Whose chief distinction is their spotless name, 355
Whose heirs, their honours none, their income small,
Must shine by true desert, or not at all,
What dream they of, that, with so little care
They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure, there?
They dream of little Charles or William graced 360
With wig prolix, down-flowing to his waist,
They see the attentive crowds his talents draw,
They hear him speak—the oracle of law.
The father who designs his babe a priest,
Dreams him episcopally such at least, 365
And while the playful jockey scours the room
Briskly, astride upon the parlour broom,
In fancy sees him more superbly ride
In coach with purple lined and mitres on its side.
Events improbable and strange as these, 370
Which only a parental eye foresees,
A public school shall bring to pass with ease.
But how? resides such virtue in that air,
As must create an appetite for prayer?
And will it breathe into him all the zeal 375
That candidates for such a prize should feel,
To take the lead and be the foremost still
In all true worth and literary skill?
'Ah blind to bright futurity, untaught
'The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought! 380
'Church-ladders are not always mounted best
'By learned clerks, and Latinists professed.
'The exalted prize demands an upward look,
'Not to be found by poring on a book.
'Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,

'Is more than adequate to all I seek.
'Let erudition grace him or not grace,
'I give the bauble but the second place,
'His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,
'Subsist and centre in one point—a friend. 390
'A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,
'Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.
'His intercourse with peers, and sons of peers—
'There dawns the splendour of his future years,
'In that bright quarter his propitious skies 395
'Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise.
'"Your Lordship!" and "Your Grace!" what school can teach
'A rhetoric equal to those parts of speech?
'What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,
'Sweet interjections! if he learn but those? 400
'Let reverend churls his ignorance rebuke,
'Who starve upon a dog's-ear'd Pentateuch,
'The parson knows enough who knows a Duke.'
Egregious purpose! worthily begun
In barbarous prostitution of your son; 405
Pressed on his part by means that would disgrace
A scrivener's clerk, or footman out of place,
And ending, if at last its end be gained,
In sacrilege, in God's own house profaned.
It may succeed; and if his sins should call 410
For more than common punishment, it shall.
The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on earth
Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,
To occupy a sacred, awful post,
In which the best and worthiest tremble most. 415
The royal letters are a thing of course,
A king, that would, might recommend his horse,
And Deans, no doubt, and Chapters, with one voice,
As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.
Behold your Bishop! well he plays his part, 420
Christian in name, and infidel in heart,
Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,
A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man,

Dumb as a senator, and as a priest
A piece of mere church-furniture at best; 425
To live estranged from God his total scope,
And his end sure, without one glimpse of hope.
But fair although and feasible it seem,
Depend not much upon your golden dream;
For Providence, that seems concerned to exempt 430
The hallowed bench from absolute contempt,
In spite of all the wrigglers into place,
Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace;
And therefore 'tis, that, though the sight be rare,
We sometimes see a Lowth or Bagot there. 435
Besides, school-friendships are not always found,
Though fair in promise, permanent and sound;
The most disinterested and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;
New situations give a different cast 440
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste;
And he that seemed our counterpart at first,
Soon shows the strong similitude reversed.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform. 445
Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known;
Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition, like a sail unfurled, 450
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.
If therefore, even when honest in design,
A boyish friendship may so soon decline,
'Twere wiser sure to inspire a little heart
With just abhorrence of so mean a part, 455
Than set your son to work at a vile trade
For wages so unlikely to be paid.
  Our public hives of puerile resort,
That are of chief and most approved report,
To such base hopes, in many a sordid soul,
Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.

A principle, whose proud pretensions pass
Unquestioned, though the jewel be but glass,
That with a world, not often over-nice,
Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice, 465
Or rather a gross compound, justly tried,
Of envy, hatred, jealousy and pride,
Contributes most perhaps to enhance their fame,
And Emulation is its specious name.
Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal, 470
Feel all the rage that female rivals feel,
The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes
Not brighter than in theirs the scholar's prize.
The spirit of that competition burns
With all varieties of ill by turns, 475
Each vainly magnifies his own success,
Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less,
Exults in his miscarriage if he fail,
Deems his reward too great if he prevail,
And labours to surpass him day and night, 480
Less for improvement than to tickle spite.
The spur is powerful, and I grant its force,
It pricks the genius forward in its course,
Allows short time for play, and none for sloth,
And felt alike by each, advances both, 485
But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
The end, though plausible, not worth the means.
Weigh, for a moment, classical desert
Against a heart depraved and temper hurt,
Hurt too perhaps for life, for early wrong 490
Done to the nobler part affects it long;
And you are staunch indeed in learning's cause
If you can crown a discipline that draws
Such mischiefs after it, with much applause.
Connexion formed for interest, and endeared 495
By selfish views, thus censured and cashiered;
And Emulation, as engendering hate,
Doomed to a no less ignominious fate:
The props of such proud seminaries fall,

The Jachin and the Boaz of them all. 500
Great schools rejected then, as those that swell
Beyond a size that can be managed well,
Shall royal institutions miss the bays,
And small academies win all the praise?
Force not my drift beyond its just intent, 505
I praise a school as Pope a government;
So take my judgment in his language dressed,
'Whate'er is best administered, is best.'
Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well; 510
Then ask not, whether limited or large?
But, watch they strictly, or neglect their charge?
If anxious only that their boys may learn,
While morals languish, a despised concern,
The great and small deserve one common blame, 515
Different in size, but in effect the same.
Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,
Though motives of mere lucre sway the most;
Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
For there the game they seek is easiest found, 520
Though there, in spite of all that care can do,
Traps to catch youth are most abundant too.
If shrewd, and of a well-constructed brain,
Keen in pursuit, and vigorous to retain,
Your son come forth a prodigy of skill; 525
As wheresoever taught, so formed, he will,
The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,
Claims more than half the praise as his due share;
But if, with all his genius, he betray,
Not more intelligent than loose and gay, 530
Such vicious habits as disgrace his name,
Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame,
Though want of due restraint alone have bred
The symptoms that you see with so much dread,
Unenvied there, he may sustain alone 535
The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.
Oh! 'tis a sight to be with joy perused,

By all whom sentiment has not abused,
New-fangled sentiment, the boasted grace
Of those who never feel in the right place, 540
A sight surpassed by none that we can show,
Though Vestris on one leg still shine below,
A father blest with an ingenuous son,
Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
How!—turn again to tales long since forgot, 545
Æsop, and Phædrus, and the rest?—Why not?
He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part,
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy; 550
Then why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command,
That God and Nature, and your interest too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you?
Why hire a lodging in a house unknown 555
For one whose tenderest thoughts all hover round your own?
This second weaning, needless as it is,
How does it lacerate both your heart and his!
The indented stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch till all are smoothed away, 560
Bears witness, long ere his dismission come,
With what intense desire he wants his home.
But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof
Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,
Harmless, and safe, and natural, as they are, 565
A disappointment waits him even there:
Arrived, he feels an unexpected change,
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy, and strange,
No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease,
His favourite stand between his father's knees, 570
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat,
And least familiar where he should be most,
Feels all his happiest privileges lost.
Alas, poor boy!—the natural effect 575

Of love by absence chilled into respect.
Say, what accomplishments, at school acquired,
Brings he to sweeten fruits so undesired?
Thou well deservest an alienated son,
Unless thy conscious heart acknowledge—none; 580
None that, in thy domestic snug recess,
He had not made his own with more address,
Though some, perhaps, that shock thy feeling mind,
And better never learned, or left behind.
Add too, that thus estranged, thou canst obtain 585
By no kind arts his confidence again;
That here begins with most that long complaint
Of filial frankness lost, and love grown faint,
Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
A parent pours into regardless ears. 590
  Like caterpillars dangling under trees
By slender threads, and swinging in the breeze,
Which filthily bewray and sore disgrace
The boughs in which are bred the unseemly race,
While every worm industriously weaves 595
And winds his web about the rivelled leaves;
So numerous are the follies that annoy
The mind and heart of every sprightly boy;
Imaginations noxious and perverse,
Which admonition can alone disperse. 600
The encroaching nuisance asks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhaust the plant on which they feed.
'Tis not enough that Greek or Roman page, 605
At stated hours, his freakish thoughts engage;
Even in his pastimes he requires a friend
To warn, and teach him safely to unbend,
O'er all his pleasures gently to preside,
Watch his emotions and control their tide, 610
And levying thus, and with an easy sway,
A tax of profit from his very play,
To impress a value, not to be erased,

On moments squandered else, and running all to waste.
And seems it nothing in a father's eye 615
That unimproved those many moments fly?
And is he well content his son should find
No nourishment to feed his growing mind,
But conjugated verbs, and nouns declined?
For such is all the mental food purveyed 620
By public hackneys in the schooling trade;
Who feed a pupil's intellect with store
Of syntax, truly, but with little more,
Dismiss their cares when they dismiss their flock,
Machines themselves, and governed by a clock. 625
Perhaps a father, blessed with any brains,
Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains,
To improve this diet, at no great expense,
With savoury truth and wholesome common sense;
To lead his son, for prospects of delight, 630
To some not steep, though philosophic, height,
Thence to exhibit to his wondering eyes
Yon circling worlds, their distance, and their size,
The moon of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
And the harmonious order of them all; 635
To show him in an insect, or a flower,
Such microscopic proof of skill and power,
As, hid from ages past, God now displays
To combat atheists with in modern days;
To spread the earth before him and commend, 640
With designation of the finger's end,
Its various parts to his attentive note,
Thus bringing home to him the most remote;
To teach his heart to glow with generous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame; 645
And, more than all, with commendation due,
To set some living worthy in his view,
Whose fair example may at once inspire
A wish to copy what he must admire.
Such knowledge, gained betimes, and which appears, 650
Though solid, not too weighty for his years,

Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport,
When health demands it, of athletic sort,
Would make him what some lovely boys have been,
And more than one perhaps that I have seen, 655
An evidence and reprehension both
Of the mere schoolboy's lean and tardy growth.
  Art thou a man professionally tied,
With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,
Too busy to intend a meaner care 660
Than how to enrich thyself, and next, thine heir;
Or art thou (as, though rich, perhaps thou art)
But poor in knowledge, having none to impart:
Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad,
His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad; 665
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men,
No jester, and yet lively in discourse,
His phrase well-chosen, clear, and full of force,
And his address, if not quite French in ease, 670
Not English stiff, but frank, and formed to please,
Low in the world, because he scorns its arts,
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts,
Unpatronised, and therefore little known,
Wise for himself and his few friends alone— 675
In him thy well-appointed proxy see,
Armed for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepared by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy son, to strike his genius forth,
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove 680
The force of discipline when backed by love,
To double all thy pleasure in thy child,
His mind informed, his morals undefiled.
Safe under such a wing, the boy shall show
No spots contracted among grooms below, 685
Nor taint his speech with meannesses, designed
By footman Tom for witty and refined.
There, in his commerce with the liveried herd,
Lurks the contagion chiefly to be feared;

For since (so fashion dictates) all, who claim
A higher than a mere plebeian fame,
Find it expedient, come what mischief may,
To entertain a thief or two in pay,
And they that can afford the expense of more,
Some half a dozen, and some half a score,
Great cause occurs to save him from a band
So sure to spoil him, and so near at hand,
A point secured, if once he be supplied
With some such Mentor always at his side.
Are such men rare? perhaps they would abound
Were occupation easier to be found,
Were education, else so sure to fail,
Conducted on a manageable scale,
And schools, that have outlived all just esteem,
Exchanged for the secure domestic scheme.—
But having found him, be thou Duke or Earl,
Show thou hast sense enough to prize the pearl,
And as thou wouldst the advancement of thine heir
In all good faculties beneath his care,
Respect, as is but rational and just,
A man deemed worthy of so dear a trust.
Despised by thee, what more can he expect
From youthful folly, than the same neglect?
A flat and fatal negative obtains
That instant, upon all his future pains;
His lessons tire, his mild rebukes offend,
And all the instructions of thy son's best friend
Are a stream choked, or trickling to no end.
Doom him not then to solitary meals,
But recollect that he has sense, and feels,
And that, possessor of a soul refined,
An upright heart, and cultivated mind,
His post not mean, his talents not unknown,
He deems it hard to vegetate alone.
And if admitted at thy board he sit,
Account him no just mark for idle wit,
Offend him not, whom modesty restrains

From repartee, with jokes that he disdains,
Much less transfix his feelings with an oath,
Nor frown, unless he vanish with the cloth.— 730
And trust me, his utility may reach
To more than he is hired or bound to teach,
Much trash unuttered, and some ills undone,
Through reverence of the censor of thy son.
But, if thy table be indeed unclean, 735
Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,
And thou a wretch, whom, following her old plan,
The world accounts an honourable man,
Because forsooth thy courage has been tried
And stood the test, perhaps on the wrong side; 740
Though thou hadst never grace enough to prove
That anything but vice could win thy love;—
Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife,
Chained to the routs that she frequents for life;
Who, just when industry begins to snore, 745
Flies, winged with joy, to some coach-crowded door;
And thrice in every winter throngs thine own
With half the chariots and sedans in town,
Thyself meanwhile e'en shifting as thou mayst,
Not very sober though, nor very chaste;— 750
Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank,
If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,
And thou at best, and in thy soberest mood,
A trifler vain, and empty of all good?
Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none, 755
Hear Nature plead, show mercy to thy son,
Saved from his home, where every day brings forth
Some mischief fatal to his future worth,
Find him a better in a distant spot,
Within some pious pastor's humble cot, 760
Where vile example (yours I chiefly mean,
The most seducing, and the oftenest seen)
May never more be stamped upon his breast,
Not yet perhaps incurably impressed.
Where early rest makes early rising sure,

Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure,
Prevented much by diet neat and plain;
Or if it enter, soon starved out again:
Where all the attention of his faithful host,
Discreetly limited to two at most, 770
May raise such fruits as shall reward his care,
And not at last evaporate in air:
Where, stillness aiding study, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclined,
Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home, 775
Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,
His virtuous toil may terminate at last
In settled habit and decided taste.—
But whom do I advise? the fashion-led,
The incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead! 780
Whom care and cool deliberation suit
Not better much than spectacles a brute:
Who if their sons some slight tuition share,
Deem it of no great moment whose, or where;
Too proud to adopt the thoughts of one unknown, 785
And much too gay to have any of their own.
But courage, man! methought the Muse replied,
Mankind are various, and the world is wide:
The ostrich, silliest of the feathered kind,
And formed of God without a parent's mind, 790
Commits her eggs, incautious, to the dust,
Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust;
And while on public nurseries they rely,
Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,
Irrational in what they thus prefer, 795
No few, that would seem wise, resemble her.
But all are not alike. Thy warning voice
May here and there prevent erroneous choice;
And some perhaps, who, busy as they are,
Yet make their progeny their dearest care 800
(Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may reach
Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach),
Will need no stress of argument to enforce

The expedience of a less adventurous course:
The rest will slight thy counsel, or condemn; 805
But *they* have human feelings—turn to *them.*
To you, then, tenants of life's middle state,
Securely placed between the small and great,
Whose character, yet undebauched, retains
Two thirds of all the virtue that remains, 810
Who wise yourselves, desire your sons should learn
Your wisdom and your ways—to you I turn.
Look round you on a world perversely blind;
See what contempt is fallen on humankind;
See wealth abused, and dignities misplaced, 815
Great titles, offices, and trusts disgraced,
Long lines of ancestry, renowned of old,
Their noble qualities all quenched and cold;
See Bedlam's closeted and handcuffed charge
Surpassed in frenzy by the mad at large; 820
See great commanders making war a trade,
Great lawyers, lawyers without study made:
Churchmen, in whose esteem their best employ
Is odious, and their wages all their joy,
Who far enough from furnishing their shelves 825
With Gospel lore, turn infidels themselves;
See womanhood despised, and manhood shamed
With infamy too nauseous to be named,
Fops at all corners, ladylike in mien,
Civeted fellows, smelt ere they are seen, 830
Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue
On fire with curses, and with nonsense hung,
Now flushed with drunkenness, now with whoredom pale,
Their breath a sample of last night's regale;
See volunteers in all the vilest arts, 835
Men well endowed, of honourable parts,
Designed by Nature wise, but self-made fools;
All these, and more like these, were bred at schools.
And if it chance, as sometimes chance it will,
That though school-bred the boy be virtuous still, 840
Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,

Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark,
As here and there a twinkling star descried
Serves but to show how black is all beside.
Now look on him, whose very voice in tone 845
Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own,
And stroke his polished cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And say,—'My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,
'When thou, transplanted from thy genial home, 850
'Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
'And trust for safety to a stranger's care.
'What character, what turn, thou wilt assume
'From constant converse with I know not whom;
'Who there will court thy friendship, with what views, 855
'And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose;
'Though much depends on what thy choice shall be
'Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.'—
Canst thou, the tear just trembling on thy lids,
And while the dreadful risk foreseen forbids; 860
Free, too, and under no constraining force,
Unless the sway of custom warp thy course;
Lay such a stake upon the losing side,
Merely to gratify so blind a guide?
Thou canst not! Nature, pulling at thine heart, 865
Condemns the unfatherly, the imprudent part.
Thou wouldst not, deaf to Nature's tenderest plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea,
Nor say,—'Go thither;'—conscious that there lay
A brood of asps, or quicksands, in his way; 870
Then, only governed by the self-same rule
Of natural pity, send him not to school.
No!—guard him better. Is he not thine own,
Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone?
And hopest thou not ('tis every father's hope) 875
That since thy strength must with thy years elope,
And thou wilt need some comfort to assuage
Health's last farewell, a staff of thine old age,
That then, in recompense of all thy cares,

Thy child shall show respect to thy gray hairs, 880
Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,
And give thy life its only cordial left?
Aware then how much danger intervenes,
To compass that good end, forecast the means.
His heart, now passive, yields to thy command; 885
Secure it thine, its key is in thine hand.
If thou desert thy charge, and throw it wide,
Nor heed what guests there enter and abide,
Complain not if attachments lewd and base
Supplant thee in it, and usurp thy place. 890
But if thou guard its sacred chambers sure
From vicious inmates and delights impure,
Either his gratitude shall hold him fast,
And keep him warm and filial to the last;
Or if he prove unkind (as who can say, 895
But being man, and therefore frail, he may)
One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart;—
Howe'er he slight thee, thou hast done thy part.
'Oh, barbarous! wouldst thou with a Gothic hand
Pull down the schools—what!—all the schools i' th' land; 900
Or throw them up to livery-nags and grooms,
Or turn them into shops and auction rooms?'
A captious question, sir, and yours is one,
Deserves an answer similar, or none.
Wouldst thou, possessor of a flock, employ 905
(Apprised that he is such) a careless boy,
And feed him well, and give him handsome pay,
Merely to sleep, and let them run astray?
Survey our schools and colleges, and see
A sight not much unlike my simile. 910
From education, as the leading cause,
The public character its colour draws;
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.
And, though I would not advertise them yet, 915
Nor write on each—'This building to be let,'
Unless the world were all prepared to embrace

A plan well worthy to supply their place;
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the MORALS clean 920
(Forgive the crime), I wish them, I confess,
Or better managed, or encouraged less.

MINOR POEMS.

AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

DEAR Joseph—five and twenty years ago—
Alas, how time escapes!—'tis even so
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet! 5
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days)
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things!
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part, 10
But distance only cannot change the heart:
And were I called to prove the assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.
Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife, 15
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless that has stood the touch?
No; gold they seemed, but they were never such.
Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe, 20
Swinging the parlour door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overawed
Lest he should trespass, begged to go abroad.
'Go, fellow!—whither?'—turning short about—
'Nay—stay at home—you're always going out.' 25
''Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end.'—
'For what?'—'An please you, sir, to see a friend.'—

'A friend!' Horatio cried, and seemed to start—
'Yea, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.
'And fetch my cloak; for, though the night be raw, 30
'I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.'
I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinched him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose. 35
Perhaps his confidence just then betrayed,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind, 40
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.
But not to moralize too much, and strain
To prove an evil of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun);
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done. 45
Once on a time an Emperor, a wise man,
No matter where, in China or Japan,
Decreed that whosoever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once, should ever after wear 50
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.
Oh, happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here; 55
Else, could a law like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow, 60
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

ODE TO APOLLO.

ON AN INKGLASS ALMOST DRIED IN THE SUN.

PATRON of all those luckless brains,
  That to the wrong side leaning,
Indite much metre with much pains,
  And little or no meaning.

Ah! why, since oceans, rivers, streams, 5
  That water all the nations,
Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
  In constant exhalations;

Why, stooping from the noon of day
  Too covetous of drink, 10
Apollo, hast thou stolen away
  A poet's drop of ink?

Upborne into the viewless air,
  It floats a vapour now,
Impelled through regions dense and rare 15
  By all the winds that blow.

Ordained perhaps, ere summer flies,
  Combined with millions more,
To form an Iris in the skies,
  Though black and foul before. 20

Illustrious drop! and happy then,
  Beyond the happiest lot
Of all that ever passed my pen,
  So soon to be forgot.

Phœbus, if such be thy design, 25
  To place it in thy bow,
Give wit, that what is left may shine
  With equal grace below.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

The greenhouse is my summer seat;
My shrubs displaced from that retreat
Enjoyed the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never missed.

But Nature works in every breast,
With ever not easily suppressed;
And Dick felt some desires,
Whose wher many an effort vain,
Suspected him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seemed to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seemed to say
You must not live alone—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Returned him to his own.

O ye, who never taste the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,

Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird
A prison with a friend preferred 35
To Liberty without.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And e'en the child who knows no better, 5
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.
It chanced then on a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May, 10
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter, and much chatter, 15
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bullfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak; 20
And, silence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly thus his mind:
'My friends! be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet.'
A Finch whose tongue knew no control, 25
With golden wing and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied:

'Methinks the gentleman,' quoth she,
'Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good will would keep us single,
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall),
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado:
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?'
Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting, and sideling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well expressed
Influenced mightily the rest,
All paired, and each pair built a nest.
But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And Destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow,
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled:
Soon every father-bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserved to solace many a neighbouring squire, 5
That he may follow them through brake and brier,
Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine,
A narrow brook, by rushy banks concealed,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field; 10
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead;
And where the land slopes to its watery bourn
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn;
Bricks line the sides, but shivered long ago, 15
And horrid brambles intertwine below;
A hollow scooped, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.
  Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed; 20
Nor Autumn yet had brushed from every spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;
But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack,
Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats 25
With a whole gamut filled of heavenly notes,
For which, alas! my destiny severe,
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.
  The sun accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on Heaven's topmost arch, 30
When, exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,

Or with the high-raised horn's melodious clang 35
All Kilwick and all Dinglederry rang.
  Sheep grazed the field; some with soft bosom pressed
The herb as soft, while nibbling strayed the rest;
Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,
Struggling, detained in many a petty nook. 40
All seemed so peaceful, that from them conveyed,
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.
  But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
And from within the wood that crash was heard, 45
Though not a hound from whom it burst appeared,
The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that grazed,
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gazed,
Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,
Then coursed the field around, and coursed it round again;
But recollecting, with a sudden thought, 51
That flight in circles urged advanced them nought,
They gathered close around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.
  The man to solitude accustomed long, 55
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all; 60
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of every locomotive kind;
Birds of all feather, beasts of every name, 65
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right. 70
  This truth premised was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mused; surveying every face,
Thou hadst supposed them of superior race;
Their periwigs of wool and fears combined, 75
Stamped on each countenance such marks of mind,
That sage they seemed, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out;
Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths; 80
When thus a mutton statelier than the rest,
A ram, the ewes and wethers, sad, addressed:
'Friends! we have lived too long. I never heard
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be feared.
Could I believe, that winds for ages pent 85
In earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,
And from their prison-house below arise,
With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
I could be much composed, nor should appear,
For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear. 90
Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders rolled
All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
I could expound the melancholy tone;
Should deem it by our old companion made, 95
The ass; for he, we know, has lately strayed,
And being lost, perhaps, and wandering wide,
Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.
But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,
That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear? 100
Demons produce them doubtless, brazen-clawed,
And fanged with brass the demons are abroad;
I hold it therefore wisest and most fit
That, life to save, we leap into the pit.'
Him answered then his loving mate and true, 105
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe:
'How! leap into the pit our life to save!
To save our life leap all into the grave!
For can we find it less? Contemplate first
The depth, how awful! falling there, we burst: 110

Or should the brambles, interposed, our fall
In part abate, that happiness were small;
For with a race like theirs no chance I see
Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray, 115
Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
Of demons uttered, from whatever lungs,
Sounds are but sounds, and till the cause appear,
We have at least commodious standing here. 120
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
From earth or hell, we can but plunge at last.'
While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
For Reynard, close attended at his heels
By panting dog, tired man, and spattered horse, 125
Through mere good fortune, took a different course.
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road
Following, that led me to my own abode,
Much wondered that the silly sheep had found
Such cause of terror in an empty sound 130
So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

THE YEARLY DISTRESS; OR, TITHING TIME, AT STOCK, IN ESSEX.

Verses addressed to a Country Clergyman complaining of the disagreeableness of the day annually appointed for receiving the Dues at the Parsonage.

COME, ponder well, for 'tis no jest,
To laugh it would be wrong,
The troubles of a worthy priest,
The burden of my song.

This priest he merry is and blithe 5
  Three quarters of a year,
But oh! it cuts him like a scythe,
  When tithing time draws near.

He then is full of fright and fears
  As one at point to die, 10
And long before the day appears,
  He heaves up many a sigh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,
  Along the miry road,
Each heart as heavy as a log, 15
  To make their payments good.

In sooth the sorrow of such days
  Is not to be expressed,
When he that takes, and he that pays,
  Are both alike distressed. 20

Now, all unwelcome at his gates,
  The clumsy swains alight,
With rueful faces and bald pates—
  He trembles at the sight.

And well he may, for well he knows 25
  Each bumpkin of the clan,
Instead of paying what he owes,
  Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come—each makes his leg,
  And flings his head before, 30
And looks as if he came to beg,
  And not to quit a score.

'And how does miss and madam do,
  The little boy and all?'
'All tight and well. And how do you, 35
  Good Mr. What-d'ye-call?'

The dinner comes, and down they sit:
  Were e'er such hungry folk?
There's little talking, and no wit;
  It is no time to joke. 40

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,
  One spits upon the floor,
Yet, not to give offence or grieve,
  Holds up the cloth before.

The punch goes round, and they are dull, 45
  And lumpish still as ever;
Like barrels with their bellies full,
  They only weigh the heavier.

At length the busy time begins,
  'Come, neighbours, we must wag'— 50
The money chinks, down drop their chins,
  Each lugging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of frost,
  And one of storms of hail,
And one of pigs that he has lost 55
  By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, 'A rarer man than you
  In pulpit none shall hear:
But yet, methinks, to tell you true,
  You sell it plaguy dear.' 60

Oh! why are farmers made so coarse,
  Or clergy made so fine?
A kick that scarce would move a horse,
  May kill a sound divine.

Then let the boobies stay at home; 65
  'Twould cost him, I dare say,
Less trouble taking twice the sum
  Without the clowns that pay.

GRATITUDE.

ADDRESSED TO LADY HESKETH.

THIS cap, that so stately appears,
  With ribbon-bound tassel on high,
Which seems by the crest that it rears
  Ambitious of brushing the sky:
This cap to my cousin I owe, 5
  She gave it, and gave me beside,
Wreathed into an elegant bow,
  The ribbon with which it is tied.

This wheel-footed studying chair,
  Contrived both for toil and repose, 10
Wide-elbowed, and wadded with hair,
  In which I both scribble and dose,
Bright-studded to dazzle the eyes,
  And rival in lustre of that
In which, or astronomy lies, 15
  Fair Cassiopeïa sat:

These carpets, so soft to the foot,
  Caledonia's traffic and pride!
Oh spare them, ye knights of the boot,
  Escaped from a cross country ride! 20
This table and mirror within,
  Secure from collision and dust,
At which I oft shave cheek and chin,
  And periwig nicely adjust:

This moveable structure of shelves, 25
  For its beauty admired and its use,
And charged with octavos and twelves,
  The gayest I had to produce;
Where, flaming in scarlet and gold,
  My poems enchanted I view, 30
And hope, in due time, to behold
  My Iliad and Odyssey too:

This china that decks the alcove,
  Which here people call a buffet,
But what the gods call it above
  Has ne'er been revealed to us yet:
These curtains, that keep the room warm
  Or cool, as the season demands,
These stoves that for pattern and form
  Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands.

All these are not half that I owe
  To one, from our earliest youth,
To me ever ready to show
  Benignity, friendship, and truth;
For Time, the destroyer declared
  And foe of our perishing kind,
If even her face he has spared,
  Much less could he alter her mind.

Thus compassed about with the goods
  And chattels of leisure and ease,
I indulge my poetical moods
  In many such fancies as these;
And fancies I fear they will seem—
  Poets' goods are not often so fine;
The poets will swear that I dream
  When I sing of the splendour of mine.

THE POET'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

TO MRS. THROCKMORTON.

MARIA! I have every good
  For thee wished many a time,
Both sad and in a cheerful mood,
  But never yet in rhyme.

To wish thee fairer is no need, 5
  More prudent, or more sprightly,
Or more ingenious, or more freed
  From temper-flaws unsightly.

What favour then not yet possessed
  Can I for thee require, 10
In wedded love already blest,
  To thy whole heart's desire?

None here is happy but in part:
  Full bliss is bliss divine;
There dwells some wish in every heart, 15
  And doubtless one in thine.

That wish on some fair future day,
  Which fate shall brightly gild,
('Tis blameless, be it what it may)
  I wish it all fulfilled. 20

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
  Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
  O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me, 5
  Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though slave they have enrolled me,
  Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
  What are England's rights, I ask, 10
Me from my delights to sever,
  Me to torture, me to task?

Fleecy locks and black complexion
  Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection 15
  Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
  Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
  Sweat of ours must dress the soil. 20
Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
  Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted,
  For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us, 25
  Is there One who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
  Speaking from his throne, the sky?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
  Matches, blood-extorting screws, 30
Are the means that duty urges
  Agents of his will to use?

Hark! He answers—Wild tornadoes,
  Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows, 35
  Are the voice with which He speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
  Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitations
  Where his whirlwinds answer—'No.' 40

By our blood in Afric wasted,
  Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries that we tasted,
  Crossing in your barks the main;
By our sufferings, since ye brought us 45
  To the man-degrading mart;
All sustained by patience, taught us
  Only by a broken heart;

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
  Till some reason ye shall find 50
Worthier of regard, and stronger
  Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
  Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings, 55
  Ere you proudly question ours!

PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

'Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.' [OVID, *Metamorph.* vii. 20.]

I OWN I am shocked at the purchase of slaves,
And fear those who buy them and sell them, are knaves;
What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and groans,
Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.

I pity them greatly, but I must be mum, 5
For how could we do without sugar and rum?
Especially sugar, so needful we see?
What, give up our desserts, our coffee, and tea!

Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains: 10
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,
And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,
Much more in behalf of your wish might be said:
But while they get riches by purchasing blacks, 15
Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind
A story so pat, you may think it is coined,
On purpose to answer you, out of my mint;
But I can assure you I saw it in print. 20

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered—'Oh no! 25
What! rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't go;
Besides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'

'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have; 30
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

They spoke, and Tom pondered—'I see they will go:
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could, 35
But staying behind will do him no good.

'If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too,
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.' 40

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan:
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

THE MORNING DREAM.

'TWAS in the glad season of spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamed what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seemed as I lay.

I dreamed that, on ocean afloat, 5
  Far hence to the westward I sailed,
While the billows high-lifted the boat,
  And the fresh-blowing breeze never failed.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
  Such at least was the form that she wore, 10
Whose beauty impressed me with awe,
  Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
  Shed light, like a sun on the waves,
And smiling divinely, she cried— 15
  'I go to make Freemen of Slaves.'

Then raising her voice to a strain
  The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain,
  Wherever her glory appeared. 20
Some clouds which had over us hung,
  Fled, chased by her melody clear,
And methought while she Liberty sung,
  'Twas Liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood, 25
  To a slave-cultured island we came,
Where a Demon, her enemy, stood—
  Oppression his terrible name.
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
  A scourge hung with lashes be bore, 30
And stood looking out for his prey
  From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,
  That goddess-like woman he viewed;
The scourge he let fall from his hand, 35
  With blood of his subjects imbrued.
I saw him both sicken and die,
  And the moment the monster expired,
Heard shouts that ascended the sky,
  From thousands with rapture inspired. 40

Awaking, how could I but muse
  At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
  Which served my weak thought for a guide;—
That Britannia, renowned o'er the waves, 45
  For the hatred she ever has shown
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
  Resolves to have none of her own.

ON MRS. MONTAGU'S FEATHER-HANGINGS.

THE Birds put off their every hue,
To dress a room for Montagu;
The Peacock sends his heavenly dyes,
His rainbows and his starry eyes;
The Pheasant plumes which round infold 5
His mantling neck with downy gold;
The Cock his arched tail's azure show;
And, river-blanched, the Swan his snow;
All tribes beside of Indian name,
That glossy shine, or vivid flame, 10
Where rises and where sets the day,
Whate'er they boast of rich and gay,
Contribute to the gorgeous plan,
Proud to advance it all they can.
This plumage, neither dashing shower, 15
Nor blasts that shake the dripping bower,
Shall drench again or discompose,
But screened from every storm that blows,
It boasts a splendour ever new,
Safe with protecting Montagu. 20
  To the same Patroness resort,
Secure of favour at her court,

Strong Genius, from whose forge of thought
Forms rise, to quick perfection wrought,
Which, though new-born, with vigour move, 25
Like Pallas springing armed from Jove—
Imagination scattering round
Wild roses over furrowed ground,
Which Labour of his frown beguile,
And teach Philosophy a smile— 30
Wit flashing on Religion's side,
Whose fires, to sacred Truth applied,
The gem, though luminous before,
Obtrude on human notice more,
Like sunbeams on the golden height 35
Of some tall temple playing bright—
Well tutored Learning, from his books
Dismissed with grave, not haughty, looks,
Their order on his shelves exact,
Nor more harmonious or compact, 40
Than that to which he keeps confined
The various treasures of his mind—
All these to Montagu's repair,
Ambitious of a shelter there.
There Genius, Learning, Fancy, Wit, 45
Their ruffled plumage calm refit,
(For stormy troubles loudest roar
Around their flight who highest soar)
And in her eye, and by her aid,
Shine safe without a fear to fade. 50
She thus maintains divided sway
With yon bright regent of the day;
The Plume and Poet both we know
Their lustre to his influence owe;
And she the works of Phœbus aiding, 55
Both Poet saves and Plume from fading.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

NO FABLE.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
  Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
  I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race, 5
  And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs adorned with every grace,
  That spaniel found for me)

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
  Now starting into sight, 10
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
  With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
  His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent surveyed, 15
  And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
  To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
  Escaped my eager hand. 20

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
  With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
  To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong 25
  Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
  The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned,
  Beau trotting far before, 30
The floating wreath again discerned,
  And plunging left the shore.

I saw him, with that lily cropped,
  Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped 35
  The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, 'The world,' I cried,
  'Shall hear of this thy deed:
My dog shall mortify the pride
  Of man's superior breed: 40

'But chief, myself I will enjoin,
  Awake at Duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
  To Him who gives me all.'

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. THROCKMORTON'S BULLFINCH.

YE nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red
With tears o'er hapless favourites shed,
    Oh! share Maria's grief:
Her favourite, even in his cage,
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?) 5
    Assassined by a thief!

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,
The egg was laid from which he sprung:
    And though by nature mute,
Or only with a whistle blessed, 10
Well taught, he all the sounds expressed
    Of flageolet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the sleekest mole;
His bosom of the hue 15
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise,
To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
Dire foe alike of bird and mouse, 20
No cat had leave to dwell;
And Bully's cage supported stood
On props of smoothest shaven wood,
Large built and latticed well.

Well latticed—but the grate, alas! 25
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
For Bully's plumage sake,
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
With which, when neatly peeled and dried,
The swains their baskets make. 30

Night veiled the pole; all seemed secure;
When, led by instinct sharp and sure,
Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth sallied on the scout,
Long backed, long tailed, with whiskered snout, 35
And badger-coloured hide.

He, entering at the study door,
Its ample area 'gan explore;
And something in the wind
Conjectured, sniffing round and round, 40
Better than all the books he found,
Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impressed,
A dream disturbed poor Bully's rest;

In sleep he seemed to view 45
A rat fast clinging to the cage,
And screaming at the sad presage,
Awoke and found it true.

For aided both by ear and scent,
Right to his mark the monster went— 50
Ah, Muse! forbear to speak
Minute the horrors that ensued;
His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—
He left poor Bully's beak.

Oh, had he made that too his prey! 55
That beak, whence issued many a lay
Of such mellifluous tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wote,
For silencing so sweet a throat,
Fast stuck within his own. 60

Maria weeps—the Muses mourn—
So when, by Bacchanalians torn,
On Thracian Hebrus' side
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,
His head alone remained to tell 65
The cruel death he died.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK,

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

OH that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,

'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the Art that can immortalize,—
The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same. 10
  Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone, 15
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she. 20
  My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss; 25
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—'Yes.'
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew 30
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more! 35
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled, 40
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,

I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot. 45
  Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped 50
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Shortlived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there, 55
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightest know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, 60
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, 65
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in Memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay 70
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here.
  Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, 75
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?

I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much, 85
That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
  Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle, 90
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;— 95
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, 100
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course. 105
Yet oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise— 110
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, Farewell.—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again; 115
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,

Time has but half succeeded in his theft— 120
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

Two Nymphs, both nearly of an age,
  Of numerous charms possessed,
A warm dispute once chanced to wage,
  Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete, 5
  Had both alike been mild:
But one, although her smile was sweet,
  Frowned oftener than she smiled.

And in her humour, when she frowned,
  Would raise her voice, and roar, 10
And shake with fury to the ground,
  The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,
  From all such frenzy clear,
Her frowns were seldom known to last, 15
  And never proved severe.

To poets of renown in song
  The Nymphs referred the cause,
Who, strange to tell, all judged it wrong,
  And gave misplaced applause. 20

They gentle called, and kind and soft,
  The flippant and the scold,
And though she changed her mood so oft,
  That failing left untold.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad, 25
  Or so resolved to err—
In short, the charms her sister had
  They lavished all on her.

Then thus the god whom fondly they
  Their great inspirer call, 30
Was heard, one genial summer's day,
  To reprimand them all.

'Since thus ye have combined,' he said,
  'My favourite Nymph to slight,
'Adorning May, that peevish maid, 35
  'With June's undoubted right,

'The minx shall, for your folly's sake,
  'Still prove herself a shrew,
'Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
  'And pinch your noses blue.' 40

YARDLEY OAK.

SURVIVOR sole, and hardly such, of all
That once lived here thy brethren! At my birth
(Since which I number threescore winters past),
A shattered veteran, hollow-trunked perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform, 5
Relics of ages! Could a mind, imbued
With truth from heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee.
  It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks 10
Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet
Unpurified by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Loved not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste 15
Of fruit proscribed, as to a refuge, fled.
  Thou wast a bauble once, a cup and ball
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down 20

Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thine embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellowed the soil
Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer, 25
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.
  So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
Ye reasoners broad awake, whose busy search 30
Of argument, employed too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!
  Thou fellest mature; and, in the loamy clod,
Swelling with vegetative force instinct,
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled twins, 35
Now stars; two lobes, protruding, paired exact;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fostering propitious, thou becamest a twig.
  Who lived when thou wast such? Oh, couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees, 41
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but, at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.
  By thee I might correct, erroneous oft, 45
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recovering, and misstated setting right—
Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again!
  Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods; 50
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the numerous flock
That grazed it stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe sheltered from the storm. 55
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing

Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.
While thus through all the stages thou hast pushed 60
Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass;
Then twig; then sapling; and, as century rolled
Slow after century, a giant bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushioned root
Upheaved above the soil, and sides embossed 65
With prominent wens globose; till at the last
The rottenness, which time is charged to inflict
On other mighty ones, found also thee.
What exhibitions various hath the world
Witnessed, of mutability in all 70
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them—skies uncertain, now the heat
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam 75
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
Calm and alternate storm, moisture, and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads, 80
Fine passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain
The force that agitates not unimpaired;
But worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe. 85
Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay. 90
Time was when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents
That might have ribbed the sides and planked the deck
Of some flagged admiral; and tortuous arms, 96

The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quartered winds, robust and bold,
Warped into tough knee-timber, many a load!
But the axe spared thee. In those thriftier days 100
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest waged
For senatorial honours. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge, 105
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has unobserved,
Achieved a labour which had, far and wide,
By man performed, made all the forest ring.
Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self 110
Possessing naught but the scooped rind that seems
A huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbiddest
The feller's toil which thou couldst ill requite. 115
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which, crooked into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.
So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet 120
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverized of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!
Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off 125
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild
With bow and shaft have burnt them. Some have left
A splintered stump bleached to a snowy white;
And some memorial none where once they grew.
Yet Life still lingers in thee, and puts forth 130
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where Death predominates. The spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force
Than yonder upstarts of the neighbouring wood,

So much thy juniors, who their birth received 135
Half a millennium since the date of thine.
  But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no Spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none, 140
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.
  One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gazed, 145
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learned not by degrees,
Nor owed articulation to his ear;
But moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, surveyed 150
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, resigned
To each his name significant, and filled
With love and wisdom, rendered back to Heaven
In praise harmonious the first air he drew. 155
He was excused the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charged his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or tasked his mind
With problems. History, not wanted yet,
Leaned on her elbow, watching Time, whose course 160
Eventful, should supply her with a theme; . . .

THE RETIRED CAT.

A POET'S cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink, 5
She might repose, or sit and think.

I know not where she caught the trick—
  Nature perhaps herself had cast her
In such a mould philosophique,
  Or else she learned it of her master. 10
Sometimes ascending, debonair,
An apple tree, or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gardener at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought 15
In an old empty watering pot;
There, wanting nothing save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan
Apparelled in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court. 20
  But love of change, it seems, has place,
Not only in our wiser race;
Cats also feel, as well as we,
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find, 25
Exposed her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within:
She therefore wished instead of those
Some place of more serene repose, 30
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.
  A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined 35
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use,
A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest, 40
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there;
Puss with delight beyond expression
Surveyed the scene, and took possession.

Recumbent at her ease, ere long, 45
And lulled by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
  And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclined,
  The chambermaid, and shut it fast; 50
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.
  Awakened by the shock (cried Puss)
'Was ever cat attended thus?
'The open drawer was left, I see, 55
'Merely to prove a nest for me,
'For soon as I was well composed,
'Then came the maid, and it was closed,
'How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet!
'Oh what a delicate retreat! 60
'I will resign myself to rest
'Till Sol, declining in the west,
'Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
'Susan will come and let me out.'
  The evening came, the sun descended, 65
And Puss remained still unattended.
The night rolled tardily away,
(With her indeed 'twas never day),
The sprightly morn her course renewed,
The evening gray again ensued, 70
And puss came into mind no more
Than if entombed the day before.
With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,
She now presaged approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink, or purred, 75
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.
  That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—'What 's that?' 80
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped, but nothing spied.

Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
Something imprisoned in the chest,
And, doubtful what, with prudent care 85
Resolved it should continue there.
At length a voice which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him and dispelled his fears: 90
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and without stop
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most, 95
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
Forth skipped the cat, not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit, 100
Nor in her own fond apprehension
A theme for all the world's attention
But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest 105
Anything rather than a chest.
Then stepped the poet into bed,
With this reflection in his head.

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence: 110
The man who dreams himself so great
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that 's done,
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation 115
The folly of his expectation.

EPITAPH ON A FREE BUT TAME REDBREAST,

A FAVOURITE OF MISS SALLY HURDIS.

THESE are not dewdrops, these are tears,
  And tears by Sally shed,
For absent Robin, who she fears,
  With too much cause, is dead.

One morn he came not to her hand 5
  As he was wont to come,
And, on her finger perched, to stand
  Picking his breakfast-crumb.

Alarmed, she called him, and perplexed
  She sought him, but in vain— 10
That day he came not, nor the next,
  Nor ever came again.

She therefore raised him here a tomb,
  Though where he fell, or how,
None knows, so secret was his doom, 15
  Nor where he moulders now.

Had half a score of coxcombs died
  In social Robin's stead,
Poor Sally's tears had soon been dried,
  Or haply never shed. 20

But Bob was neither rudely bold
  Nor spiritlessly tame;
Nor was, like theirs, his bosom cold,
  But always in a flame.

TO MRS. UNWIN.

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings, 5
  I may record thy worth with honour due,
  In verse as musical as thou art true,
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings!
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light, 10
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
  A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou ownest that praise, I spare thee mine.

A TALE.

IN Scotland's realm, where trees are few,
  Nor even shrubs abound;
But where, however bleak the view,
  Some better things are found.

For husband there and wife may boast 5
  Their union undefiled,
And false ones are as rare almost
  As hedgerows in the wild.

In Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
  This history chanced of late— 10
This history of a wedded pair,
  A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast
  With genial instinct filled;
They paired, and would have built a nest, 15
  But found not where to build.

The heaths uncovered and the moors
  Except with snow and sleet,
Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores
  Could yield them no retreat. 20

Long-time a breeding-place they sought,
  Till both grew vexed and tired;
At length a ship arriving brought
  The good so long desired.

A ship!—Could such a restless thing 25
  Afford them place of rest?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
  The homeless birds a nest?

Hush—silent hearers profit most—
  This racer of the sea 30
Proved kinder to them than the coast,
  It served them with a tree.

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,
  The tree they call a mast,
And had a hollow with a wheel 35
  Through which the tackle passed.

Within that cavity aloft
  Their roofless home they fixed,
Formed with materials neat and soft,
  Bents, wool, and feathers mixed. 40

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor
  With russet specks bedight—
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
  And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea, 45
  As she had changed her kind;
But goes the male? 'Far wiser, he
  Is doubtless left behind.

No! Soon as from ashore he saw
  The winged mansion move, 50
He flew to reach it, by a law
  Of never failing love.

Then, perching at his consort's side,
  Was briskly borne along,
The billows and the blast defied, 55
  And cheered her with a song.

The seaman, with sincere delight,
  His feathered shipmates eyes,
Scarce less exulting in the sight,
  Than when he tows a prize. 60

For seamen much believe in signs,
  And from a chance so new
Each some approaching good divines,
  And may his hopes be true!

Hail, honoured land! a desert where 65
  Not even birds can hide;
Yet parent of this loving pair
  Whom nothing could divide.

And ye, who, rather than resign
  Your matrimonial plan, 70
Were not afraid to plough the brine,
  In company with man.

For whose lean country much disdain
  We English often show,
Yet from a richer nothing gain 75
  But wantonness and woe.

Be it your fortune, year by year,
  The same resource to prove,
And may ye, sometimes landing here,
  Instruct us how to love! 80

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
  My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow, 5
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
  My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore, 10
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
  My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfill
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will, 15
  My Mary!

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
  My Mary! 20

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
  My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright, 25
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see? 30
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine, 35
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou provest,
That now at every step thou movest
Upheld by two; yet still thou lovest,
My Mary! 40

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know, 45
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past, 50
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
  The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
  Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft, 5
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
  Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
  With warmer wishes sent. 10
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
  Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline, 15
  Or courage die away;
But waged with Death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had failed
  To check the vessel's course, 20
But so the furious blast prevailed,
  That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford; 25
  And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
  Delayed not to bestow:

But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more. 30

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
  Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
  Alone could rescue them:
Yet bitter felt it still to die 35
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
  In ocean, self-upheld:
And so long he, with unspent power,
  His destiny repelled: 40
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated 'Help!' or cried—'Adieu!'

At length, his transient respite past,
  His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast, 45
  Could catch the sound no more:
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
  Of narrative sincere, 50
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
  Is wet with Anson's tear:
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream, 55
  Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
  A more enduring date:
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case. 60

No voice divine the storm allayed,
  No light propitious shone:
When, snatched from all effectual aid,
  We perished, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea, 65
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

NOTES.

NOTES.

THE TASK.

Begun in June or July 1783; finished in August or September 1784. It was offered to J. Johnson for publication in October 1784, but not published till July 1785. Both the subject and the metre were suggested by Lady Austen: see Life, vol. i. 'If the work cannot boast a regular plan, (in which respect, however, I do not think it altogether indefensible,) it may yet boast, that the reflections are naturally suggested always by the preceding passage, and that except the fifth book, which is rather of a political aspect, the whole has one tendency—to discountenance the modern enthusiasm after a London life, and to recommend rural ease and leisure as friendly to the cause of piety and virtue.'—Cowper to Unwin, Oct. 1784 (S. iii. 139*). 'It does not appear to me,' wrote Cowper to Newton, Dec. 11, 1784, 'that because I performed more than my task, therefore The Task is not a suitable title. A house would still be a house, though the builder of it should make it ten times as big as he at first intended.'

Book I.—The Sofa.

Begun in June or July, and finished in the beginning of August 1783. In vindication of the title, Cowper wrote to Newton, Dec. 11, 1784, 'It seemed almost necessary to accommodate the name to the incident that gave birth to the poem . . Had I set off with a design to write upon a gridiron, and had I actually written near two hundred lines upon that utensil, as I have upon the Sofa, the Gridiron should have been my title.'

l. 1. Cp. the opening of Paradise Regained, and of the Faery Queene;—all being imitated from the introductory verses prefixed to Virgil's Aeneid.

ll. 3, 4. Cp. Paradise Lost, i. 13–16; iii. 13.

l. 7. *The Fair*:—Lady Austen.

---

* The references are to volume and page of Southey's Works of William Cowper, ed. Bohn, (Standard Library), 1853–5, in eight volumes post 8vo.

l. 44. *Restless*:—here used with an active meaning, as 'affording no rest.' So in Richard III, i. 2, the 'helpless balm' is the tear which brings no help: and in Venus and Adonis, st. 191, the 'helpless berries' are the 'painted grapes' which afford no relief to the hungry birds.

l. 54. *Crewel*:—fine worsted, chiefly used for working and embroidery. Beaumont and Fletcher (Noble Gent. v. 1) speak of 'a skein of crimson crewel,' used as a hat-band, and Izaak Walton bids the angler 'take silk or crewel, and make these fast at the bent of the hook.' The crewel was twisted up into knots or tufts on the seats of chairs.

l. 55. Adapted from Paradise Lost, ii. 666.

l. 59. Cp. Congreve's Mourning Bride, ii. 3 (ed. 1728):

'Its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and unmoveable.'

l. 78. The 'Two Kings of Brentford' are characters in The Rehearsal; a farce written by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, with assistance from Butler, Sprat, and others, as a satire on the playwrights of the day: London, 1672, 4to. In Act i. (p. 6) Bayes explains, 'The chief hindge of this Play is, that I suppose two Kings to be of one place; as, for example, at *Brentforde* . . the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience . . these Kings concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people.' In Act ii. Sc. 2, the stage direction is 'enter the two Kings, hand in hand,' and here it seems to have been a traditionary piece of acting, that they should be also 'smelling at one rose.' In Act iii. 1, when asked, 'But why two Kings of the same place?' Bayes replies, 'Why? because it is new, and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from nature. I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancie, I.' We need therefore seek no earlier origin for the phrase. The popularity of the farce made not only the Two Kings, but Bayes himself and Drawcansir proverbial names.

ll. 89–102. For replicatory verses of this kind cp. Paradise Lost, iv. 641–656, x. 1086–1104; Comus, l. 221–224.

l. 131. Cp. Bk. vi. 995; Horace, Lib. ii. Epist. 2, 55:

'Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;'

and Pope, Imit. of Hor. Ep. ii. 2, 72:

'Years following years steal something every day.'

l. 145. This graceful record of affection for Mrs. Unwin was probably added in a revisal, between 1783 (when the Task was commenced) and 1785 (when it was published). Cowper first met Mary Unwin a few weeks after he settled at Huntingdon, June 22, 1765. See Life.

l. 154. Here follows an exact description of a walk across the fields from Olney to Weston. There is a gradual ascent to the 'eminence,'—a hill on the grounds of Weston House overlooking the Ouse, and known as 'The Cliff.'

l. 167. Here is an error. The 'elms' should be 'poplars.' The editor of Cowper Illustrated (Lond. 1803, p. 45), says, 'We have received a communication from Mr. Courtenay, who observes that Cowper wrote the passage which refers to these trees, under the influence of a mistake, and he had often told him of the circumstance.'

l. 173. *square tower;*—of the Church of Clifton Reynes, one mile to the east of Olney.

l. 174. *tall spire;*—of Olney Church.

l. 176. *villages;*—viz. Steventon and Emberton.

l. 202. See Richard Crashaw's exquisite poem, Music's Duel, describing the contest between a nightingale and 'a sweet lute's-master'; and cp. John Ford's treatment of the same theme in The Lover's Melancholy (1628), act i. sc. 1.

l. 227. *Peasant's Nest;*—now a farmstead; no longer thatched, but tiled; with a well sunk, and the surrounding trees cleared.

l. 252. *Colonnade;*—an avenue of chestnut-trees, leading up to the Rustic Bridge.

l. 262. *Benevolus;*—'John Courtenay Throckmorton, esq., of Weston Underwood'—C. He succeeded his grandfather Sir Robert as fifth Baronet of Coughton Court, co. Warwick, in 1791; and dying without issue in 1819, was succeeded by his brother Sir George, sixth Baronet. 'You say well, that in Mr. Throckmorton we have a peerless neighbour; we have so. In point of information upon all important subjects, in respect too of expression and address, and in short, everything that enters into the idea of a gentleman, I have not found his equal.'—*To Lady Hesketh*, Dec. 4, 1787. Weston came to this family through the marriage of Thomas Throckmorton, High Sheriff of Warwick and Leicester in 5 Edw. IV., with Margaret daughter and coheir of Sir Robert Olney of Weston, Knight.

l. 267. The bridge spanned a brook, which, after winding through the park, crossed the road leading from Olney to Northampton, at a place called Overs-Bridge.

l. 268. Cp. Hamlet, iv. 7:

> 'There is a willow grows ascant the brook,' &c.

l. 278. Ascending from the rustic bridge, along the northern boundary of the park, a walk 'under oaks and elms' through which is seen 'the embattled tower' of Emberton Church (see Bk. vi. 57–82), leads up to the Alcove. This was a covered seat or summer-house, which crowned the summit. It had six sides or compartments, of which three were left open for the purpose of viewing the surrounding scenery.

l. 283. Cp. Gray's Elegy, l. 81:

> 'Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
> The place of fame and elegy supply.'

l. 316. *dewy eve;*—from Par. Lost, i. 743.

l. 328. The *Naides* were (in the Greek and Roman mythology) the nymphs presiding over fountains, wells, and rivulets, and were generally represented as lovely virgins leaning upon an urn whence issued a stream of water. They had their name from Gr. *νάω*, to flow. Between the 'short and sharp declivity' leading down from the Alcove and the 'reascent' is a narrow channel cut for the purpose of draining the hollow, and which is generally dry in the summer. This the poet has personified as the Naiad or Nymph of the Rill.

l. 331. *the lord;*—see note on l. 262. When Mr. Throckmorton succeeded to Weston Underwood in 1782, he allowed Cowper (though then personally unknown to him) to retain the key of the park; to which he afterwards added that of his private pleasure-grounds, and finally that of his valuable library.

l. 342. Cp. Pope's Imit. of Cowley, 'The Garden,' l. 13—

'Here aged trees cathedral walks compose.'

l. 364. Cp. Shakspeare's 'primal eldest curse,' Hamlet, iii. 3.

ll. 377–82. A reference to Yardley Oak: see the poem of that name.

ll. 447–454. Cp. Swift's South Sea Project (Works, ed. Scott, vol. xiv. p. 148).

'So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees.

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove;
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.'

l. 527. *goss;*—the reading of ed. 1785 and 1786. Gorse (to which the word was altered in 1787) is still pronounced *goss* in Norfolk. Shakspeare has 'Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking *goss*, and thorns' (Tempest, iv. 1). *Deform;*—(ed. 1785, 1786). Milton uses this adjective, Par. Lost, ii. 706. Altered to 'deform'd' in ed. 1787. (Cp. Yardley Oak, l. 5, p. 204).

l. 531. 'We have a scent in the fields about Olney which, even after attentive examination, I have never been able to account for. It proceeds, as far as I can find, neither from herb, nor tree, nor shrub: I suppose therefore that it is in the soil. It is exactly the scent of amber, when it has been rubbed hard, only more potent. I have never observed it except in hot weather, or in places where the sun shines powerfully, and from which the air is excluded. I had a strong poetical desire to describe it when I was writing the Common scene in the Task, but feared lest the unfrequency of such a singular property in the earth, should have tempted the reader to ascribe it to a fanciful nose at least [if not] to have suspected it for a deliberate fiction.'—*To Lady Hesketh*, Dec. 6, 1785.

l. 556. After thanking Hill for 'two excellent prints,' Cowper writes (May 24, 1788): 'I cannot say that poor Kate resembles much the original, who was neither so young nor so handsome as the pencil has represented her.'

l. 569. *the pedigree they claim*:—viz. from Egypt. The English name 'Gypsy' and the Hungarian 'Pharaoh-nepet' (Pharaoh's people) applied to this race, testify to the popular (but erroneous) belief that they are of Egyptian origin. They were proscribed by Stat. 22 Hen. VIII. c. 10 (1530) as the 'outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians.' There is a legend that they were expelled for having refused hospitality to Joseph and Mary, with the infant Saviour, on the banks of the Nile; and it is stated that when they first appeared in Europe, *circ.* 1418, they were led by one who styled himself 'Duke Michael of Little Egypt.' But in Egypt itself, where they are numerous, they are regarded as strangers quite as much as in Europe; and their language affords ample proof that they are in reality of Indian origin. One of their names for themselves is *Sinte*, as coming from Sind, i. e. Ind; and the Turks call them 'Tchingani,' from a tribe still existing near the mouth of the Indus (*Tshin-calo*, black Indians). They much resemble the Nuls or Bazegurs, a wandering race in Hindustan, of very low repute amongst the other Hindoos; and it is conjectured that they belonged to the Soudras, a very low Indian caste, and were expelled by Timour Beg, c. 1390. In February 1856 Sir H. Rawlinson read before the Royal Geographical Society of London a paper on the migrations of the Gypsies, tracing them distinctly from the Indus, through Persia, Syria, and Asia Minor, to the Bosphorus, whence they passed into Europe in the fourteenth century (see Athenaeum, 1856, p. 312). The earliest circumstantial account of the Gypsies in England is 'The Art of Juggling or Legerdemaine, by S. R.' [Samuel Rid], Lond. 1612, 4to. This author states that they arrived in England about the year 1512. (Notes and Queries, 1st ser. xi. 326.)

ll. 600–7. Cp. Bk. iv. 659–62.

l. 621. The Society and Friendly Isles, discovered by Capt. Cook.

l. 633. *gentle savage*;—Omai, a native of Otaheite, whom Capt. Cook brought over as interpreter, on his return from his second voyage in 1775. He became one of the 'lions' of London; was received at Court; was painted by Reynolds; and was taken by Lord Mulgrave to dine at Streatham with Dr. Johnson, who 'was struck with the elegance of his behaviour, and accounted for it thus: Sir, he had passed his time while in England only in the best company, so that all that he had acquired of our manners was genteel.' (Boswell, ed. 1860, p. 497). Omai returned with Capt. Cook on his third voyage, loaded with presents; and during the short remainder of his days mourned over the exchange of his English civilisation for the barbarism of his island home.

l. 644. Cowper here refers to the public gardens, such as Vauxhall, Marylebone, and Ranelagh. Of these, Vauxhall was at this date at the summit of its fame, having been under the superintendence of Mr. John Tyers, the friend of Dr. Johnson, from 1732 to 1786. It was then the favourite resort of the aristocracy of London, including not only the Prince of Wales, but the leaders of fashion amongst the titled ladies of the land. Jane Vaux, widow of John Vaux, vintner, held the copyhold tenement in 1615; but the name is said to have been originally Fulke's Hall, being the manor of Fulk de Breauté, a mercenary follower of King John. Pepys calls it Fox Hall (e. g. Diary, May 29, 1662, ed. 1854, i. 285). From the same passage we learn that a part of it was called Spring Garden, because it had succeeded as a place of public entertainment to the original 'Spring Gardens,' open in the reigns of James I and Charles I. These were situate between Charing Cross and St. James' Park, and were so called from a water-work which, when stepped upon, sprinkled the bystanders. During the Commonwealth the 'Mulberry Gardens' (on the site of Buckingham Palace) filled up the interregnum between Spring Gardens and Vauxhall, which was opened to the public soon after the Restoration.

l. 673. 'The principal fruits of these circuits that have been made around the world, seem likely to be the amusement of those who staid at home. Discoveries have been made, but such discoveries as will hardly satisfy the expense of such undertakings. Nations that live upon bread-fruit, and have no mines to make them worthy of our acquaintance, will be but little visited for the future. So much the better for them! their poverty is indeed their mercy.'—*To Newton*, Oct. 6, 1783.

ll. 687–728. Cp. Bk. iii. 833–42.

l. 700. Sir Joshua Reynolds (born 1723, died 1792, Pres. R. A. 1768–91) was compelled to give up painting, four years after the publication of The Task, owing to a failure of eye-sight, in 1789.

l. 702. John Bacon, R.A. (born 1740, died 1799), was a personal friend of Newton and Cowper; whom he visited at Weston in 1788, and who esteemed him as 'a most excellent man and a most agreeable companion.' Bacon sent Cowper a print of his statue of Chatham in Westminster Abbey, (begun in 1778, and not finished till 1783); on which the Poet wrote, 'I think the figure of Lord Chatham singularly graceful, and his countenance full of the character that belongs to him. It speaks not only great ability and consummate skill, but a tender and heartfelt interest in the welfare of the charge committed to him .. But the figure of Commerce is indeed a perfect beauty:—it is a literal truth that I felt the tears flush into my eyes when I looked at her .. I have most of the monuments in the Abbey by heart; but I recollect none that ever gave me so much pleasure.'—*To Newton*, Oct. 22, 1783.

l. 733. These 'rubricks of blood' (as Bacon calls them) continued to

disgrace our statute-books till 1810, when Sir Samuel Romilly carried the repeal of 8 Eliz. c. 4, which had made 'stealing from the person' a capital offence. In 1811, through Romilly's efforts, stealing in a dwelling-house to the amount of forty shillings became no longer capital. His Bill for repealing the statute of William III, which made it capital to steal in a shop to the amount of five shillings, was passed in the Commons in 1810, 1811, 1813, 1816, and 1818 (the year of Romilly's death), and was as often rejected by the Lords. Still, in 1821 Sir T. F. Buxton could say in the House of Commons, 'Kill your father or a rabbit in a warren, the penalty is the same! Destroy three kingdoms or a hop-bine, the penalty is the same! Meet a gypsy on the high road,—keep company with him, or kill him, the penalty is the same!' (Memoirs, 1848, p. 108.) There were then 230 offences punishable with death. Mr. Peel, on taking office in 1826, turned his attention to the subject, and introduced a Bill upon it in 1830: and finally the number of capital offences was reduced to eight or nine, and practically limited to high-treason, murder, and attempts to murder.

l. 738. An allusion to Lord Clive. Cp. Bk. iv. 28–30.

l. 739. 'It is not, nor it cannot come to good.'
Hamlet, i. 2.

l. 740. 'An infidel contempt of holy writ.'
Wordsworth's Excursion, Bk. ii. 258.

l. 749. 'Nothing is more certain, than that when I wrote the line, 'God made the country, and man made the town,' I had not the least recollection of that very similar one which you quote from Hawkins Browne. It convinces me that critics (and none more than Warton, in his notes on Milton's minor poems) have often charged authors with borrowing what they drew from their own fund.'—*To Rose*, May 20, 1789. The line in question is in 'The Fire-side, a Pastoral Soliloquy,' v. 16, in which Browne says of country life, 'The town is man's world, but this is of God' (Poems, ed. 1768, p. 125). Mr. Bell adduces a curious parallel from Varro, De Re Rustica, iii. 1.—'Nec mirum quod divina natura dedit agros, ars humana aedificavit urbes.'

l. 755. Cp. Pope's Dunciad, iv. 341—

'Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack or a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.'

And Matthew Green; The Spleen, l. 600—

'And pleasures fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.'

Cp. too Table Talk, l. 744: The Task, iv. 207; v. 181.

The *sedan* (now almost entirely disused in England) is commonly said to have derived its name from the town of Sedan, in the north of France,

either because this kind of hand-litter was invented there or because originally covered with cloth manufactured there. But the Lat. *sedes* (a seat) is a simpler and appears to be a sufficient origin of the word: even as Beckmann considers the most satisfactory derivation for the word 'coach' to be the Hungarian *gutsche*, a couch (Hist. of Invent. ed. Bohn, 1846, i. 785). Moreover, in one of our earliest notices of the sedan it is called a *sedge*. Sandys, in his Travels, 1615 (quoted by Fairholt in the Art Journal, May 1847, p. 159) says, 'The number of carosses is incredible that are kept in this city [Naples], as of the *sedges*, not unlike to horse-litters, but carried by men. . . . Wherein those that will not foot it in the heat are borne (if they please, unseen) about the city.' Haydn (Dict. of Dates, ed. 1871) says that sedans were first seen in England in 1581: but he cites no authority for this early date. Prince Charles, on returning from his wooing of the Infanta of Spain in 1623, brought from Madrid three sedans, two of which he gave to Buckingham. When the latter used them in the streets of London, the people 'with great clamour would rail on him as he rode, loathing that men should be brought to as servile a condition as horses;' and complaining of the king and nobles as thus 'degrading Englishmen into slaves and beasts of burden.' In 1634 Charles I granted a patent for fourteen years to Sir Saunders Duncombe for letting sedans on hire, as 'a proper substitute for the coaches whereby the lives and limbs of His Majesty's subjects were greatly endangered.' In 1636 appeared a curious tract entitled 'Coach and Sedan pleasantly disputing for place and precedence, the Brewer's Cart being Moderator.' The sedan is said to have been introduced into France by M. de Montbrun in 1617, under the name of *chaise à porteurs*

l. 774. See note on Table Talk, l. 192.

Book II.—The Time-Piece.

'The title appears to me to have a degree of propriety beyond the most of them. The book . . is intended to strike the hour that gives notice of approaching judgment, dealing pretty largely in the *signs* of the *times*.'—*To Newton*, Dec. 11, 1784.

l. 1. Jeremiah ix. 2.

l. 2. Cp. Thomson's Summer, l. 652—

'A boundless, deep immensity of shade.'

l. 8. Cp. Burns, Man was Made to Mourn—

'Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.'

l. 42. It was on June 22, 1772, that it was judicially decided by the

great Lord Mansfield that 'slaves cannot breathe in England.' This was in the case of Somerset, a slave turned adrift in England on account of declining strength; and who, on restoration to health, resisted successfully, in the Court of King's Bench, his former owner's claim upon his services. In 1786, there were 130 English slave-ships, carrying 42,000 slaves. In May, 1787, the Society for the Suppression of the Slave Trade was founded, with Mr. Granville Sharp as chairman, and Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce as conspicuous members. On May 9, 1788, Wilberforce made the first motion in the House on the subject. In 1806, Fox and Grenville acceded to the measure; and on March 25, 1807, an Act was passed for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, from and after Jan. 1, 1808. In 1811 it was made a felony to be engaged in this trade, and punishable with fourteen years' transportation; and in 1824 it was declared to be piracy, if committed within the Admiralty jurisdiction, and punishable capitally (though this penalty was afterwards commuted for transportation for life). On Aug. 1, 1834, an Act was passed for the Abolition of Slavery itself in all British Colonies; a sum of twenty millions sterling being voted as compensation to the slave-owners. Finally, Aug. 1, 1838, was the day of the actual emancipation of the slaves, See note on the Negro's Complaint; and cp. 'Charity,' ll. 137–95.

l. 53. 'Alluding to the late calamities in Jamaica.'—C.

l. 54. Cp. Julius Caesar iii. 1:

> 'Cry Havock! and let slip the dogs of war.'

l. 57. 'August 18, 1783.'—C.

l. 62. Cp. Julius Caesar i. 3:—

> 'Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
> Shakes, like a thing unfirm?'

l. 64. 'Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.'—C. 'The fogs still continue, though till yesterday the earth was as dry as intense heat could make it. The sun continues to rise and set without his rays, and hardly shines at noon, even in a cloudless sky. That such an atmosphere should obtain for so long a time . . is rather remarkable . . As a poet I claim, if any wonderful event should follow, a right to apply all and every such post-prognostic to the purposes of the tragic muse.'—*To Newton*, June 13, 1783.

l. 75. Paradise Lost, xi. 653–5.

l. 78. Cp. Isaiah xxiv. 7, 8.

l. 91. Jeremiah iv. 24.

l. 112. *Enormous;*—here used, apparently, in its older and proper signification—that of the modern word 'abnormal.'

ll. 75–121. In Feb. 1782 a series of earthquakes took place in Calabria and Sicily, by which the city of Messina was destroyed, and more than 20,000 persons perished. The aged prince of Scylla betook himself

safety to the sea, with many of his people; while the rest congregated on a table-land. These latter were destroyed by huge fragments of rock hurled upon them from Mount Jaci; whilst the sea rose to an 'abnormal' height, and the 'refluent wave' drove all the boats high up the shore. This calamity cost the lives of from 1500 to 2500 persons; the people left alive being fewer than the corpses to be buried.

l. 150. Cp. St. Luke xiii. 2–5.

l. 174. Cp. Bk. i. 712.

l. 206. Cp. Bk. iii. 837–40.

l. 214. *Ausonia;*—poetical name for Italy, as the land of the Ausones, or descendants of Auson, the son of Ulysses and Calypso. Cp. Bk. iii. 582.

ll. 225–32. See note on Table Talk, l. 192.

l. 231. Cp. 1 Samuel v.

l. 244. Wolfe was killed at the taking of Quebec, Sept. 13, 1759: Chatham died May 14, 1778. (See note on Table Talk, l. 342.)

ll. 245–8. Cp. Bk. iv. 794–7. 'His blood boiled at the degradation of his country. Whatever lowered her among the nations of the earth, he felt as a personal outrage to himself. And the feeling was natural. He had made her so great. He had been so proud of her, and she had been so proud of him.'—Macaulay on The Earl of Chatham: Essays, ed. 1854, vol. ii. p. 406.

l. 281. Cp. Pope's Imit. of Horace, first Ep. of second book, l. 143—

'Then peers grow proud in horsemanship t' excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, and Britain's fell.'

l. 285. Cp. Dryden's Spanish Fryer, ii. 2—

'There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know.'

ll. 298–304. 'Poetry, above all things, is useful to me in this respect. While I am held in pursuit of pretty images, or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget everything that is irksome, and, like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable recollection that I must, after all, go home and be whipped again.'—*To Newton*, Dec. 21, 1780.

l. 322. Cp. Job xli. 1–10.

l. 338. 'Ambassadors for Christ,' 2 Cor. v. 20.

ll. 351–71. Dr. John Trusler, successively a doctor, clergyman, author, and bookseller, was a wholesale compiler and abridger of other men's writings. In particular he abridged, and printed in imitation of manuscript for use in the pulpit, the sermons of eminent divines. He died in 1820, at the age of 85. That the sermons in question long retained their popularity, appears from the following advertisement in *The Record* for Nov. 11, 1852:—'Important to clergymen.—A few sets of Dr. Trusler's

facsimile manuscript sermons may still be procured at the low price of half a guinea for the set of 100 sermons.'

l. 353. Qy., Was *The News* the name of some newspaper of the day?

l. 360. *i. e.* like music *in score*, in which the 'accent, tone, and emphasis' are indicated by letters and marks.

l. 367. Cp. 2 Samuel i. 20.

l. 369. *Droll, v. n.;*—to jest. It is also used as a *v. act.*, meaning to banter, or cajole.

l. 394. Cp. Bk. vi. 620.

l. 436. This 'nasal twang,' which has now almost died out of the English conventicle, was carried by the Pilgrim Fathers into the New World; where it has remained as a sort of national peculiarity of their descendants, the modern Americans. Most of the so-called 'Americanisms' in speech and phrase have a similar English origin.

l. 446. Cp. Churchill's Rosciad, l. 625:

> 'Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down,
> To separate frown from smile, and smile from frown.'

l. 491. Cp. Shakspeare's 'lean unwash'd artificer,' King John, iv. 2.

l. 505. Cp. 1 Tim. vi. 20; Col. ii. 8.

l. 540. The moral essays droned out from our pulpits in Cowper's days were drawn less from a Christian source, than from these Philosophers. 'In their preaching, nineteen clergymen out of twenty carefully abstained from dwelling upon Christian doctrines. Such topics exposed the preacher to the charge of fanaticism. Even the calm and sober Crabbe, who certainly never erred from excess of zeal, was stigmatized in those days by his brethren as a Methodist, because he introduced into his sermons the motives of future reward and punishment. An orthodox clergyman (they said) should be content to show his people the worldly advantage of good conduct, and to leave heaven and hell to the ranters.'—Church Parties, 1854, p. 3.

l. 548. Cp. Romans xi. 13.

l. 565. Cp. Pope's 'goes down an unregarded thing,' Mor. Ess. Ep. ii. 252.

l. 579. *lustrum;*—a period of five years. The word properly meant a purificatory sacrifice (being commonly derived from Gr. λουτρόν, purification; though perhaps it is rather from the same root as λύω.) This was offered by the Roman Censors at the conclusion of the census; and as this occurred every five years, the name was transferred to that period.

ll. 580–95. The *Monitor* of 'George's days' has since been called a 'back-board,' and is still used occasionally in girls' schools.

l. 596. L. Licinius Lucullus, a noble Roman (born B.C. 110; Consul, B.C. 74; died B.C. 57), after having gained a triumph for his successful conduct of the Mithridatic war, became notorious for his Asiatic luxury and profusion. Horace (who is probably Cowper's authority) gives it as an *on dit* that, [illegible] asked if he could furnish 100 *chlamydes* for use on the stage, he repli[illegible]

he had 5000 of those 'habits' at home (lib. i. Epist. vi. 40–5): Plutarch says 200 (vit. Luculli).

l. 600. With reference to this line, Cowper wrote to Unwin, Aug. 27, 1785, 'Upon solemn occasions, as in prayer or preaching, for instance, I would be strictly correct, and upon stately ones;—for instance, were I writing an epic poem, I would be so likewise, but not upon familiar occasions—God *who* heareth prayer, is right. Hector *who* saw Patroclus, is right. And the man *that* dresses me every day, is in my mind right also;—because the contrary would give an air of stiffness and pedantry to an expression, that in respect of the matter of it cannot be too negligently made up.' Notwithstanding this protest, our author felt himself compelled to yield to what was becoming the usage of his day, and revert to the *who* and *which* of Elizabethan days. Mr. Bruce's laborious and valuable collation shows us that 'who' was substituted for 'that,' in all places where the latter had been used as a relative with a personal antecedent, in the editions of 1787. As early as 1711, Steele had sent to the Spectator (No. 78) his 'humble Petition of *Who* and *Which*;' wherein these complain, 'We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years, till the jack-sprat *That* supplanted us.' The fact is, they had first driven out 'that,' which was originally the only relative, and which returned to favour in the latter half of the seventeenth century—probably as conducing more to smoothness of diction. See Mr. Abbott's Shakspearian Grammar, § 258, ed. 1871, p. 175.

l. 638. Cp. Pope's Moral Essays, Epist. ii. 235–9.

l. 652. *hackney'd;*—carried home in a hackney (or hired) coach, or sedan-chair. It has been asserted that the 'hackney coach' was so named from the parish of Hackney, near London, as being the place between which and the city the first public coaches for hire plied (in 1625). This was not the fact, and the derivation was invented on the analogy of that of the French *fiacre*, which had its name from its first starting from the Hotel St. Fiacre in Paris. The word *hackney* had been current in this country both as *subst.* and *adj.* three centuries earlier. It is the Fr. *haquenée*, which meant the ambling or pacing horse (*cheval de lounge*) used by the ordinary or peaceful traveller, as distinguished from the *destrier* of the knight, and the *coursier* of his man-at-arms. So the sportsman's 'hack' (an abbreviation of *hackney*) is the roadster which he rides to cover, in order to spare his hunter. Perhaps the earliest use of the word in English literature is in the Romaunt of the Rose (so long—but now no longer—ascribed to Chaucer), where we find a 'hackney' opposed to a 'hors of prise.' The word is common in our early inventories: e.g. in the 'Status Domus' of Jarrow Monastery, anno 1313, 'Item in stabulo sunt ij palefridi, et j hakenay' (Surtees Soc. vol. xxix. p. 11). Ménage defines *haquenée* as *equus gradarius;* and Brachet derives it from Sp. *hacanéa.* May it be that the word was after all onomatopoeic, intended to express the sound of

a horse's neigh (cp. Lat. *cachinnus*)? From this *subst.* flowed naturally the several meanings of 'hackney' when used as *adj.*: viz. 'hired,' 'common,' or 'worn out, used up.' The horse let on hire was that which had an easy, ambling pace—'the right butterwoman's pace to market'—as being less fatiguing to the traveller, especially if not an habitual horseman. So Florio tells us in his First Fruites (1578) that the hire is 'a shilling a day for a horse that can amble, and is caparisoned' (Notes and Queries 3rd ser. iii. 135). Hence the 'hackney,' or ambling nag, came to mean the 'horse for hire'; and the 'hackney man,' who flourished amongst us at least as early as 1396 (see Notes and Queries 3rd ser. ii. 335), was he who let out horses on hire, preceding by more than two centuries the 'hackney-coachman,' who first appeared in London in 1623 or 1625. It therefore seems more probable that the 'hackney coach' was a 'coach for hire,' than one 'drawn by hackneys.'

l. 684. *catchpole;*—old name for a sergeant, or bailiff. Bacon speaks of 'Under-sheriffs and catch-poles' (Essay 53): and in Essay 56, of 'Catching and poling clerks and ministers.'

l. 708. 'In every gesture, dignity and love.' Par. Lost, viii. 489.

l. 741. Cp. 'Expostulation,' l. 374.

l. 774. *oscitancy;*—yawning, sleepiness; Lat. *oscitare*, to open the mouth widely, gape.

ll. 780–96. The Rev. John Cowper, A.M., Fellow of Bene't Coll., and Vicar of Foxton, Cambridgeshire, was born Nov. 13, 1737; and died at Cambridge, March 20, 1770. The Poet left a sketch of his character, with an account of his last illness, which was published from his MSS. by Mr. Newton in 1802, under the title of *Adelphi*. (See S. 1, 152–64.) In this his brother writes of him, 'He was a man of a most candid and ingenuous spirit; his temper remarkably sweet, and in his behavour to me he had always manifested an uncommon affection. He was critically skilled in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, was beginning to make himself master of the Syriac, and he perfectly understood the French and Italian.' (S. i. 152). Cowper wrote to Hill, Nov. 14, 1772, 'I have been a considerable loser in point of income by my brother's death'—although a sum of £350 came to him out of John's personal estate (*To Hill*, Nov. 5, 1772).

l. 785. 'Bene't College, Cambridge.'—C. 'When I first knew Cambridge, I knew that Benet had a character: it was my father's principal inducement when he chose that college for my brother.'—*To Unwin*, Nov. 20, 1784. This College, now known as Corpus Christi, has at the present day 'a character' which would have formed a still stronger recommendation of it to the Evangelical poet.

l. 786. 'Praised, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he loved.'

(Pope's Epit. on Craggs.)

l. 825. Exodus viii. 2–14. Cp. letter to Unwin, Nov. 20, 1784 (S.

Book III.—The Garden.

ll. 1–8. Cp. Par. Lost, ix. 445–53.

l. 32. *Nitrous air* was one of the names by which Dr. Priestley (born 1733, died 1804) designated what is now called Oxygen Gas,—then newly discovered by him.

l. 73. *unsmirch'd*;—unsullied. Cp. Shakspeare's 'chaste unsmirched brow,' Hamlet iv. 5.

ll. 100–4. Cp. Rochefoucauld, Reflex. Mor. No. 223: 'L'hypocrisie est un homage que le vice rend à la vertu.'

ll. 108–12. Cp. the Earl of Surrey, The Faithful Lover, l. 21:

'Then as a stricken deer withdraws himself alone,
So do I seek some secret place where I may make my moan.'

l. 113. Cp. Genesis xlix. 23.

ll. 155–66. Cp. Bk. vi. 198–210.

ll. 174–6. Cp. The Rape of Lucrece, st. 31—

'What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy;
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?'

l. 189. Cp. Matthew Green, The Spleen, l. 15:

'Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells,—
Poetic buckets for dry wells.'

ll. 196–201. Cp. Terence, Heautont, act i. 1:

'Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.'

l. 215. The *parallax* is the difference between the real and the apparent place of the sun, or of a star, viewed from the surface of the earth.

l. 251. *Castalia* was a fountain on Mount Parnassus, sacred to Apollo and the Muses: and whoso drank of its waters was inspired to know the things to come.

ll. 252–60. Sir Isaac Newton, born 1642, died 1727; John Milton, born 1608, died 1674; Sir Matthew Hale (Chief Baron of Exchequer, 1660; Chief Justice of King's Bench, 1671–5), born 1609, died 1676.

l. 257. *Themis*, daughter of Ouranos and Gaia (Heaven and Earth), and wife of Zeus, was Goddess of Justice; the first to whom mortals raised temples; represented as holding a sword in one hand, and a pair of scales in the other.

l. 261. Isaiah xl. 6, 7.

l. 263. Proverbs xxiii. 15.

l. 267. Cp. Ecclesiastes i. 3, 14.

l. 268. The *Amaranth* is an imaginary flower of the poets, that never fades (Gr. ἀ, not; μαραίνω, to wither). See Par. Lost, iii. 352–60. Cp. Shirley's Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, sc. 3:

'Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.'

Cp. too Cicero, De Senect. cap. 19: 'Sed mihi ne diuturnum quidem quidquam videtur, in quo est aliquid extremum: quum enim id advenit, tunc illud quod praeteriit effluxit; tantum remanet quod virtute et recte factis consecutus sis.'

l. 270. St. John xviii. 38.

ll. 334–51. The Poet's favourite hare 'Puss,' given to him in 1774. See his 'Account of the Treatment of his Hares,' inserted in Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1784 (S. iv. 422). Puss died March 9, 1786, 'aged eleven years eleven months,—of mere old age.'

l. 351. Cowper had 'acquired considerable applause, as a child, in the recital of Gay's popular Fable—"The Hare and many Friends."' (Hayley, ed. 1812, iv. 179.)

l. 361. *Laborious ease;*—Cp. Horace's 'strenua inertia,' lib. i. Epist. xi. 28.

l. 400. *lubbard;*—another form of *lubber*, here used adjectivally for 'sluggish.' Milton has 'the lubbar fiend,' L'Allegro, l. 110.

l. 429. '"Miraturque novos fructus et non sua poma"—Virgil.'—C. (Georg. ii. 82:—for 'novos fructus' read *novas frondes*).

l. 452. The *Culex* (Gnat) attributed to Virgil (born at Mantua): and the *Batrachomyomachia* (Battle of the Frogs and Mice) fathered on Homer.

l. 455. John Phillips of Ch. Ch. Oxford (born 1676, died 1708), published in 1703 'The Splendid Shilling,' a parody on the style of Milton. The earliest piece of Cowper's that has come down to us is a poem written in his seventeenth year, in imitation of Phillips: viz. 'Verses written at Bath, on finding the heel of a shoe, in 1748.'

l. 490. *voluble;*—(from Lat. *volvere*, to roll), here used in its proper sense of 'rolling.' So Milton has 'volúbil earth' (with accent on the second syllable), Par. Lost, iv. 594.

l. 495. The atmosphere of Boeotia was proverbially thick and foggy, owing to the great number of lakes and rivers in that district. And the dwellers in it were regarded as exceptionally lumpish, and lacking in intelligence.

l. 559. Cp. Bk. ii. 286.

l. 576. The *Amomum* here intended is perhaps the *Myrtus pimenta*, or Jamaica Pepper.

l. 579. *Ficoides;*—the *Mesembryanthemum crystallinum*, or Ice-plant.

l. 597. Q. Roscius Gallus, the famous Roman Actor, under whom Cicero studied the art of delivery, died about B.C. 62. David Garrick (born 1

died 1779) has often been called 'The British Roscius.' He 'trod the stage,' from 1741 to 1776.

l. 687. Cp. Goldsmith's Deserted Village, l. 101—

'Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.'

l. 714. King Ahasuerus: see Esther i. 10.

l. 729. Cp. L'Allegro, l. 117—

'Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.'

l. 766. Lancelot Brown, a famous landscape-gardener (born 1715, died 1773). He was called 'Capability Brown,' from his favourite phrase about 'great capability of improvement.' He laid out the grounds and park at Weston, for Sir Robert Throckmorton, the grandfather of Cowper's 'Benevolus.'

l. 796. In Bk. iv. 607-12, the Poet charges even the magistrates of his day with being open to bribery.

ll. 843-8. Cp. Genesis xviii. 22-33.

l. 845. Cp. St. Matthew v. 13.

Book IV.—The Winter Evening.

l. 1. This wooden bridge is of a length 'wearisome,'—because it 'bestrides' the whole valley between Olney and Emberton; and 'needful,'—on account of the 'wintry flood' which would otherwise render that valley often impassable to the foot-passenger.

l. 12.

'And whistled as he went for want of thought.'

Dryden's Cymon and Iphig. l. 85.

l. 40. Bishop Berkeley, in the 217th paragraph of his Siris (1747) says of 'the luminous spirit lodged and detained in the native balsam of pines and firs,'—in other words, his favourite *Tar-water*,—that it is 'of a nature so mild and benign, and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to *cheer but not inebriate*.' (Notes and Queries 2nd. Ser. i. 490).

l. 86. 'Doctor' Katterfelto was a notorious quack, who used to be attended by a black Morocco cat, and headed his advertisements with the words 'Wonders! Wonders! Wonders!' He died in 1799.

l. 103, 'Lupus homini homo, non homo, quum qualis sit non novit.' Plautus, Asinar. act ii. sc. 4, l. 88. Qy. Is this the idea embodied in the old legends respecting Lycanthropy — the *were-wolf* (i.e. man-wolf) of the Germanic races, and the *loup-garoux* of the south of France?

l. 104. Cp. Milton's 'brazen throat of war,' Par. Lost, xi. 713.

ll. 113-9. 'My imagination is so captivated upon these occasions, that I

seem to partake with the navigators in all the dangers they encountered. I lose my anchor; my mainsail is rent into shreds; I kill a shark, and by signs converse with a Patagonian; and all this without moving from the fireside.'—*To Newton*, Oct. 6. 1783.

ll. 139–43. 'I see the winter approaching without much concern, though a passionate lover of fine weather and the pleasant scenes of summer: but the long evenings have their comforts too, and there is hardly to be found upon the earth I suppose so snug a creature as an Englishman by his fireside in the winter.'—*To Hill*, Oct. 20, 1783.

l. 190. *Sabine bard;*—Horace (born at Venusia in Apulia, A.U.C. 688), Sat. lib. ii. 6. l. 65—

'O noctes caenaeque Deum.'

l. 221. *Billiard-mast;*—old form of the modern 'mace,' which latter was first substituted for it in ed. 1806.

l. 244. Cp. Milton's Song on May Morn, l. 10—

'And welcome thee, and wish thee long.'

l. 285. Cp. Bk. vi. 106. 'I can assert with the strictest truth that I not only do not think with connexion, but that I frequently do not think at all. I am much mistaken if I do not often catch myself napping in this way; for when I ask myself what was the last idea (as the ushers at Westminster ask an idle boy what was the last word), I am not able to answer, but, like the boy in question, am obliged to stare and say nothing.'—*To Newton*, Oct. 9, 1784.

l. 402. *Skillet;*—a small kettle or boiler. Old Fr. *escuellette*, now *écuellette*, dim. of *écuelle*, a porringer. Cp. Othello, i. 3—

'Let housewives make a *skillet* of my helm.'

l. 411. Cp. Hamlet, iii. 1—

'The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.'

l. 428. Mr. Robert Smith, created Lord Carrington in 1796 (born, 1752; died 1838). 'Under the strictest injunctions of secresy, he sent forty pounds, twenty at a time,' for the relief of the poor at Olney.—*To Unwin*, Jan. 19, 1783. 'I have paid one compliment . . . which is so justly due, that I did not know how to withhold it, especially having so fair an occasion, . . to Mr. Smith. It is, however, so managed, that nobody but himself can make the application.'—*To Unwin*, Oct. 10, 1784.

ll. 429–49. The subject of the 'rural thief' was probably suggested to the poet by the recent experience of Lady Austen. In August 1782, soon after her return to Clifton Reynes, her brother-in-law, Mr. Jones, went to London. Thereupon for several successive nights the house was visited by villains, who were at length detected in removing a pane of glass from the kitchen window, to effect an entrance. The ladies of the house fled in alarm to Mrs. Unwin's protection; and 'men furnished with firearms were put into the

house' till Mr. Jones's return. Lady Austen, unable to 'repose in a place where she had been so much terrified,' remained as Mrs. Unwin's guest until the vicarage was prepared for her to lodge in.—See letter to Unwin S. ii. 443.

l. 437. *To plash* (Fr. *plisser*, from late Lat. *plictiare*, a derivative of *plicare*, to weave) is to intertwine or weave together the branches of a tree; the same as *pleach*, as in the 'pleached bower,' of Much Ado About Nothing, iii. 1.

l. 460. *Ebriety* (from Lat. *ebrius*, drunken) is now almost supplanted by the cognate form 'inebriety'; where the *in* is not privative, but intensive.

ll. 482–4. Cp. Par. Lost, ii. 907–9.

l. 507. Midas, king of Phrygia, in return for his hospitality to Silenus, was endowed with the power of turning whatever he touched into gold. Finding that his very food became gold in his mouth, he prayed for the recall of the gift. He was bidden to bathe in the river Pactolus, the sands of which became thenceforward golden.

ll. 515–6. Maro (i.e. Virgil) in his Eclogues: Sir Philip Sidney in his Arcadia.

l. 533. *Tramontane;*—foreign, strange: literally, belonging to countries 'beyond the mountains.' (Lat. *trans montes*, through Ital. *tramontana*.)

l. 579. Cp. Bk. v. 592–5; and Par. Lost, xii. 105.

l. 596. Cp. Romans xiii. 4.

l. 602. See note on Table Talk, l. 312.

l. 642. The use of hair-powder, which had been compulsory in the British Army, was discontinued by a general order dated Nov. 12, 1799; 'the late general bad harvest having rendered this measure indispensable.' See Notes and Queries 4th Ser. ix. 402.

l. 707. *Tityrus;*—The name of the rustic swain in the first Eclogue of Virgil. Spenser calls Chaucer,

'The god of shepherds, Tityrus.'

(Shepherd's Calendar, June, st. 11.)

l. 723. Abraham Cowley (born 1618, died 1667) was, like Cowper, educated at Westminster School; and like Cowper, was celebrated in his day not only as a poet, but as a letter-writer. After many vicissitudes occasioned by his adherence to the Royalist cause, he obtained, on the death of Cromwell, a lease of a farm at Chertsey: and

'There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.'

(Pope's Windsor Forest, l. 270.)

l. 757. *Well;*—the Poet seems to mean that the citizen's garden, as being a confined space hemmed in by high brick walls, is more like a 'well' than a garden.

l. 765. *The Frenchman's darling;*—'Mignonette.'—C.

Book V.—The Winter Morning Walk.

l. 22. *Bents;*—(Germ. *binse*, rush) culms of pasture-grasses; which being neither mown nor eaten, stand up as dry stalks. Cp. 'A Tale,' l. 40 (p. 214).

l. 42. Cp. Bk. vi. 842; and Par. Lost, iii. 46.

l. 101. This is a description of Lavendon Mill, which is now displaced by a cotton-mill.

ll. 127–68. This famous ice-palace was erected in 1740, by order of the Empress Anna, on the banks of the Neva. It was constructed of blocks of ice hewn out of that river, and had all its furniture and ornaments made also of ice. In this palace, which lasted from January till March 1740, Prince Golitzin had to pass his bridal night on his second marriage, which was displeasing to the Empress.

l. 137. Aristaeus, son of Phoebus by the water-nymph Cyrene, had been deprived of his bees, because it was through him that Eurydice (the wife of Orpheus) came to her death. The 'plaintive tale' to his mother is given by Virgil, Georg. iv. 317.

l. 145. 1 Kings vi. 7. Cp. Heber's Palestine—

> 'No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm the noiseless fabrick sprung.'

l. 147. *cément:*—notice the accent on the first syllable; a mode of pronunciation now nearly obsolete. Cowper has also *désserts* for the modern 'dessérts' (Pity for Poor Africans, l. 8, p. 191); and *útensil* for 'uténsil' (Retired Cat, l. 26, p. 209). In The Task, ii. 437, p. 37, the line began thus in the editions of 1785 and 1786, 'At *cónventicle* heard'; and was altered in ed. 1787 to the present reading, viz. 'Heard at convénticle.' The *émpiric* of Bk. ii. 352, is now generally pronounced 'empíric.'

l. 178. Dinocrates, a sculptor of Macedonia, offered to cut Mount Athos into the figure of Alexander the Great, holding in his left hand the walls for a great city, and in his right a basin to receive all the waters flowing from the mountain. The king however declined the honour.

l. 181. 'What a lie,' writes Abp. Trench, 'lurks at the root of our present use of the word "indolence." This is from "*in*" and "*doleo*," not to grieve; and "indolence" is thus a state in which we have no grief or pain: so that the word . . seems to affirm that indulgence in sloth and ease is that which would constitute for us the absence of all pain. Cowper spoke only truth when, perhaps proposing expressly to witness against the falsehood of this word, he spoke of,

> "Lives spent in *indolence*, and therefore *sad*,"

not "therefore *glad*," as the word would promise.' On the Study of Words, ed. 1852, p. 202. See note on Bk. i. 755.

l. 183. The Mausoleum, one of the 'seven wonders of the world,' was the monument of Mausolus king of Caria, erected by his widow Artemisia at Halicarnassus, B.C. 353.

l. 193. Genesis xi. 3–9.

l. 217. Not *Tubal* (Gen. x. 2); but *Tubal Cain* (Gen. iv. 22): called 'Vulcan,' because the latter was the blacksmith-god, having his workshop in Mount Aetna.

l. 270. Cp. Table Talk, l. 50.

l. 273. *Gears*;—traces, harness for draught.

l. 316. *Doit*;—derived by Latham from Fr. *d'huit*, and explained as being the eighth part of a penny; but more probably from the Dutch *duit* or *duitken* (Germ. *deut*), a very small coin. Cp. Tempest, ii. 2: 'They will not give a *doit* to relieve a lame beggar; they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.'

l. 321. Judges ix. 3–15.

l. 341. 'My sentiments on the subject of Charles' decollation are peculiar, at least I believe they are so. I think it was a good deed, but ill done; that his life was forfeit, but taken away upon wrong motives.'—*To Unwin*, Oct. 20, 1784.

l. 378. 'The author hopes that he shall not be accused for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware that it is become almost fashionable to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation: but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.'—C. Fox quoted this passage on the destruction of the Bastille, in the House of Commons. (Hayley, ed. 1812, iv. 193.)

l. 383. The Bastille was erected by Charles V as a royal chateau or 'building' (old Fr. *bastir*, now *bâtir*, to build). Louis XI was the first to use it as a state prison. It was destroyed by the Parisians in the French Revolution, July 14, 1789.

l. 400. Daniel iv. 10–18.

l. 420. The walls of the Beauchamp Tower in the Tower of London, for instance, are covered with the inscriptions of the illustrious prisoners therein confined.

l. 422. Cp. Byron's Prisoner of Chillon, st. 14—

> 'With spiders I had friendship made,
> And watch'd them in their sullen trade.'

l. 444. The *Manichæans*, a sect of heretics dating from the middle of the third century, were the followers of Manes, a Persian, who had been ordained as a priest, but was expelled from the Church and put to death as a false teacher, A.D. 277. St. Augustine in early youth embraced this heresy; of which he was afterwards a principal opponent. Manes taught that there were two Gods, contrary and co-eternal, the one good and the other evil; and that the world was created by the Evil Deity.

l. 486. John Hampden was an 'almost solitary instance of a great man who neither sought nor shunned greatness, who found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty.' (Macaulay's Essays, ed. 1854, i. 191.) Born in 1594, he first distinguished himself by his opposition to the exaction of ship-money. Having taken up arms against the Royal cause, he was mortally wounded in an engagement with Prince Rupert at Chalgrove Field, near Oxford, in 1643, and died with the prayer on his lips, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! O Lord, save my country!' Algernon Sidney, son of Robert second Earl of Leicester, was born in 1621; espoused the side of the Parliament, and was nominated as one of the King's Judges, but refused to take part in the execution of Charles, and retired into private life on Cromwell's assuming the title of Protector. Though promised security in 1667, he was tried before Judge Jefferies on a charge of being concerned in the Rye House Plot, and illegally executed in 1683.

l. 585. *Propense;*—prone, disposed. Milton has 'hearts propense to waver,' Samson Agonistes, 455.

l. 594. Cp. Bk. iv. 579, and Par. Lost, iv. 76–9.

l. 650. Cp. George Herbert's Country Parson, ch. 3. 'Neither will they believe him in the pulpit, whom they cannot trust in his conversation.' Some one has said well, 'The parson's life is his best sermon.'

l. 673. 'Virtue . . how lovely.' Par. Lost, iv. 847.

l. 681. 1 Cor. xiii. 1.

l. 685. Cp. 1 Kings xix. 12.

l. 702. Cp. Isaiah xi. 8.

l. 718. Cp. Par. Lost, ix. 28–33.

ll. 729–33. Par. Lost, xi. 699.

'And what most merits praise, in silence hid.'

l. 732. 'See Hume.'—C. [chap. xxxvii. 'The glory of martyrdom stimulates all the more furious zealots,' &c.]

l. 737. Judges xvi. 7–10.

l. 779. Cp. Job xxii. 21.

l. 793. Cp. Pope's Dunciad, iv. 455—

'See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape.'

l. 802. *Result;*—here used in its primary and proper sense, 'to leap or fly back.' So in Pope's Homer's Odyss. xi. 736—

'Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone *resulting* with a bound
Thunders impetuous down.'

l. 821. Job xxxviii. 7.

l. 846. Cp. Psalm cxix. 105.

Book VI.—The Winter Walk at Noon.

l. 1. Cp. Matthew Green, The Spleen, ll. 147–53—

'Many have held the soul to be
Nearly allied to harmony,' &c.

ll. 30–2. Cp. Par. Lost. x. 1094–6.

l. 66. *Embattled tower*:—of Emberton Church.

ll. 57–82. This is a description of the walk leading up from the Rustic Bridge to the Alcove. Cp. note on Bk. i. 278.

l. 126. Joshua x. 12–14.

l. 152. *The other*;—'The Guelder Rose.'—C.

l. 165. *Hypericum perforatum*;—St. John's wort.

l. 167. *Mezerion*;—spurge laurel.

l. 170. *Althæa*;—the marsh mallow.

l. 181. Cp. Pope's Moral Essays, iii. 167—

'Builds life on death, on change duration founds.'

and Rom. and Juliet, ii. 3—

'The Earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying-place, that is her womb.'

Lucret. De Rer. Nat. v. 260—

'Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum,
Ergo terra tibi limatur, et aucta recrescit.'

ll. 233–4. *Pomona*, the goddess of fruits and fruit-trees; *Pales*, the god of shepherds and their flocks and cattle; *Pan*, the personification of deity as displayed in creation, and pervading all Nature; *Flora*, the goddess of flowers; *Vertumnus*, the god of the seasons and of the productions in the vegetable world, (married to Pomona).

l. 255. 'All seasons, and their change,
All please alike.' Par. Lost, iv. 640.

l. 287. Langford was a noted auctioneer of pictures, books, and articles of vertu; a predecessor of George Robins in the auction-room in Covent Garden.

l. 369. Cp. Par. Lost, i. 1–3.

l. 444. Exodus xxiii. 5; Deut. xxii. 4.

l. 446. Deut. xxii. 6, 7.

l. 454. Genesis ix. 2, 3.

l. 461. Job xxxviii. 39–41.

l. 470. Numbers xxii. 27–9.

l. 486. 'Atheist *in ostent*,' (i.e. in appearance, outward show or profession): for the Poet has elsewhere expressed his doubts whether 'earth

bear so base a slave' as a real Atheist. (Prog. of Err. l. 615). *Misagathus* means 'a hater of good.'

l. 572. See The Colubriad, vol. i.

l. 634. The Handel Commemoration was held in Westminster Abbey in June 1784, being the centenary of that composer's birth. There were 525 performers, and nearly £13,000 were received for the five days' performances. These lines were added to the poem during revisal. Mr. Newton had preached at St. Mary's Woolchurch, in 1784-5, a course of 'Fifty Expository Discourses, on the series of Scriptural Passages which form the subjects of the celebrated Oratoria of Handel,' which he published in 1786, under the title of *Messiah*. Being asked for a motto for this work, Cowper wrote—'There is something so new and peculiar in the occasion, that I question whether in the classics can be found a sentiment suited to it. Our sins and follies assume a shape that heathen writers had never any opportunity to notice. They deified the dead indeed, but not in the temple of Jupiter. The new-made god had an altar of his own, and they conducted the ceremony without sacrilege or confusion.'—*To Newton*, July 9, 1785. 'So then because Handel set anthems to music, you sing them in honour of Handel; and because he composed the music of Italian songs you sing them in a church. Truly Handel is much obliged to you, but God is greatly dishonoured.'—*To Unwin*, Nov. 20, 1784.

l. 652. *Buckram* (from Fr. *bougram*) is a kind of strong linen cloth, stiffened with gum or glue, and used by tailors and stay-makers. The word is sometimes found used as an *adj.*, as in the case of Falstaff's 'two rogues in buckram suits' (2 Henry IV, ii. 4), and this sometimes in a metaphorical sense, as in the phrase 'buckram bishops' (Fulke's Answer to Allen, p. 301), i.e. stiff, precise, formal: cp. 'starched.' As buckram was often used as a stiff lining, placed beneath a frailer texture to make it stand out firmly, the expression 'to buckram out' a thing came to be applied metaphorically as in our text.

l. 658. Ely Place, Holborn; so called as having been originally the London residence of the Bishops of Ely. Here John of Gaunt died in 1399. And here two of the Poet's ancestors were kept in confinement as Loyalists, during the Commonwealth: Sir William Cowper the first Baronet of Rattling Court, and his son John, who died a prisoner there.

l. 660. William, Duke of Cumberland (and Marquess of Berkhampsted, Cowper's native place), was third son of George II., was born in 1721, and died in 1765. He defeated at Culloden, April 16, 1746, Charles Edward the 'Young Pretender,' grandson of James II. The news of this victory reached London during morning service on Sunday.

l. 682. Garrick's Shakspeare Jubilee was held at Stratford-on-Avon in September 1769.

l. 686. The Mulberry Tree planted by Shakspeare in his garden at

purchased from the Underwood family in 1597),
shun-boxes and other relics were freely handed

the restoration of all things' was the specimen
Newton, when he first informed the latter that
(Oct. 30, 1784.) To Unwin alone had he
Poem during its progress. 'As I have admitted
ages but what are scriptural, and have aimed as
and simple sublimity of the Scripture language,
of it may please you. As far as the numbers and
may serve pretty well for a sample of the whole.'
1784.
14 (Prayer-book Version).
iii. 17, 18.
—old poetical form of 'leopard.' Spenser has the word.
0. 25, and Shakspeare, Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. Ben
Masque of Queens, calls the Aconite *libbard's-bane.*
lxv. 25.
defence of this use of the word *worm* in its old sense of
Cowper reminds Newton of Par. Lost (ix. 1068) and Ant. and
and adds, 'A worm is a small serpent, and a serpent is a large
And when an epithet significant of the most terrible species of those
is adjoined, the idea is surely sufficiently ascertained. No animal
vermicular or serpentine kind is *crested*, but the most formidable of
To Newton, Dec. 11, 1784. Moreover, *worm* is pure Scandinavian
serpent.

l. 805. 'Nebaioth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic Scripture here alluded to [Isaiah lx. 3–7] may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.'—C.

l. 806. Cp. Milton's 'wealth of Ormus and of Ind,' Par. Lost, ii. 2. But why 'the *looms* of Ormus'? This was an Island in the Persian Gulf, famed for its diamonds.

l. 810. Cp. Isaiah lx. 18.

l. 868. Cp. Rev. vi. 15–17.

l. 871. 2 Peter iii. 4.

l. 884. Theophilus Lindsey, A.M., Vicar of Catterick in Yorkshire, having embraced Unitarian opinions, resigned his living in 1773, and opened a chapel in Essex Street, Strand. His example was followed by several other beneficed clergymen, on the same grounds; amongst others by Dr. John Disney, Rector of Panton and Vicar of Swinderby, who succeeded Lindsey in the Essex Street Chapel.

l. 898. Cp. St. Jude 13.

l. 949. Genesis xxiv. 63.

ll. 1006–16. The Poet here alludes to the fact that The Task, which he had commenced in June, 1783, 'in obedience to the fair' Lady Austen, was continued in the graver tone which was more likely to please Mrs. Unwin, after his rupture with Lady Austen in May, 1784. See Life, vol. i.

l. 1024. 'What there is of a religious cast in the volume I have thrown towards the end of it, for two reasons; first that I might not revolt the reader at his entrance,—and secondly, that my best impressions might be made last. Were I to write as many volumes as Lope de Vega, or Voltaire, not one of them would be without this tincture.'—*To Unwin*, Oct. 10, 1784. The judgment of the world has justified the anticipation of the Poet, who wrote thus to Mr. Newton, Dec. 11, 1784:—'Though as little apt to be sanguine as most men, and more prone to fear and despond, than to overrate my own productions, I am persuaded that I shall not forfeit anything by this volume, that I gained by the last.'

TIROCINIUM.

This poem was commenced in 1782, when it 'grew to the length of 200 lines, and then stopped.'—*To Unwin*, Oct. 20, 1784. The Poet resumed it two years later; and the date of its completion is fixed by the dedication to the Rev. W. C. Unwin, 'the Tutor of his two sons,' Nov. 6, 1784. It was published with The Task, in July, 1785. 'I am mistaken, if Tirocinium do not make some of my friends angry, and procure me enemies not a few. There is a sting in verse, that prose neither has, nor can have: and I do not know that schools in the gross, and especially public schools, have ever been so pointedly condemned before. But they are becoming a nuisance, a pest, an abomination; and it is fit that the eyes and noses of mankind should, if possible, be open to perceive it.'—*To Unwin*, May 8, 1784. 'It treats of the scandalous relaxation of discipline that obtains in almost all schools . . . It recommends the office of tutor to the father, where there is no real impediment; the expedient of a domestic tutor where there is; and the disposal of boys into the hands of a respectable country clergyman, who limits his attention to two, in all cases where they cannot be conveniently educated at home.'—*To Newton*, Nov. 27, 1784. The motto was furnished by Mr. Bull, in reply to the following humorous request (Nov. 8, 1784):—'Find me one in any of your multitudinous volumes, no matter whether it be taken from Burgersdicius, Bogtrottius, or Puddengulpius, the more recondite the better; the world will suppose at least that I am familiar with the author whom I quote: and though the supposition will be an erroneous one, it will do them no harm, and me some good.'

l. 33. Cp. Romans ii. 15.

l. 120. The *Horn-book* is a thing of the past. It was 'the alphabet-book, which was a thin board of oak, about nine inches long, and five or six wide, on which was printed the alphabet, the nine digits, and sometimes the Lord's Prayer. It had a handle, and was covered in front with a sheet of thin *horn*, to prevent its being soiled. The board and its horn cover were held together by a narrow frame or border of brass.'—Brewer's Dict. of Phrase and Fable, p. 417.

l. 135. *Dreamer*;—John Bunyan.

l. 163. See 2 Chron. xxvi. 19.

l. 197. 'The author begs leave to explain:—Sensible that without such knowledge neither the ancient poets and historians can be tasted, or indeed understood, he does not mean to censure the pains that are taken to instruct a schoolboy in the religions of the heathen, but merely that neglect of Christian culture which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.'—C. Cowper tells us that he 'acquired Latin and Greek at the expense of much more important knowledge' (S. i. 8); having left Westminster 'tolerably well furnished with grammatical knowledge, but as ignorant of all kinds of religion as the satchel at his back.' (S. i. 14.)

l. 230. *Hairbreadth scapes*;—Othello, i. 3.

l. 266. *Ubiquarian.* I do not know the Poet's authority for this word, which is not in the Dictionaries. The usual form of the adjective is 'ubiquitary,' for which 'ubiquitous' is sometimes used colloquially.

l. 267. See 2 Kings v. 26.

l. 361. This classical use of the word 'prolix' for 'long and loose' (Lat. *pro laxus*) is rare in English.

l. 421. Cp. l. 826.

l. 435. Dr. Robert Lowth (born 1710, died 1787) was the son of Dr. William Lowth the commentator. Having been educated at Winchester and New College, he became successively Bishop of St. David's in 1766; of Oxford in the same year; and of London, 1777–87. He had been appointed as Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1741: and in 1753 he published his Praelections, under the title of *De Sacra Poesi Hebraeorum.* His other works were, a Life of William of Wykeham, 1758; an Introduction to English Grammar, 1761; and a Translation of the Prophet Isaiah, 1778. Dr. Lewis Bagot, fifth son of Sir Walter Wagstaffe Bagot, fifth Baronet of Blythefield, Staffordshire, and brother of William first Lord Bagot, was born in 1740, and died in 1802. Proceeding from Westminster to Oxford, he was successively Dean of Christ Church; Bishop of Bristol in 1782; of Norwich in 1783; and of St. Asaph, 1790–1802. The Poet gives Unwin his 'reasons for the compliment,' thus:—'I wished the world to know that I have no objection to a bishop, *quâ* bishop. In the second place, the brothers were all five my schoolfellows, and very amiable and valuable boys they were. Thirdly, Lewis, the Bishop, had been rudely and

coarsely treated in the Monthly Review, on account of a sermon which appeared to me, when I read their extract from it, to deserve the highest commendation, as exhibiting explicit proof both of his good sense and unfeigned piety.'—(Dec. 18, 1784.) The allusion here is to the 'Discourses on the Prophecies concerning the First Establishment and Subsequent History of Christianity,' delivered by Dr. Bagot as Warburtonian Lecturer in 1780. The Rev. Walter Bagot, an elder brother of the Bishop's, was one of Cowper's correspondents: and to him the latter wrote (Jan. 15, 1786), 'When I can hear of the rest of the bishops, that they preach and live as your brother does, I will think more respectfully of them than I feel inclined to do at present.' Cp. letter to W. Bagot, Nov. 9, 1785.

ll. 436-53. 'Connexions formed at school are said to be lasting, often beneficial. There are two or three stories of this kind upon record, which would not be so constantly cited as they are whenever this subject happens to be mentioned, if the chronicle that preserves their remembrance had many besides them to boast of. For my own part I found such friendships, though warm enough in their commencement, surprisingly liable to extinction; and of seven or eight whom I had selected for intimates, out of about three hundred, in ten years' time not one was left me.'—*To Unwin*, Oct. 5, 1780.

l. 500. *Jachin and Boaz;*—the names given to the two pillars of brass set up in the porch of King Solomon's Temple. See 1 Kings vii. 15-22.

l. 508. Pope's Essay on Man, Epistle iii. 304.

l. 542. *Vestris;*—see note on Conversation, l. 58.

ll. 555-76. 'At eight or nine years of age the boy goes to school. From that moment he becomes a stranger in his father's house. Year after year he feels himself more and more detached from his parents, till at last he is so effectually weaned from the connexion, as to find himself happier anywhere than in their company.'—*To Unwin*, Sept. 17, 1780.

EPISTLE TO HILL.

Poems 1785, i. 285.

Written in the middle of Nov. 1784. 'I wrote it on Wednesday last; a tribute so due that I must have disgraced myself had I not paid it. He ever serves me in all that he can, though he has not seen me these twenty years.'—*To Unwin*, Nov. 20, 1784. Hill was Cowper's senior at Westminster. He was an attorney in Great Queen Street, a man of much quiet humour, but of regular habits and close application to business: and through Cowper's introduction he afterwards became secretary to Lord Chancellor Thurlow. He and the Poet were fellow-members of the Non[illegible] Club (cp. letter to Hill, June 9, 1785), and Hill was the kind and e[illegible]

manager of all Cowper's pecuniary affairs throughout his life. He survived the Poet, and died at an advanced age.

ODE TO APOLLO.

Poems, 1794, ii. 350.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

Poems, 1794, ii. 359. The last verse is given as it stands in ed. 1808.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

Poems, 1794, ii. 361.

l. 1. *Rousseau*;—'It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his sense?'—C.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

Poems, 1794, ii. 365.

ll. 3, 36. *Kilwick and Dinglederry*;—'Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Esq.'—C.

THE YEARLY DISTRESS.

Poems, 1803, i. 257.

The Rev. W. Cawthorne Unwin, having been educated at the Charterhouse, and at Christ's College, Cambridge, became Rector of Stock-cum-Ramsden-Belhouse, in Essex. While on a tour in the south of England, with Mr. Henry Thornton (a son of the philanthropic John Thornton), he was seized with typhus fever, of which he died at Winchester, Nov. 29, 1786, leaving a widow and three young children. He was buried in Winchester Cathedral.

GRATITUDE.

Hayley, 1803, ii. 266.

Written in 1786, when Lady Hesketh furnished Weston Lodge for Cowper.

l. 40. *Mulciber*;—another name for Vulcan the divine smith, probably from [illegible]*mulcere*, 'to soften,' in allusion to the effects of fire in melting metal.

THE POET'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Poems, 1794, ii. 348.

Written for Jan. 1, 1788: Mrs., afterwards Lady, Throckmorton was Maria, daughter of Thomas Gifford Esq., of Chillington. 'This morning I sent to the Hall a copy of verses entitled The Wish, or The Poet's New Year's Gift. Their kindness is so great, and they seize with such eagerness every opportunity of doing all they think will please us, that I held myself almost in duty bound to treat them with this stroke of my profession.'—*To Lady Hesketh*, Jan. 1, 1788.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

This and the two following poems were written in March 1788, to be sung to popular airs as street ballads; and were published in the Poems, 1803, i. pp. 311, 317. These songs, written at the solicitation of General Cowper, did not succeed among the class of persons for whom they were intended. They were written under protest; as the subject 'seemed to offer only images of horror, which could by no means be accommodated to the style of that sort of composition.'—*To Gen. Cowper* (S. iv. 8.) 'I have been twice or thrice assailed with entreaties to write a poem [on the Slave-trade]. But I felt myself so much hurt in my spirits the moment I entered on the contemplation of it, that I have determined absolutely to have nothing more to do with it. There are some scenes of horror on which my imagination can dwell, not without some complacency. But then they are such scenes as God, not man, produces. In earthquakes, high winds, tempestuous seas, there is the grand as well as the terrible. But when man is active to disturb, there is such meanness in the design, and such cruelty in the execution, that I both hate and despise the whole operation, and feel it a degradation of poetry to employ her in the description of it.'—*To Bagot*, June 17, 1788.

THE MORNING DREAM.

The Poet tells General Cowper that this ballad (which was to have been sung to the air of 'Tweedside') is 'that which appeared to himself the best' of the series (S. iv. 8): cp. letter to Lady Hesketh, June 27, 1788. On the subject of the slave-trade see note on the Task, ii. 42.

MRS. MONTAGU'S FEATHER HANGINGS.

These adorned the walls of the room in which Mrs. Elizabeth M[illegible] (born 1720, died 1800) held her famous 'Blue Stocking Club,' at [illegible]

[illegible] Square. This club, to which both ladies and gentlemen [illegible], is said to have been so named because one of its regular [illegible], Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, used to appear there in his ordinary [illegible] stockings. Mrs. Montagu is also well known for having instituted an annual dinner on May-day to the chimney-sweeps of London, in consequence of a relative of hers having been discovered as a chimney-sweep, after running away from Westminster School. She was the daughter of Mr. Robinson, of West Layton, Yorkshire, and was married in 1742 to Edward Montagu, of Denton Hall in Northumberland, M.P., who died in 1775 She assisted George Lord Lyttelton in his Dialogues of the Dead, 1765; and in 1769 published her 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare, with Remarks on the Misrepresentations of Voltaire.' Of this work Cowper wrote,—'I no longer wonder that Mrs. Montagu stands at the head of all that is called learned, and that every critic vails his bonnet to her superior judgment. The learning, the good sense, the sound judgment and wit displayed in it, fully justify not only my compliment, but all compliments that either have been already paid to her talents, or shall be paid hereafter.'—*To Lady Hesketh*, May 27, 1788. The poem was first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1788, and was included in Poems 1803, i. 263; having been written in May 1788, at the request of Lady Hesketh. She had sent the Poet a note received from Mrs. Montagu; and he replied, 'In the style of the lady's note to you, I can easily perceive a smatch of her character. Neither men nor women write with such neatness of expression, who have not given a good deal of attention to language, and qualified themselves by study.' (May 12, 1788.)

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

Written in June 1788. First printed in a separate form, with the 'Lines on the Receipt of my Mother's Picture,' in 1798; and included in Poems, 1799, ii. 295. The Poet tells the story in prose to Lady Hesketh, June 27, 1788.

l. 7. *Nymphs;*—'Sir Robert Gunning's daughters.'—C. These ladies, daughters of Sir Robert first Baronet of Horton, Northumberland, were Charlotte, who was married in 1790 to the Hon. Stephen Digby, and Barbara, who became the wife of Major-General Ross, in 1795.

MRS. THROCKMORTON'S BULLFINCH.

Written in Sept. 1788: published in Poems, 1794, ii. 343.

l. 3. *Maria;*—Mrs. Throckmorton. See note on the Poet's New Year's Gift.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Written in Feb. 1790. First printed in a separate form, with 'The Dog and the Water-Lily,' in 1798; and included in the Poems of the same year, i. 244.

The Poet's mother was Anne, daughter of Roger Donne of Ludham Hall, Norfolk, Esq., by Katherine, daughter of Mr. Bruin Clench. She was born at Ludham, Oct. 14, 1703, and died at Berkhampsted, Nov. 13, 1737. Mrs. Bodham, who sent the picture, was her niece; being third daughter of the Rev. Roger Donne, Rector of Catfield, Norfolk, by his second wife Harriet-Judith, daughter of the Rev. Peter Rival. She was born in 1748, and was married in 1771 to the Rev. Thomas Bodham, Rector of Matishall, Norfolk.

The picture, an original in oils by Heines, reached Cowper at Weston, Feb. 25, 1790. On the 27th, he wrote to Mrs. Bodham,—'The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me.... I viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I completed my sixth year; yet I remember her well, and can bear ocular witness of the fidelity of the copy.' (S. i. 437).

l. 38. Cp. Task, v. 655, 876. Caesar Bell. Gall. iii. 18, 'fere libenter homines quod volunt credunt;' Bell. Civ. ii. 7, 'Nam quae volumus, et credimus libenter: et quae sentimus ipsi, reliquos sentire speramus.' See 2 Henry IV, iv. 4—

'Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.'

Young, Night Thoughts, ii. 433—

'So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish;'

and vii. 1311—

'What ardently we wish we soon believe.'

l. 53. *Pastoral house;*—the Rectory of Great Berkhampsted, Hertfordshire.

l. 97. 'Garth.'—C. The line is not accurately quoted. It stands thus, (Dispensary, canto 3)—

'Where billows never break, nor tempests roar.'

l. 108. Dr. John Johnson informs us that Mrs. Cowper's descent was 'through the families of Hippisley of Throughley in Sussex, and Pellet of Bolney in the same county, from the several noble houses of West, Knollys, Carey, Boleyne, Howard, and Mowbray, and so by four different lines from Henry III, King of England.' The pedigree, as certified by Cowper and others of the family, is registered in the College of Arms.

JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

Written in May 1791: published by Hayley, 1803, i. 405.

l. 1. *Two nymphs;*—the months of May and June. 'We have blooming scenes under wintry skies, and with icy blasts to fan them.'—*To Mr. Buchanan*, May 11. 'Oh! what a month of May this has been! Let never poet, English poet at least, give himself to the praise of May again.'—*To J. Johnson*, May 23, 1791.

YARDLEY OAK.

Written in 1791, but left unfinished amongst the Poet's MSS., from which it was printed by Hayley, 1803, iii. 409. Cowper had left this memorandum on his MS.:—

'Yardley Oak, in Girth, Feet 22, Inches 6½:
The Oak at Yardley Lodge, Feet 28, Inches 5.'

The former (which was sound in 1791) stands about five miles from Weston, in an open space in Yardley Chase, which belonged to the Earl of Northampton. The latter was a pollard, decayed and almost hollow; and stood just beyond Kilwick and Dinglederry. 'Since your departure I have twice visited the oak, and with an intention to push my inquiries a mile beyond, where it seems I should have found another oak, much larger and more respectable than the former. . . . This latter oak has been known by the name of Judith for many ages, and is said to have been an oak at the time of the Conquest.'—*To Rose*, Sept. 11, 1788. It is thought that the tree was so named after the Conqueror's niece Judith, who received the counties of Northampton and Huntingdon in dower, on her marriage with Earl Waltheof.

l. 41. Dodona was a city of Epirus, at the foot of Mount Tomarus, where was the most ancient oracle in Greece, in connexion with a temple dedicated to Zeus. This oracle, said to have existed in the days of Deucalion, and certainly anterior to the Trojan War, uttered its responses through the sacred oak.

l. 99. 'Knee-timber is found in the crooked arms of oak; which, by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the angle formed where the deck and the ship's sides meet.'—C.

THE RETIRED CAT.

Hayley, 1803, i. 253. Written in 1791.

The Poet had written to Lady Hesketh, Nov. 10, 1787, 'I have a kitten my dear, the drollest of all creatures that ever wore a cat's skin. Her gambols are not to be described, and would be incredible, if they could.

In point of size she is likely to be a kitten always, being exceeding small of her age; but time, I suppose, that spoils everything, will make her also a cat. You will see her I hope before that melancholy period shall arrive, for no wisdom that she may gain by experience and reflection hereafter will compensate the loss of her present hilarity. She is dressed in a tortoise-shell suit.'

EPITAPH ON A REDBREAST.

Written in March 1792; published by Dr. J. Johnson, 1815, iii. 287.

'Miss Sally Hurdis' was sister of the Rev. James Hurdis, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, who was a correspondent of Cowper's, 1791–3; and whom he met at Eartham in 1792.

TO MRS. UNWIN.

Written in May 1793; published by Hayley, 1803, ii. 43.

This is the best specimen of Cowper's sonnets.

A TALE.

Hayley, 1803, ii. 299. Written in June 1793.

Founded on the following extract from the Buckinghamshire Herald for June 1, 1793:—'Glasgow, May 23. In a block or pulley near the head of the mast of a gabeot, now lying at Broomielaw, there is a chaffinch's nest and four eggs. The nest was built while the vessel lay at Greenock and was followed thither by both birds. Though the block was occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock, however, visits the nest but seldom; while the hen never leaves it but when she descends to the hull for food.'

TO MARY.

Hayley, 1803, ii. 194. Written in the autumn of 1793.

This was Cowper's last original poem at Weston. Mary Unwin, daughter of Mr. Cawthorne of Ely, and widow of the Rev. Morley Unwin of Huntingdon, died at East Dereham in Norfolk, Dec. 17, 1796, at the age of 72; and was buried in the North Aisle of Dereham Church. She was at this time in that state of second childishness, and utter helplessness of body, in which she continued from her second attack of paralysis, in Sept. 1792, till her death.

l. 1. This reference to the year 1773 seems to confirm Mr. Newton's statement that the Poet's projected marriage with Mrs. Unwin was prevented by the derangement which he suffered in that year. See Life, vol. i.

l. 12. When Lady Hesketh visited Olney in June, 1786, she wrote thus to her sister, Theodora Jane Cowper, respecting Mrs. Unwin then in her sixty-second year:—'Her constant employment is knitting stockings, which she does with the finest needles I ever saw, and very nice they are—the stockings, I mean. Our cousin has not for many years worn any other than those of her manufacture. She knits silk, cotton, and worsted. She sits knitting on one side of the table in her spectacles, and he on the other reading to her (when he is not employed in writing) in his.'

THE CASTAWAY.

Hayley, 1803, ii. 214. Written March 20, 1799.

This poem was founded on an incident recounted in Anson's Voyages. 'It is (says Southey) the last original piece that Cowper composed, and, all circumstances considered, one of the most affecting that ever was composed.' (S. ii. 149.)

February, 1874.

BOOKS

PRINTED AT

THE CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD,

AND PUBLISHED FOR THE UNIVERSITY BY

MACMILLAN AND CO.,

29 & 30, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

LEXICONS, GRAMMARS, &c.

A Greek-English Lexicon, by Henry George Liddell, D.D., and Robert Scott, D.D. *Sixth Edition, Revised and Augmented.* 1870. 4to. *cloth,* 1*l.* 16*s.*

A Greek-English Lexicon, abridged from the above, chiefly for the use of Schools. *Fourteenth Edition, carefully revised throughout,* 1871. square 12mo. *cloth,* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A copious Greek-English Vocabulary, compiled from the best authorities. 1850. 24mo. *bound,* 3*s.*

Graecae Grammaticae Rudimenta in usum Scholarum. Auctore Carolo Wordsworth, D.C.L. *Seventeenth Edition,* 1870. 12mo. *bound,* 4*s.*

A Practical Introduction to Greek Accentuation, by H. W. Chandler, M.A. 1862. 8vo. *cloth,* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Scheller's Lexicon of the Latin Tongue, with the German explanations translated into English by J. E. Riddle, M.A. 1835. fol. *cloth,* 1*l.* 1*s.*

A Practical Grammar of the Sanskrit Language, arranged with reference to the Classical Languages of Europe, for the use of English Students, by Monier Williams, M.A. *Third Edition,* 1864. 8vo. *cloth,* 15*s.*

A Sanskrit English Dictionary, Etymologically and Philologically arranged, with special reference to Greek, Latin, German, Anglo-Saxon, English, and other cognate Indo-European Languages. By Monier Williams, M.A., Boden Professor of Sanskrit. 1872. 4to. *cloth,* 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

An Icelandic-English Dictionary. By the late R. Cleasby. Enlarged and completed by G. Vigfusson. Parts I. and II. 1869—1871. 4to. each 1*l.* 1*s.*

Part III. 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.* *Just Published.*

The Work may now be had complete, price 3*l.* 7*s.* *in cloth.*

GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS.

Aeschylus: Tragoediae et Fragmenta, ex recensione Guil. Dindorfii. *Second Edition*, 1851. 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s*. 6*d*.

Sophocles: Tragoediae et Fragmenta, ex recensione et cum commentariis Guil. Dindorfii. *Third Edition*, 2 vols. 1860. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l*. 1*s*.

Each Play separately, *limp*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

The Text alone, printed on writing paper, with large margin, royal 16mo. *cloth*, 8*s*.

The Text alone, square 16mo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Each Play separately, *limp*, 6*d*.

Sophocles: Tragoediae et Fragmenta cum Annotatt. Guil. Dindorfii. Tomi II. 1849. 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s*.

The Text, Vol. I. 5*s*. 6*d*. The Notes, Vol. II. 4*s*. 6*d*.

Euripides: Tragoediae et Fragmenta, ex recensione Guil. Dindorfii. Tomi II. 1834. 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s*.

Aristophanes: Comoediae et Fragmenta, ex recensione Guil. Dindorfii. Tomi II. 1835. 8vo. *cloth*, 11*s*.

Aristoteles; ex recensione Immanuelis Bekkeri. Accedunt Indices Sylburgiani. Tomi XI. 1837. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*l*. 10*s*.

Each volume separately, 5*s*. 6*d*.

Catulli Veronensis Liber. Recognovit, apparatum criticum prolegomena appendices addidit, Robinson Ellis, A.M. 1867. 8vo. *cloth*, 16*s*.

Catulli Veronensis Carmina Selecta, secundum recognitionem Robinson Ellis, A.M. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Demosthenes: ex recensione Guil. Dindorfii. Tomi IV. 1846. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l*. 1*s*.

Homerus: Ilias, ex rec. Guil. Dindorfii. 1856. 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s*. 6*d*.

Homerus: Odyssea, ex rec. Guil. Dindorfii. 1855. 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s*. 6*d*.

Plato: The Apology, with a revised Text and English Notes, and a Digest of Platonic Idioms, by James Riddell, M.A. 1867. 8vo. *cloth*, 8*s*. 6*d*.

Plato: Philebus, with a revised Text and English Notes, by Edward Poste, M.A. 1860. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

Plato: Sophistes and Politicus, with a revised Text and English Notes, by L. Campbell, M.A. 1866. 8vo. *cloth*, 18*s*.

Plato: Theaetetus, with a revised Text and English Notes, by L. Campbell, M.A. 1861. 8vo. *cloth*, 9*s*.

Plato: The Dialogues, translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions. By B. Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, and Regius Professor of Greek. 4 vols. 1871. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*l*. 6*s*.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

The Holy Bible in the Earliest English Versions, made from the Latin Vulgate by John Wycliffe and his followers: edited by the Rev. J. Forshall and Sir F. Madden. 4 vols. 1850. royal 4to. *cloth*, 3*l.* 3*s.*

The Holy Bible: an exact reprint, page for page, of the Authorized Version published in the year 1611. Demy 4to. *half bound*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Vetus Testamentum Graece secundum exemplar Vaticanum Romae editum. Accedit potior varietas Codicis Alexandrini. Tomi III. 1848. 18mo. *cloth*, 14*s.*

Novum Testamentum Graece. Edidit Carolus Lloyd, S.T.P.R., necnon Episcopus Oxoniensis. 1869. 18mo. *cloth*, 3*s.*

The same on writing paper, small 4to. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Novum Testamentum Graece juxta Exemplar Millianum. 1868. 18mo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The same on writing paper, small 4to. *cloth*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Evangelia Sacra Graece. 1870. fcap. 8vo. *limp*, 1*s.* 6*d.*

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, &c.

Baedae Historia Ecclesiastica. Edited, with English Notes, by G. H. Moberly, M.A. 1869. crown 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church, and other Works. 10 vols. 1855. 8vo. *cloth*. *Price reduced from* 5*l.* 5*s.* *to* 3*l.* 3*s.*

Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History, according to the Text of Burton. With an Introduction by William Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Orations of St. Athanasius against the Arians. With an Account of his Life. By William Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 9*s.*

Patrum Apostolicorum, S. Clementis Romani, S. Ignatii, S. Polycarpi, quae supersunt. Edidit Guil. Jacobson, S.T.P.R. Tomi II. *Fourth Edition*, 1863. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

ENGLISH THEOLOGY.

Butler's Works, with an Index to the Analogy. 2 vols. 1849. 8vo. *cloth*, 11*s.*

Greswell's Harmonia Evangelica. *Fifth Edition*, 1856. 8vo. *cloth*, 9*s.* 6*d.*

Hooker's Works, with his Life by Walton, arranged by John Keble, M.A. *Fifth Edition*, 3 vols. 1865. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Hooker's Works; the text as arranged by John Keble, M.A. 2 vols. 1865. 8vo. *cloth*, 11*s.*

Pearson's Exposition of the Creed. Revised and corrected by E. Burton, D.D. *Fifth Edition*, 1864. 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Waterland's Review of the Doctrine of the Eucharist, with a Preface by the present Bishop of London. 1868. crown 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Organum, edited, with English Notes, by [illegible]

[illegible] Organum, translated by G. W. Kitchin, [illegible]

[illegible] Wealth of Nations. A new Edition, with Notes, [illegible] Rogers, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. *cloth*, 21s.

The Student's Handbook to the University and Colleges of Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2s. 6d.

Clarendon Press Series.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press having undertaken the publication of a series of works, chiefly educational, and entitled the **Clarendon Press Series**, have published, or have in preparation, the following.

Those to which prices are attached are already published; the others are in preparation.

I. GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS, &c.

An Elementary Latin Grammar. By John B. Allen, M.A., Master in Edgbaston School. *In the Press.*

A Greek Primer, in English, for the use of beginners. By the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. *Fourth Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective; their forms, meaning, and quantity; embracing all the Tenses used by Greek writers, with reference to the passages in which they are found. By W. Veitch. *New Edition.* Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Elements of Greek Accentuation (for Schools): abridged from his larger work by H. W. Chandler, M.A., Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Oxford. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Orations of Demosthenes and Aeschines on the Crown. With Introductory Essays and Notes. By G. A. Simcox, M.A., and W. H. Simcox, M.A. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 12*s.*

Aristotle's Politics. By W. L. Newman, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Balliol College, and Reader in Ancient History, Oxford.

Arrian. Selections (for Schools). With Notes. By J. S. Phillpotts, B.C.L., Assistant Master in Rugby School.

The Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry; being a Collection of the finest passages in the Greek Classic Poets, with Introductory Notices and Notes. By R. S. Wright, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Golden Treasury of Greek Prose; being a Collection of the finest passages in the principal Greek Prose Writers, with Introductory Notices and Notes. By R. S. Wright, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford; and J. E. L. Shadwell, M.A., Senior Student of Christ Church. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Homer. Iliad. By D. B. Monro, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford.

Also a smaller edition for Schools.

[illegible] Press Series.

[illegible] XII (for Schools). By W. W. [illegible] College, Oxford. *Third Edition.*

[illegible] XII. By W. W. Merry, M.A., [illegible] Oxford; and the late James Riddell, [illegible]

[illegible] XXIV. By Robinson Ellis, [illegible]

[illegible] With Notes. By B. Jowett, [illegible] M.A., Fellow and Lecturer [illegible]

[illegible] With English Notes [illegible] Greek, St. Andrews, [illegible] 8vo. cloth, 14s.

[illegible] For the use of [illegible] Ext. fcap. 8vo.

[illegible] Notes, &c. By [illegible] Abbott. [illegible]

[illegible] with Notes by [illegible] fcap. 8vo. cloth.

[illegible] Notes. By H. Snow, M.A., [illegible] St. Joan's College, Cam- [illegible]

[illegible] Schools). With Notes and [illegible] Master in Rugby School, formerly [illegible] 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

[illegible] for Schools). Part I. The [illegible] F. Moberly, M.A., Assistant [illegible] of Balliol College, Oxford. Ext. [illegible]

[illegible] Book I. By the same Editor. [illegible]

[illegible] With Notes. By J. R. King. [illegible] Merton College, Oxford. Demy 8vo.

[illegible] With English Introductions. [illegible] M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of [illegible] 18s.

[illegible] Schools). With Notes. By the [illegible] of Balliol College, Oxford, and [illegible] College, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo.

Cicero pro Cluentio. With Introduction and Notes. By W. Ramsay, M.A. Edited by G. G. Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity, Glasgow. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Cicero de Oratore. With Introduction and Notes. By A. S. Wilkins, M.A., Professor of Latin, Owens College, Manchester.

Cicero. Selection of interesting and descriptive passages. With Notes. By Henry Walford, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford, Assistant Master at Haileybury College. In three Parts. *Third Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s*. 6*d*.

Each Part separately, in limp cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

Part I. Anecdotes from Grecian and Roman History.
Part II. Omens and Dreams: Beauties of Nature.
Part III. Rome's Rule of her Provinces.

Cornelius Nepos. With Notes, by Oscar Browning, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton College. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

Horace. With Introductions and Notes. By Edward C. Wickham, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. *Nearly ready.*

Also a small edition for Schools.

Livy, Books I–X. By J. R. Seeley, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, and Regius Professor of Modern History, Cambridge. Book I. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s*.

Also a small edition for Schools.

Livy. Selections (for Schools). With Notes and Maps. By H. Lee Warner, M.A., Assistant Master at Rugby School. *In Parts.*

Part I. The Caudine Disaster. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*s*. 6*d*. *Just Published.*
Part II. Hannibal's Campaign in Italy. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*s*. 6*d*.

Ovid. Selections for the use of Schools. With Introductions and Notes, and an Appendix on the Roman Calendar. By W. Ramsay, M.A. Edited by G. G. Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity, Glasgow. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s*. 6*d*.

Persius. The Satires. With a Translation and Commentary. By John Conington, M.A., late Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. Edited by H. Nettleship, M.A. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

Pliny. Select Letters (for Schools). With Notes. By the late C. E. Prichard, M.A., formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and E. R. Bernard, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*.

Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin. With Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations. By John Wordsworth, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. *In the Press.*

Selections from the less known Latin Poets. By North Pinder, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 15*s*.

Passages for Translation into Latin. For the use of Passmen and others. Selected by J. Y. Sargent, M.A., Tutor, formerly Fellow, of Magdalen College, Oxford. *Third Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Deductive Logic, designed mainly for the Universities. By T. Fowler, M.A., Fellow Oxford. *Fifth Edition*, with a Collection of 3s. 6d.

Inductive Logic, designed mainly for the Universities. By the same Author. *Second Edition.*

Political Economy, for the use of Schools. Rogers, M.A., formerly Professor of Political Economy, Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4s. 6d.

Principles of Morals. By J. M. Wilson, B.D., President Oxford, and T. Fowler, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, *Preparing.*

III. MATHEMATICS, &c.

Figures made Easy: a first Arithmetic Book. (Introductory to 'The Scholar's Arithmetic.') By Lewis Hensley, M.A., formerly Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 6d.

Answers to the Examples in Figures made Easy, together with two thousand additional Examples formed from the Tables in the same, with answers. By the same Author. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 1s.

The Scholar's Arithmetic. By the same Author. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 4s. 6d.

Book-keeping. By R. G. C. Hamilton, Accountant to the Board of Trade, and John Ball (of the Firm of Messrs. Quilter, Ball, & Co.), Examiners in Book-keeping for the Society of Arts' Examination. *Third Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *limp cloth*, 1s. 6d.

A Course of Lectures on Pure Geometry. By Henry J. Stephen Smith, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Balliol College, and Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford.

An Elementary Treatise on Quaternions. By P. G. Tait, M.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; formerly Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. *Second Edition.* Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 14s.

Acoustics. By W. F. Donkin, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy, Oxford. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 7s. 6d.

A Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. By J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Cambridge. In two vols. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

A Series of Elementary Works is being arranged, and will shortly be announced.

IV. HISTORY.

Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History from the Earliest Times to the reign of Edward I. By W. Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 8s. 6d.

A Constitutional History of England. By W. Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford. Vol. I. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 12s. *Just Published.*

Genealogical Tables illustrative of Modern History. By H. B. George, M.A., Fellow of New College. Small 4to. *cloth*, 12. *Just Published.*

A History of France, down to the year 1453. With Maps, Plans, and Tables. By G. W. Kitchin, M.A., formerly Censor of Christ Church. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Manual of Ancient History. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 14*s.*

A History of Germany and of the Empire, down to the close of the Middle Ages. By J. Bryce, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Civil Law, Oxford.

A History of Germany, from the Reformation. By Adolphus W. Ward, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, Professor of History, Owens College, Manchester.

A History of British India. By S. J. Owen, M.A., Reader in History, Christ Church, and Teacher of Indian Law and History in the University of Oxford.

A History of Greece. By E. A. Freeman, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

V. LAW.

Elements of Law considered with reference to Principles of General Jurisprudence. By William Markby, M.A., Judge of the High Court of Judicature, Calcutta. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Gaii Institutionum Juris Civilis Commentarii Quatuor; or, Elements of Roman Law by Gaius. With a Translation and Commentary. By Edward Poste, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 8vo. *cloth*, 16*s.*

The Institutes of Justinian, edited as a Recension of the Institutes of Gaius. By Thomas Erskine Holland, B.C.L., Barrister-at-Law, and formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s.*

The Elements of Jurisprudence. By the same Editor.

Select Titles from the Digest of Justinian. By T. E. Holland, B.C.L., Barrister-at-Law, and formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and C. L. Shadwell, B. C. L., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. *In Parts.* Part I *just ready.*

Authorities Illustrative of the History of the English Law of Real Property. By Kenelm E. Digby, M.A., Vinerian Reader in Law, formerly Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. *In the Press.*

VI. PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Natural Philosophy. In four volumes. By Sir W. Thomson, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Glasgow; and P. G. Tait, M.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Edinburgh; formerly Fellows of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Vol. I. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Elements of Natural Philosophy. By the same Authors. Part I. 8vo. *cloth*, 9*s.*

[illegible] Astronomy. A Handbook for the General [illegible] and also for practical Observatory work. With 224 illustrations and [illegible] by G. F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., Barrister-at-Law. Demy 8vo. [illegible]

Chemistry for Students. By A. W. Williamson, Phil. [illegible] Professor of Chemistry, University College, London. *A new* [illegible] Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 8s. 6d.

A Treatise on Heat, with numerous Woodcuts and Dia- [illegible] Professor of Physics, Owens [illegible] Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 7s. 6d.

[illegible] By G. Rolleston, M.D., F.R.S., [illegible] Illustrated by Descriptions and [illegible]

[illegible] Chemistry. By A. G. Vernon [illegible] Student of Christ Church, and Lee's Reader [illegible] M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. [illegible] *Second Edition.* Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 7s. 6d. [illegible] Exercises.

[illegible] Oxford and the Valley of the Thames. [illegible] M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Geology, Oxford. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

[illegible]. By W. Esson, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow and Mathematical Lecturer of Merton College, Oxford.

Crystallography. By M. H. N. Story-Maskelyne, M.A., Professor of Mineralogy, Oxford; and Deputy Keeper in the Department of Minerals, British Museum.

Mineralogy. By the same Author.

Physiological Physics. By G. Griffith, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford, Assistant Secretary to the British Association, and Natural Science Master at Harrow School.

VII. ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

A First Reading Book. By Marie Eichens of Berlin; and edited by Anne J. Clough. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 4*d.*

Oxford Reading Book, Part I. For Little Children. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 6*d.*

Oxford Reading Book, Part II. For Junior Classes. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 6*d.*

On the Principles of Grammar. By E. Thring, M.A., Head Master of Uppingham School. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Grammatical Analysis, designed to serve as an Exercise and Composition Book in the English Language. By E. Thring, M.A., Head Master of Uppingham School. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

An English Grammar and Reading Book, for Lower Forms in Classical Schools. By O. W. Tancock, M.A., Assistant Master of Sherborne School. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Specimens of Early English. A New and Revised Edition. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index. By R. Morris, LL.D. and W. W. Skeat, M.A.
Part I. *In the Press.*
Part II. From Robert of Gloucester to Gower (A.D. 1298 to A.D. 1393). Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 7s. 6d.*

Specimens of English Literature, from the 'Ploughmans Crede' to the 'Shepheardes Calender' (A.D. 1394 to A.D. 1579). With Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index. By W. W. Skeat, M.A. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 7s. 6d.*

The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman, by William Langland. Edited, with Notes, by W. W. Skeat, M.A., formerly Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 4s. 6d.*

Milton. The Areopagitica. With Notes. By J. W. Hales, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. *Nearly ready.*

The Philology of the English Tongue. By J. Earle, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel College, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Oxford. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 7s. 6d.*

Typical Selections from the best English Authors from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century, (to serve as a higher Reading Book,) with Introductory Notices and Notes, being a Contribution towards a History of English Literature. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 4s. 6d.*

See also XII. below for other English Classics.

VIII. FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Brachet's Historical Grammar of the French Language. Translated by G. W. Kitchin, M.A., formerly Censor of Christ Church. *Second Edition, with a new Index.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 3s. 6d.*

An Etymological Dictionary of the French Language, with a Preface on the Principles of French Etymology. By A. Brachet. Translated by G. W. Kitchin, M.A., formerly Censor of Christ Church. Crown 8vo. *cloth, 10s. 6d. Just Published.*

Corneille's Cinna, and **Molière's** Les Femmes Savantes. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Gustave Masson. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 2s. 6d.*

Racine's Andromaque, and **Corneille's** Le Menteur. With Louis Racine's Life of his Father. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 2s. 6d.*

Molière's Les Fourberies de Scapin, and **Racine's** Athalie. With Voltaire's Life of Molière. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 2s. 6d.*

Selections from the Correspondence of **Madame de Sévigné** and her chief Contemporaries. Intended more especially for Girls' Schools. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 3s.*

Voyage autour de ma Chambre, by **Xavier de Maistre**; Ourika by MADAME DE DURAS; La Dot de Suzette by FIEVÉE; Les Jumeaux de l'Hôtel Corneille, by EDMOND ABOUT; Mésaventures d'un Écolier, by RODOLPHE TÖPFFER. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 2s. 6d.*

IX. GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Goethe's Egmont. With a Life of Goethe, &c. By Dr. Buchheim Professor of the German Language and Literature in King's College, London; and Examiner in German to the University of London. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*.

Schiller's Wilhelm Tell. With a Life of Schiller; an historical and critical Introduction, Arguments, and a complete Commentary. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm. A Comedy. With a Life of Lessing, Critical Commentary, &c. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

X. ART, &c.

A Handbook of Pictorial Art. By R. St. J. Tyrwhitt, M.A., formerly Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford. With coloured Illustrations, Photographs, and a chapter on Perspective by A. Macdonald. 8vo. *half morocco*, 18*s*.

A Treatise on Harmony. By Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. 4to. *cloth*, 10*s*.

A Treatise on Counterpoint, Canon, and Fugue, based upon that of Cherubini. By the same Author. 4to. *cloth*, 16*s*.

A Music Primer for Schools. By J. Troutbeck, M.A., and R. F. Dale, M.A., B. Mus. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

The Cultivation of the Speaking Voice. By John Hullah. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

XI. MISCELLANEOUS.

Outlines of Textual Criticism applied to the New Testament. By C. E. Hammond, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

The Modern Greek Language in its relation to Ancient Greek. By E. M. Geldart, B.A., formerly Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Extr. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s*. 6*d*.

A System of Physical Education: Theoretical and Practical. By Archibald Maclaren, The Gymnasium, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

XII. A SERIES OF ENGLISH CLASSICS.

Designed to meet the wants of Students in English Literature: under the superintendence of the Rev. J. S. BREWER, M.A., *of Queen's College, Oxford, and Professor of English Literature at King's College, London.*

THERE are two dangers to which the student of English Literature is exposed at the outset of his task;—his reading is apt to be too narrow or too diffuse.

Out of the vast number of authors set before him in books professing to deal with this subject he knows not which to select: he thinks he must read a little of all; he soon abandons so hopeless an attempt; he ends by contenting himself with second-hand information; and professing to study English Literature, he fails to master a single English author. On the other hand, by confining his attention to one or two writers, or to one special period of English Literature, the student narrows his view of it; he fails to grasp the subject as a whole; and in so doing misses one of the chief objects of his study.

How may these errors be avoided? How may minute reading be combined with comprehensiveness of view?

In the hope of furnishing an answer to these questions the Delegates of the Press, acting upon the advice and experience of Professor Brewer, have determined to issue a series of small volumes, which shall embrace, in a convenient form and at a low price, the general extent of English Literature, as represented in its masterpieces at successive epochs. It is thought that the student, by confining himself, in the first instance, to those authors who are most worthy of his attention, will be saved from the dangers of hasty and indiscriminate reading. By adopting the course thus marked out for him, he will become familiar with the productions of the greatest minds in English Literature; and should he never be able to pursue the subject

beyond the limits here prescribed, he will have laid the foundation of accurate habits of thought and judgment, which cannot fail of being serviceable to him hereafter.

The authors and works selected are such as will best serve to illustrate English Literature in its *historical* aspect. As 'the eye of history,' without which history cannot be understood, the literature of a nation is the clearest and most intelligible record of its life. Its thoughts and its emotions, its graver and its less serious modes, its progress, or its degeneracy, are told by its best authors in their best words. This view of the subject will suggest the safest rules for the study of it.

With one exception all writers before the Reformation are excluded from the Series. However great may be the value of literature before that epoch, it is not completely national. For it had no common organ of language; it addressed itself to special classes; it dealt mainly with special subjects. Again; of writers who flourished after the Reformation, who were popular in their day, and reflected the manners and sentiments of their age, the larger part by far must be excluded from our list. Common sense tells us that if young persons, who have but a limited time at their disposal, read Marlowe or Greene, Burton, Hakewill or Du Bartas, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton will be comparatively neglected.

Keeping, then, to the best authors in each epoch—and here popular estimation is a safe guide—the student will find the following list of writers amply sufficient for his purpose: Chaucer, Spenser, Hooker, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Bunyan, Pope, Johnson, Burke, and Cowper. In other words, Chaucer is the exponent of the Middle Ages in England; Spenser of the Reformation and the Tudors; Hooker of the latter years of Elizabeth; Shakespeare and Bacon of the transition from Tudor to Stuart; Milton of Charles I and the Commonwealth; Dryden and Bunyan of the Restoration; Pope of Anne and the House

of Hanover; Johnson, Burke, and Cowper of the reign of George III to the close of the last century.

The list could be easily enlarged; the names of Jeremy Taylor, Clarendon, Hobbes, Locke, Swift, Addison, Goldsmith, and others are omitted. But in so wide a field, the difficulty is to keep the series from becoming unwieldy, without diminishing its comprehensiveness. Hereafter, should the plan prove to be useful, some of the masterpieces of the authors just mentioned may be added to the list.

The task of selection is not yet finished. For purposes of education, it would neither be possible, nor, if possible, desirable, to place in the hands of students the whole of the works of the authors we have chosen. We must set before them only the masterpieces of literature, and their studies must be directed, not only to the greatest minds, but to their choicest productions. These are to be read again and again, separately and in combination. Their purport, form, language, bearing on the times, must be minutely studied, till the student begins to recognise the full value of each work both in itself and in its relations to those that go before and those that follow it.

It is especially hoped that this Series may prove useful to Ladies' Schools and Middle Class Schools; in which English Literature must always be a leading subject of instruction.

A **General Introduction to the Series.** By Professor Brewer, M.A.

1. **Chaucer.** The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales; The Knightes Tale; The Nonne Prestes Tale. Edited by R. Morris Editor for the Early English Text Society, &c., &c. *Third Edition.* Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 2s. 6d.*

2. **Spenser's Faery Queene.** Books I and II. Designed chiefly for the use of Schools. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By G. W. Kitchin, M.A., formerly Censor of Christ Church.

   Book I. *Fifth Edition.* Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 2s. 6d.*
   Book II. *Second Edition.* Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 2s. 6d.*

3. **Hooker.** Ecclesiastical Polity, Book I. Edited by R. W. Church, M.A., Dean of St. Paul's, formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 2s.*

4. **Shakespeare.** Select Plays. Edited by W. G. Clark, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

   I. The Merchant of Venice. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 1*s.*
   II. Richard the Second. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 1*s.* 6*d.*
   III. Macbeth. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 1*s.* 6*d.*
   IV. Hamlet. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 2*s.*

5. **Bacon.** Advancement of Learning. Edited by W. Aldis Wright, M.A. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

6. **Milton.** Poems. Edited by R. C. Browne, M.A., and Associate of King's College, London. 2 vols. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

   Sold separately, Vol. I. 4*s.*, Vol. II. 3*s.*

7. **Dryden.** Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell; Astraea Redux; Annus Mirabilis; Absalom and Achitophel; Religio Laici; The Hind and the Panther. Edited by W. D. Christie, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

8. **Bunyan.** Grace Abounding; The Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by E. Venables, M.A., Canon of Lincoln.

9. **Pope.** With Introduction and Notes. By Mark Pattison, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

   I. Essay on Man. *Second Edition.* Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 1*s.* 6*d.*
   II. Satires and Epistles. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 2*s.*

10. **Johnson.** Rasselas; Lives of Pope and Dryden. Edited by C. H. O. Daniel, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford.

11. **Burke.** Thoughts on the Present Discontents; the Two Speeches on America; Reflections on the French Revolution. By E. J. Payne, B.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. *Nearly ready.*

12. **Cowper.** The Task, and some of his minor Poems. Edited by H. T. Griffith, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford. *Nearly ready.*

Published for the University by

MACMILLAN AND CO., LONDON.

The DELEGATES OF THE PRESS *invite suggestions and advice from all persons interested in education; and will be thankful for hints, &c., addressed to either the* REV. G. W. KITCHIN, *St. Giles's Road East, Oxford, or the* SECRETARY TO THE DELEGATES, *Clarendon Press, Oxford.*